PHOTOPLAY

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COLBERT

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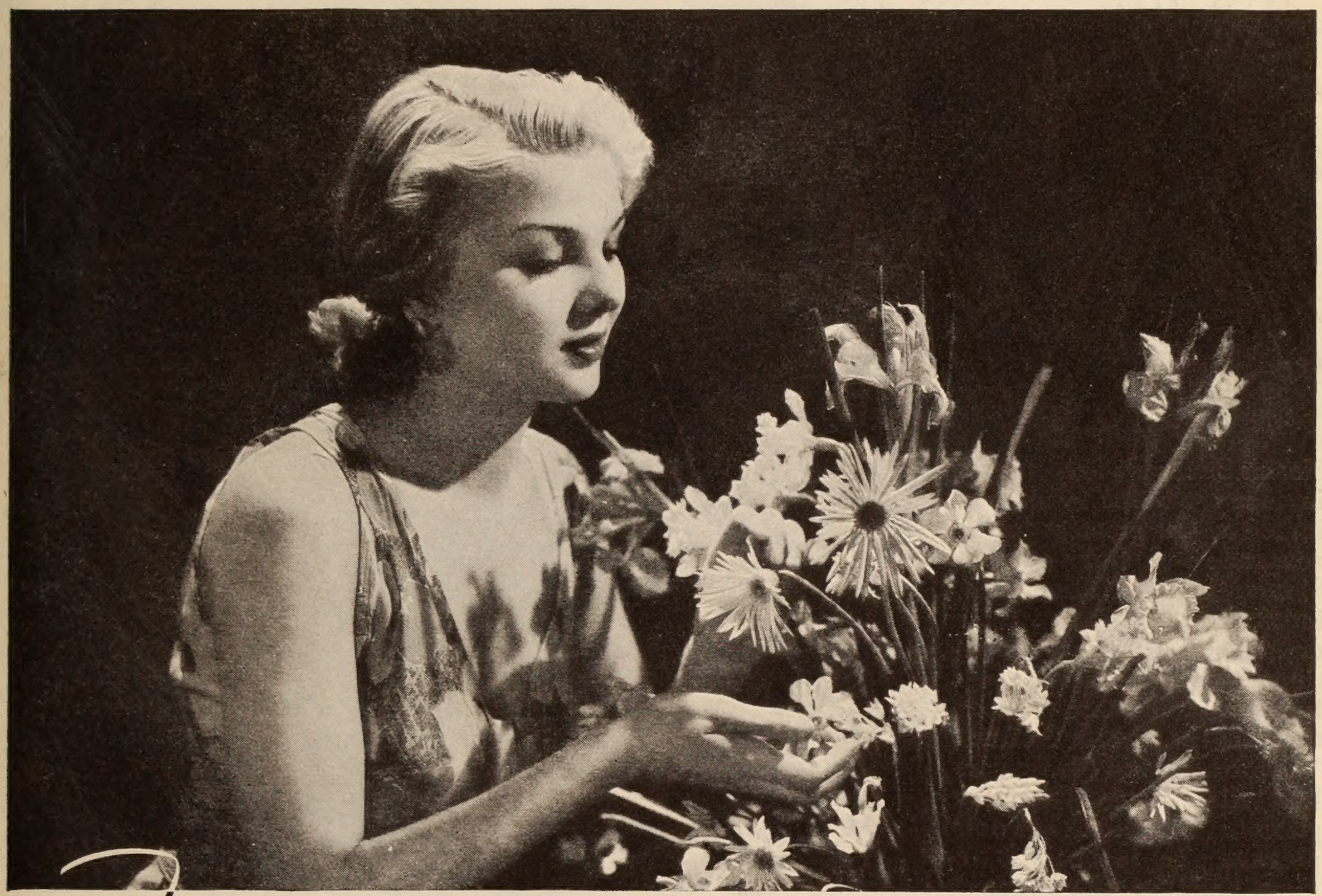
MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

What a FOOL *She is!*



She **TIME SHE SPENDS ARRANGING FLOWERS! BUT SHE NEVER SEEMS TO HAVE A MINUTE FOR HER TEETH AND GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!**

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. 6 | KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* | May, 1934

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (*March*)

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix in a not-so-hot wartime aviation story. (*Dec.*)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (*Feb.*)

AFTER TONIGHT—RKO-Radio.—Connie Bennett's a Russian spy in love with Austrian officer Gilbert Roland; fast, exciting. (*Dec.*)

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—RKO-Radio.—Country-boy Charles Farrell is made into a tough mug by bad-lady Wynne Gibson. Bill Gargan. You'll laugh and like it. (*Dec.*)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as *Alice*. A technical achievement. (*Feb.*)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (*March*)

★ **ANN VICKERS**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne in a finely acted tale of a social worker who loves but doesn't marry. Walter Huston, Bruce Cabot. Strictly for sophisticates. (*Dec.*)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admirer G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (*Feb.*)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (*April*)

AVENGER, THE—Monogram.—Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes wasted on this one. (*Dec.*)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (*Nov.*)

BEFORE DAWN—RKO-Radio.—Dorothy Wilson, a spiritualist, tries to help detective Stuart Erwin solve a murder mystery—in a haunted house! Not for the kiddies. (*Jan.*)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (*April*)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (*Feb.*)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (*Feb.*)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (*Feb.*)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (*Nov.*)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (*Nov.*)

★ **BLONDE BOMBSHELL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Bombshell.") Jean Harlow superb in an uproarious comedy of Hollywood life. Press-agent Lee Tracy makes her the hot "Bombshell"; she wants to lead the simple life. (*Dec.*)

BLOOD MONEY—20th Century-United Artists.—Underworld bail bondsman George Bancroft falls in love with pretty Frances Dee and deserts his gangster friends who made him. Good suspense. (*Jan.*)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (*April*)

You will find

"I Want a Baby"

—a great serial story, beginning in this issue of PHOTOPLAY

on page 125

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (*Feb.*)

★ **BOWERY, THE** — 20th Century-United Artists.—Grand fun while Wally Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie* battle for leadership of the Bowery in old days. Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray. Don't miss it. (*Dec.*)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (*Nov.*)

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Walter Winchell's melodrama of Gay White Way night life. Entertaining. (*Dec.*)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (*Nov.*)

BROKEN DREAMS — Monogram. — Buster Phelps shows how a little child can lead them; it's slightly hokey. (*Dec.*)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (*Nov.*)

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (*Feb.*)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (*April*)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (*April*)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (*April*)

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—RKO-Radio.—"Poor but noble" Ginger Rogers and rich Marian Nixon want Joel McCrea. Excellent playing makes this old plot highly appealing. (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (*Nov.*)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (*March*)

CHIEF, THE—M-G-M.—Ed Wynn in a filmful of his nonsense that's good at times and at others not so good. (*Dec.*)

CHRISTOPHER BEAN (Also released as "Her Sweetheart")— M-G-M. — Marie Dressler, Doc Lionel Barrymore's maid, gives you plenty of laughs when she helps daughter Helen Mack elope with Russell Hardie, much to the annoyance of Beulah Bondi, doctor's wife. See it. (*Jan.*)

COLLEGE COACH—Warners.—Football as it is played and won by coach Pat O'Brien who buys talent to win at all costs, while Ann Dvorak, his neglected wife, finds romance with Lyle Talbot, football hero. Fast moving. (*Jan.*)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society début. Old plot, but fine cast. (*April*)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (*Feb.*)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal advisor. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (*Feb.*)

CRADLE SONG—Paramount.—Just as charming is Dorothea Wieck in this her first American picture as she was in "Maedchen in Uniform." The beautiful story of a nun who showers mother-love on a foundling. (*Jan.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

All the earth turns to adoration of a new Warner Bros. star

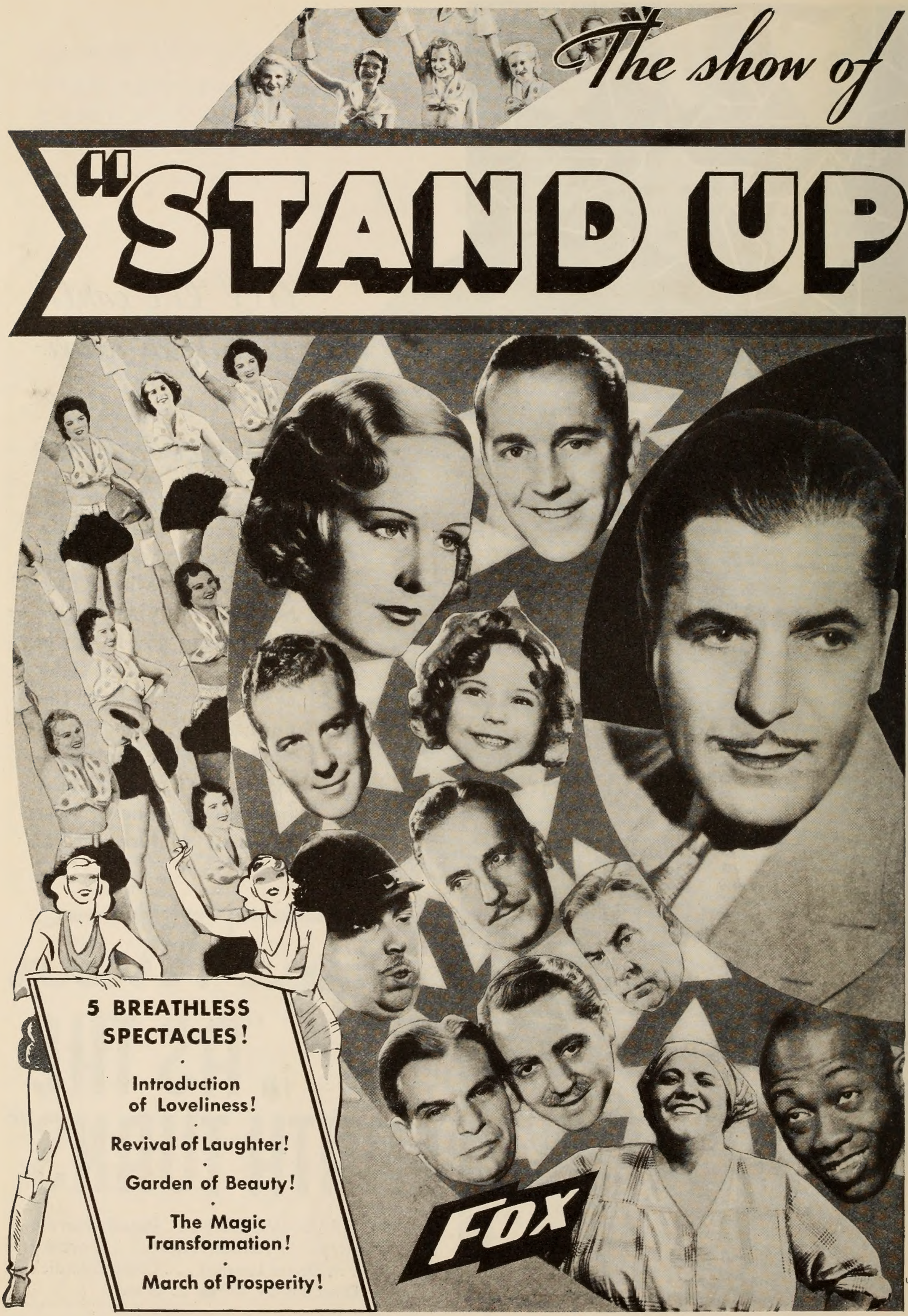
It takes high talent to win a place in the select ranks of The *Star* Company...Jean Muir has done it! Watch how this truly American beauty wins you to her in the film from *the* best seller of its season—"As The Earth Turns". Critics call it "a triumph"—"outstanding"...You'll recall it years from now as one of your greatest picture thrills!

Jean Muir

in "AS THE EARTH TURNS"

with DONALD WOODS . . . Russell Hardie Emily Lowry . . . Arthur Hohl . . . Dorothy Peterson . . . David Landau . . . Clara Blandick

Directed by Alfred E. Green


The show of
"STAND UP
5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!
Introduction of Loveliness!
Revival of Laughter!
Garden of Beauty!
The Magic Transformation!
March of Prosperity!
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1001 *surprises!*

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises ...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ...everything!

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1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
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Associate Producer and Collaborator on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN *and* JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS *and* PHILIP KLEIN.

The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

By readers' votes, received over a period of four months, Norma Shearer and her husband Irving Thalberg have been acclaimed Hollywood's Ideal Couple

SMACK! Wham! Bang! And the Garbo-Hepburn battle for supremacy goes on. It's only in its infancy, so here's your chance to throw a Brick or a Bouquet.

While the contestants remain strangely serene, a staggering punch is pulled by the onlookers. Almost a technical knockout—as the bell sounds for the end of round two!

In no uncertain terms do PHOTOPLAY readers express their feelings about this Garbo-Hepburn screen encounter. It is in the stars that it cannot be a draw. So prepare to watch a fight to the finish!

From Paris comes a message saying that folks over there are studying English solely for the purpose of better understanding our American films. Score one for our side!

THE $25 LETTER

Stories of salesmen's use of nights on the road, are always interesting to me.

Having traveled for nearly ten years, I believe I can safely recommend almost any salesman as a Class "A" movie critic.

Always, around the hotel lobby, are a number of the boys who think an evening at the movies the most economical entertainment.

When you're away from home any picture looks good. I seldom find myself "choosy."

I have spent a good many dollars at the movies, and feel that I am still "up" on them, for I've had more enjoyment than they charged me for. My little ticket has always paid far more than the original investment.

JOHN RAMMES, Denver, Colo.

THE $10 LETTER

I am an inmate of a prison—an institution governed by broad-minded men, whose object is the reformation and rehabilitation of society's cast-offs. Education is the dominating feature in the reformation process, and talking pictures are part of the curriculum.

The entire inmate body is given a feature picture weekly. The tremendous effect of these films on imprisoned men is something that those interested in penology can well afford to study. Anything that can melt the heart of a hardened criminal is a pretty sensible thing to include in reformation theories.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, Jackson, Mich.

THE $5 LETTER

ATTENTION! Air Corps, United States Army speaking. From reveille to retreat; from retreat to reveille inflexible discipline maintains that combination of men and machines—the Air Corps. A world of orders. A world of tight wings and tight nerves—neither must ever loosen.

REST! Colonels and lieutenants; master sergeants and buck privates exchange show checks for two hours of diversion at post theaters. Rank and file alike laugh at the antics of Mickey Mouse. The human element of the Air Corps finds in the motion picture an outlet for cares of the working day.

TAPS! A bugler blows the sweet refrain, which heralds the passing of another day, a day made a better and more pleasant one by the magic of the motion picture.

BUCK PRIVATE, Army Air Corps

IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS

I want to come to bat regarding Kirtley Baskette's article in March PHOTOPLAY—"Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" I want to lay down my vote, in no uncertain terms, for Garbo!

Katharine Hepburn has made up her mind to make people pay attention to her and has gone about it as if to force her will down our throats willy-nilly. On some people it may work. With me it does not.

Garbo leads—the rest follow! It is amusing to me the way mastery of technique is the one ace in the hole usually picked in comparing some pretender to the throne with the magnificent Garbo.

Few, very few, are so divinely inspired that by sheer force of compelling genius they lift others to heights of undreamed of beauty. Garbo reigns on these heights—*alone!*

B. M. N., New York, N. Y.

A MODERN BERNHARDT

I have read the article in your March issue, "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" and enjoyed it immensely.

Relative to the question, "Who will be future Queen of the screen?" let me state it will be none other than Katharine Hepburn.

No one can deny that Hepburn is by far the most scintillating actress ever to come to movieland. She is truly a modern Bernhardt or Duse! People everywhere are proclaiming the genius of Hepburn!

SALLY K. RICH, Providence, R. I.

THE CROWN IS SAFE

Hepburn will be no more successful in wresting Garbo's throne from her than the other claimants who have made their bids and failed.

Hepburn, for all her talent, is too much like our own ordinary selves. Garbo, we worship, because she is so completely unique.

There is about Garbo an unearthly aura of perfection. We may enjoy Hepburn's performances, but she cannot give us the ecstatic thrill of which only Garbo knows the secret.

M. R. HARRISON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

MARGARET
SULLAVAN
THE GIRL YOU LOVED IN "ONLY YESTERDAY"
in
HANS FALLADA
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
Translated by ERIC SUTTON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE
IT'S A UNIVERSAL!

Let's Hear What You Think of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Lee Tracy admirers will be happy to know that he will appear on the scene soon again in Universal's newspaper yarn "I'll Tell the World." Lee and Roger Pryor are reporters for rival syndicates

YOU SHALL HAVE HIM

Are we, the discriminating devotees of filmdom, to be denied the genius of Lee Tracy? Tracy, who commands exclusive talent and who utilizes that talent in a paramount form of entertainment? Who is superb in his particular characterization? Tracy, who is inimitable? Who lacks nothing that a dramatic actor should profess?

I am sure that I express the general sentiment of fandom. There is one, and only one Lee Tracy—and we want him back!

WALTER WHITE, Indianapolis, Ind.

GLAD WE CAN PLEASE

One thing that amuses me over here is that no matter how much Europeans criticize American policies and people, they do love American films. I know several, who are studying English simply because they lose so much at the movies by not knowing it.

Lately, I have shown copies of PHOTOPLAY to some of the women. You see they don't print magazines like this here, and I wanted to get their reactions. Well, there were some surprises in store for me! Of course, they all loved the magazine.

The thing that amazed all of them was that the stars don't mind letting everyone know how they got so beautiful.

One woman said, "With such frank articles, anybody can be healthy and beautiful!"

JEAN HAWTHORNE, Paris, France

Folks everywhere are cheering the splendid work of Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell and supporting players of "Hi, Nellie!" another clever newspaper story

THE GREAT HEPBURN

"Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" Tradition, according to your March PHOTOPLAY article, says Garbo. I hope this tradition is wrong; for I'm *sick* of Garbo. Her highly touted personality leaves me cold. Mysterious and exotic she may be, but my vote goes to Katharine (the Great) Hepburn.

Garbo appears so lifeless and dead in her acting. Hepburn never gives a dull moment. Whereas, I have a colorless mental picture when I try to recall Garbo. Hepburn is as alive, vivid and real to me as my best friend.

I agree with the letter writer in the March issue, who'd prefer Hepburn as a friend before anyone else in Hollywood.

DOROTHY MERNETT, Raleigh, N. C.

MAYBE WE WILL

"Hi, Nellie!" with that grand actor, Paul Muni, is what I call a good movie. It didn't have a dull moment in it. It was a real true-to-life picture. I only wish we could have more like it.

G. E. FRINK, Portsmouth, N. H.

A VOICE FROM ABROAD

I am a young American studying the violin here in Prague. I see films from my own country as well as those from other large European nations. I now understand the supreme position of the American films here.

It is indeed a pleasure to hear one's favorites speaking in a "reel" American "dialect" (as the English call it).

Happily I get every issue of PHOTOPLAY and am thus well compensated for the pictures I miss. I enjoy reading about American films even more now than I did while at home.

MICHAEL BEZZEG, Prague, Czechoslovakia

THE MOVIE INFLUENCE

I come home from the theater after seeing something Adrian has designed for Crawford—snatch my scissors, and try to give a hat or dress that same twirl.

My young son sees Arabs running with flaming torches. He comes home—makes himself one, and runs through the house with it.

After seeing Wallace Beery prescribe lemon juice for Lionel Barrymore's indigestion, my husband hurries out of the theater to buy lemons.

ESTHER COX, Charlotte, N. C.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (*March*)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE — Universal. — Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (*March*)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—Invincible.—Dancer Evalyn Knapp can't get along with vaudeville partner-husband Edward Nugent. But when she clicks in a night club, they make up. Entertaining. (*Jan.*)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (*Feb.*)

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (*Feb.*)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod. —With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (*March*)

DAY OF RECKONING, THE—M-G-M.—Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Conway Tearle, below par in an ancient tale of an embezzling cashier and a double-crossing friend. (*Dec.*)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount. —As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (*April*)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (*Nov.*)

DER SOHN DER WEISSEN BERGE (THE SON OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS)—Itala Film.—Luis Trenker, skiing hero, and cast do good work. But the gorgeous Alpine views run away with this German-made film. (*Jan.*)

★ **DESIGN FOR LIVING**—Paramount.—Noel Coward's unconventional stage play of a triangle, involving two men (Fredric March and Gary Cooper) and a woman (Miriam Hopkins). Excellent. Sophisticated. (*Jan.*)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (*April*)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (*Nov.*)

★ **DUCK SOUP**—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers get mixed up in a revolution in a mythical country—and boy, how they get mixed up! A riot of fun. (*Jan.*)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (*Feb.*)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (*Feb.*)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (*April*)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (*Feb.*)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (*March*)

EMPEROR JONES, THE—United Artists.—The great Negro actor Paul Robeson, in a filming of his phenomenal stage success about a Pullman porter who won rulership of a Negro republic. (*Dec.*)

NOTHING quite like Lifebuoy lather! Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—it penetrates and purifies both face and body pores. Brings to dull, tired-looking complexions new, fresh, glowing loveliness. Ends that common yet never forgiven fault, "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is different—*does more!*

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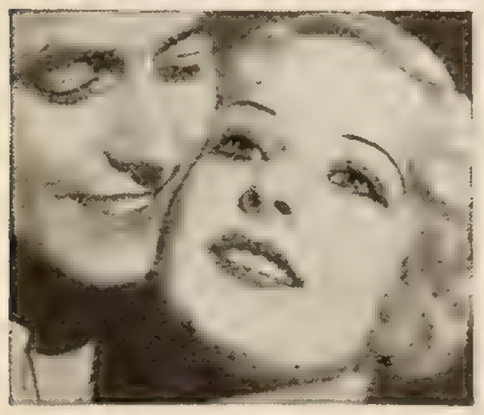

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FLUFF-O MFG. CO., Dept. 3067-E, St. Louis, Mo.

ESKIMO—M-G-M.—A gorgeous picture of life in the Arctic, and Eskimos tangling with white man's law. Eskimo actors; a treat for all who like the unusual. (*Dec.*)

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck in a too-horrible tale about persecution of herself and hubby Otto Kruger as German-Americans during the World War. (*Dec.*)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (*April*)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (*Nov.*)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (*Feb.*)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (*March*)

FEMALE—First National.—Ruth Chatterton, who toys with men in her own motor company, melts before George Brent. Chatterton fine. (*Jan.*)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (*March*)

FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (*March*)

★ **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**—Warners.—Not as much heart appeal as the earlier Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell "backstage" romances, but it has Jimmy Cagney. He's grand, and the specialty numbers are among the finest ever done. (*Dec.*)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (*March*)

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Warners.—A gripping murder mystery, showing real police methods for a change. (*Dec.*)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (*Feb.*)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (*March*)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (*Feb.*)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (*April*)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (*April*)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (*Feb.*)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD** — M-G-M. — In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (*March*)

GOLDEN HARVEST — Paramount. — Farmer Dick Arlen grows wheat; brother Chester Morris is a Board of Trade broker; a farmers' strike brings the climax. A strong film. (*Dec.*)

GOOD COMPANIONS, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A mildly pleasing English tale of trouping in the provinces. (*Dec.*)

GOODBYE LOVE — RKO-Radio. — Charlie Ruggles in a would-be comedy that's really a messy mixture of unsavory material. (*Dec.*)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (*April*)

GUN JUSTICE — Universal. (Reviewed under the title "Rider of Justice.")—Ken Maynard shows up in the nick of time to save the pretty girl's ranch in Arizona. The same old hokum. (*Jan.*)

★ **HAVANA WIDOWS**—First National.—Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee in a rollicking comedy. A climax that will tickle your risibilities. Good fun. (*Jan.*)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (*Feb.*)

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Parmount.—Dick Arlen, owner of a garbage scow, falls heir to a baby and a girl (Judith Allen) at the same time. Dick fine; story poor. (*Jan.*)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lilian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (*Feb.*)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for muffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (*April*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (*March*)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (*March*)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (*Feb.*)

HOOPLA—Fox.—Clara Bow as a carnival dancer. Love interest, Richard Cromwell, whom Clara is paid to vamp—and does she like it? Story so-so. (*Jan.*)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (*Feb.*)

★ **HOUSE ON 56TH STREET, THE**—Warners.—After twenty years' unjust imprisonment, Kay Francis' life means little to her. Then it is her lot to save daughter Margaret Lindsay from a similar fate. Ricardo Cortez and Gene Raymond. (*Jan.*)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (*March*)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (*Feb.*)

I HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (*Nov.*)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (*March*)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (*Nov.*)

★ **I'M NO ANGEL.**—Paramount.—It's Mae West, and how! Sizzling, wise-cracking. This one simply wows audiences. There's Cary Grant, but Mae's all you'll see. (*Dec.*)

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Universal.—Shivery, this H. G. Wells tale, in which newcomer Claude Rains makes himself invisible—and then loses his reason. A creepy, but compelling picture. (*Jan.*)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (*April*)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (*April*)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (*April*)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (*Feb.*)

KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsligafilm Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (*March*)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (*April*)

KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE—Warners.—William Powell in another Philo Vance murder mystery; smoothly done and entertaining. (*Dec.*)

KING FOR A NIGHT—Universal.—Chester Morris, a swell-headed, though likable prize-fighter, stands the consequences for something sister Helen Twelvetrees has done. Exciting. (*Jan.*)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Approved way to effectually *destroy* hair

TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* has been used by thousands of women for effectually destroying hair *on the face* as well as on the arms, legs and underarms.

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NEW PERFUMED ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed cream. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube, twice the size at half the price—50c.

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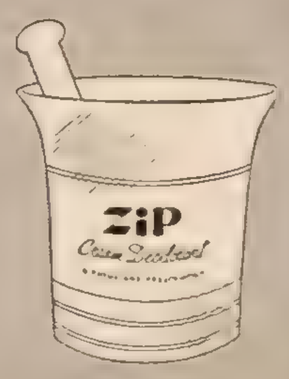
PATENT PENDING

ZIP *Spray Deodorant*

The quickest and easiest way to apply liquid deodorant. New formula in a beautiful atomizer bottle, ZiP Spray Deodorant checks perspiration, 50c.

ZIP *Cream Deodorant*

At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Fascinating carved wood container, 35c, 50c. *All good stores or by mail.*



PATENT PENDING

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Here you see Boris Karloff, terrifying Wallace Ford, in one of his superb characterizations—the religious fanatic in "The Lost Patrol"—about which many movie-goers have sent praises

WELL, HAVE YOU?

So great character actors who submerge themselves in their rôles never become popular? Well, how about Boris Karloff?

If there is any trace of his own charming personality in any of his strong characterizations, will someone kindly point it out?

And as for popularity—come on, you Karloff admirers, prove that he's a favorite! You haven't all got writers' cramp, have you?

RUTH M. BAILEY, San Jose, Calif.

SHE MEANS US!

Twinkle, Twinkle little star
  How we wonder what you are.
But as you glitter, as you glow,
  PHOTOPLAY is sure to know
Where you come from, when and why,
  What you're doing in the sky,
All about your latest yen
  For different clothes or leading men.
Your life, your loves, success and glories,
  Are all discussed in PHOTOPLAY stories.
And so, we know just what you do
  From early morn the whole day through
Until your glitter fades at last
  Into the dim and distant past.
In Hollywood we need not stay.
  Oh, no! We just read PHOTOPLAY!

ANNIE LEONARD, Wilmington, Del.

SOMETHING TO CONSIDER

I think after your annual "Selection of the winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year," you should endeavor to have it reshown for the benefit of those who did not have the opportunity to see it. I think the experiment would prove profitable for the producers, as it would have a comeback on the good selection of films by the readers of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

G. H. LANGOSCH, Chicago, Ill.

DRAMATIZING OURSELVES

We see our favorite actors do simple things effectively on the screen; and consciously or not, we build our own daily affairs into intense little dramas, in imitation—performing them a little more gracefully, a little more graciously, because of that.

To other good results of motion pictures, add these: They are helping us act as though eyes were on us all the time; helping us lift humdrum tasks into the ranks of the beautiful—a kind of beauty that should last as long as good pictures are shown.

JENNIE E. HARRIS, Strafford, Penna.

INDIVIDUALITY DEFENDED

A thank-offering for the diversity of personalities that make up Hollywood. A protest against those hypercritical ones who say, "How perfect it would be if we could find a star who combined the mystery of Garbo, the appeal of Dietrich, the beauty of Del Rio, and the personality of Hepburn."

Such a statement always makes me long to confront the sayer of it, and ask, "Would you *really* enjoy knowing such a person?"

Such a paragon of virtues could never wring tears or excite a laugh from any of us—she would be too far above our comprehension.

So let us be thankful that Hollywood has developed the individuality of each star, so that it can give us a wealth of characters.

MRS. HARRY L. YOUNG, E. Orange, N. J.

VIM, VIGOR, VITALITY

A lively and energetic actress—that's Ginger Rogers. She draws a crowd of women as well as men, which is a true test of a real artist.

She convinces you that there is something beautiful and desirable about love and that it is worth a sacrifice.

WILBUR BEADLE, Lafayette, La.

TONIC IN "CAROLINA"

"Slow down! Slow down!" my doctor cried. "It's high blood pressure."

"Hey, there, stop that fuss," said I, as I rushed madly out to catch it. I just had to get to "Carolina" on time—and beautiful Janet Gaynor did more to quiet strained nerves and bring down high blood pressure, than all the doctors could ever do.

The streamers on that flat blue hat were long enough to tie up, in admiration, the whole of Dixieland.

NELL MARTINDALE, Raleigh, N. C.

LET'S ASK THE PRODUCERS

I have seen "Flying Down to Rio" and had a glimpse of good individual dancing in a movie musical. But does all the dancing have to be eccentric dancing? Couldn't there be modern interpretive dances in some films?

There is nothing, unless it be brilliant acting, that surpasses beautiful dancing in emotional enjoyment, for it combines three of the arts, not only beauty of motion but the artistry of living moving pictures, and inspiring music. Such dancing is still out of the reach of most of us. If only we could have some of it in the movies!

CATHERINE VORY, Marshall, Mich.

WON'TCHA, PLEASE?

All the ladies are raving about him; no wonder! He couldn't help but be talked about.

Please, oh please, Hollywood, give us more of Fred Astaire and his hypnotizing foot action. It's what the rest of us—who aren't such whizzes at the art—are crying for. Can'tcha?

NAIDINE GEBERIN, Peru, Ind.

At a time when we are all on the lookout for spirited entertainment, it is no wonder that so many readers salute pretty Ginger Rogers

You can't afford a dull head in business, today

IF YOU'VE BEEN UP LATE the night before, don't start the day with a headache. And if an afternoon conference catches you with a dull head . . . tired out and washed up . . . clear away the clouds with a refreshing dose of Bromo-Seltzer.

You'll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works—so quickly and effectively. Drink it as it fizzes in the glass of water. As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. That is why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is soon relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity. No wonder you feel like another person before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer—the multi-purpose remedy

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose. Each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and *reliable*. Contains no narcotics. And it never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at the office and at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Directions on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold at druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

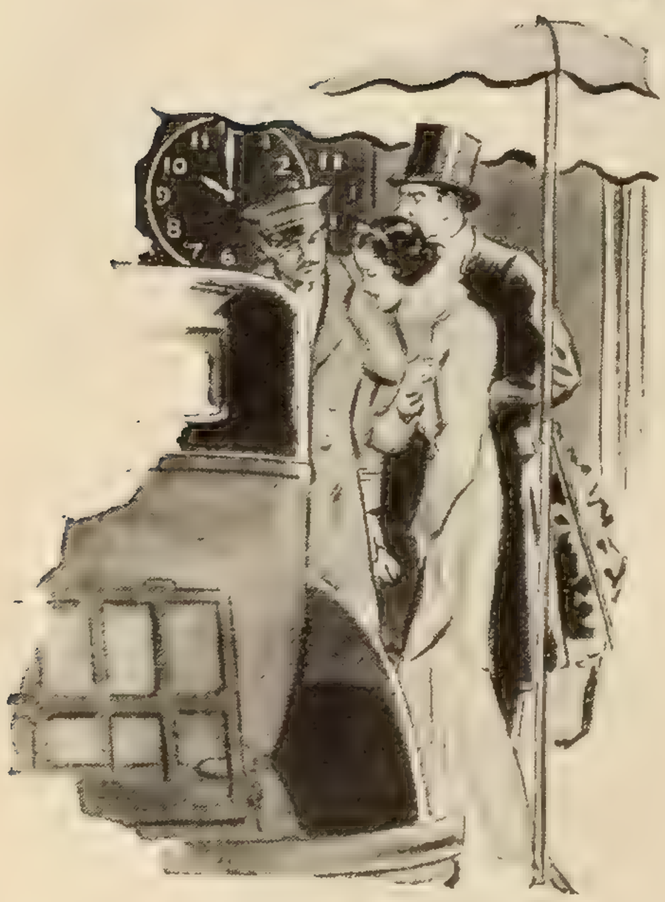
NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course, consult your physician.

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

How one simple act took me "OFF THE SHELF" *and made me* A Happy Popular Girl



"He took me home at 10 o'clock"

TWO years ago I was on the shelf... unhappy, moody, neglected. Today I am in the thick of things, and about to marry the nicest man in town. And I owe all to the fact that I discovered my handicap and overcame it. Incidentally, it's one that few women and few men escape.

For several months I had been going with Gerald—a brilliant and successful young lawyer. I was simply mad about him and he told me he was more than fond of me.

Then one night an odd thing happened. He suggested we leave a perfectly gorgeous party.

"Why Gerald, it's only 10 o'clock," I said.

"I realize that," he explained, "but I've got such a wretched headache I can scarcely see."

So home we went—he in his corner of the cab and I in mine.

Who says women have intuition? Bah! I never even guessed that the headache was an alibi.

The same thing happened a few weeks later at the Country Club Fair. This time his excuse was an early appearance at court the next day.

That was the beginning of the end—only I didn't realize it. From then on we slowly drifted apart.

Disillusioned, hurt, mystified, I moped at home for a while. Then, putting on a brave front, tried to "go social" again.

"There's plenty of fish still in the sea," I consoled myself.

And so there were—*but not for me.* New men called once—but that was the end of it. Parties came and went but I was not invited. Here I was at 25 "on the shelf." What was wrong? What had I done to merit such treatment?

I simply did not know. And I probably never would have known if Gwen Jones, my favorite enemy, in one of her prize moods at the Woman's Club Bridge hadn't made the innuendo so plain I couldn't mistake it.

My breath . . . I couldn't believe it! Me of all people, fastidious me . . . with a breath that wasn't what it should be. It couldn't be true! But it *was*—my dentist settled that.

No wonder Gerald had dropped me. No wonder others dodged me. No wonder I sat home seven evenings of the week. Much as I hate Gwen Jones, I owe her a debt of gratitude; her nasty little remark changed my whole life for the better.

"I moped at home"

For six months now I've been having such a whirl. I'm popular again. And last week Gerald came back. We'll be married in either May or June.

There's no getting away from it, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the fault unforgivable. Socially speaking it will hang you higher than Haman. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it—and even your best friend won't tell you.

How's your breath today?

Agreeable you hope, *but is it?* Dental authorities say that everyone has halitosis at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases they say, are caused by tiny bits of fermenting food that tooth brushing has failed to remove.

The modern way to attack an unpleasant breath condition is to use Listerine. Morning. Night. Between times before meeting others. Listerine halts halitosis because it checks fermentation; deodorizes hours longer than ordinary mouth washes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"We'll be married in June"

How's your breath today?
DON'T GUESS
USE LISTERINE
and be safe

Otto Dyar

PAT PATERSON has gone high hat! At least, she did for her rôle in the Fox picture, "Bottoms Up." Pat, you know, is now Mrs. Charles Boyer. The French star came to Hollywood to have a fling at American pictures, took a good look at Pat—and just a few weeks later, away they went to Yuma for a marriage license! Pat has cracked several hearts

Eugene Robert Richee

TWO song hits—ready to warble in "Melody in Spring." They are Ann Sothern and Lanny Ross. Ross is making his movie début in this film. And Paramount borrowed Miss Sothern from Columbia to team her with the famous young radio star. The movie is in a romantic Swiss Alps setting. We don't know whether Ann and Lanny can yodel

Ernest Bachrach

LOOKS like a tense and private moment! But since Kay Johnson, in real life, is happily married to Director John Cromwell, and Charles Starrett is the fond father of twins, it must be a movie scene and, therefore, public. Starrett and Kay are teamed in RKO-Radio's "This Man Is Mine," in which Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy are also featured

Anthony Urgin

DID you know that Heather Angel's first rôle was that of a boy? At sixteen in "The Sign of the Cross," on a London stage. And before finally landing in Hollywood to find American screen success, the little English star trouped all over India and the Orient with stock companies. She is working right now on the Fox lot in "Springtime for Henry"

YOUR FACE CAN HAVE THE FAIR FRESHNESS OF

Morning Time in this world"

On an earth new-decked with orchard-bloom and green meadows, what a pity if a *lady's face* be dull! And why accept dullness, when Coty presents powder tones blended for each complexion? Applied on a skin *that is truly clean,* this Powder gives you a *vital* look of *bright* youth.

To cleanse your skin, use Coty *Liquefying Cleansing Cream.* Quick-melting, penetrating, it really removes obstinate soil, and make-up, giving fresh beauty.

To "tone" the skin, and keep it clear and firm, pat with pads of cotton saturated with *Coty Skin Tonic*—delicately fragrant.

To nourish the skin, Coty creates a perfect *Tissue Cream,* rich and exquisitely scented, very effective in discouraging lines and wrinkles—from sun or years.

For lips, Coty presents a new, perfect *Lipstick* that has been quietly tried out—for the past six months—by connoisseurs. In ease of application, consistency, permanency, beauty of color, safety—it excels any Lipstick Coty has ever before created!

Ask your favorite cosmetics counter for Coty's *beauty aids.*

COTY

Decked in white jars, with cool water-blue covers, *Coty Liquefying Cleansing Cream,* generous jar—$1. *Coty Tissue Cream* $1.50.

Clear as a dew drop, *Coty Skin Tonic* has a delightful, freshening effect that stimulates the pores to their duties. Blue-capped: $1.

NEW! Superb *Coty Lipstick,* indelible, easy to apply, cased in "gold" and vermilion—$1.10. Face Powder—"powder-puff" box—$1.10.

Since eyes share, with lips, in dominating smart faces today, it is very important to take extra care *of the skin around one's eyes. For this, Coty creates a very superior* Eye-Cream *—honey-toned, honey-sweet. It helps erase old wrinkles—and check new ones: $1.50.*

Ernest A. Bachrach

ANN HARDING'S delicate blonde beauty will be seen on the screen in natural color if plans are completed. The studio says Ann will be starred in the first color picture to be made by RKO-Radio under a new process. In the meantime, Ann is busy with "Alien Corn," adapted from the stage play which Katherine Cornell offered on Broadway

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By

Kathryn Dougherty

SHALL alien actors be kept out of the United States, *unless they can establish their qualifications to the satisfaction of the Federal Government and show they intend to play parts which cannot be filled by Americans?*

The bill to that effect, fathered by Congressman Dickstein, of New York, and approved by the House Immigration Committee, looks likely to become a law.

It is an unwise bill, a parochially minded bill, an unjust bill. It is conceived in misunderstanding, and will defeat its very purpose—the alleged protection of our native actors.

THE stage and motion pictures are, after a deplorably lean interlude, feeding again on the fatter ration of increased theater attendance. The increase in the number of picture patrons during 1933 ran into the millions. Here, as in other industries, the cloud of depression has lifted, but not completely so. Whatever will contribute to maintain this enlivened interest in entertainment should be encouraged. If a new face, a new technique,—foreign though it be—stirs the public interest, that, indirectly, benefits *all* players. Garbo, Dietrich, Lilian Harvey, Anna Sten—certainly have added to the richness and the prestige of pictures.

THAT is not to say we have not many native actors equally great. Motion pictures were invented and evolved in America. The American influence in making pictures dominates the world. There will always be on our screen a majority of such superb native players as Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Jean Harlow, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Ann Harding, or Ruth Chatterton—to name only a few.

We could not well dispense with any of these. But, on the other hand, who would be willing to hand Garbo or Dietrich the blue envelope?

The sponsors of the restriction bill insist that there is nothing to worry about; that real talent will not be excluded. But are we sure of that? If what the sponsors say is true, why, then, introduce the bill at all? May there not be a "joker" in this proposed act, which may prove to be far more exclusive than appears superficially?

ART and artists are not national. They are international. As soon as you localize, circumscribe, the spirit of artistry, it dies.

And Producer Samuel Goldwyn is quoted as uttering this significant warning:

"If Congress passes that measure, Hollywood will be half empty and actors will be knocking at the Senate doors for doles.

"Suppose we stop the entry of foreign personalities—what is to prevent other

countries from boycotting our pictures with American stars? They won't just sit back and take it, believe me."

EMIL LUDWIG, famous biographer of Napoleon, has debunked the scandalous traditions of Filmland as no one ever has before. Listen to these excerpts from Ludwig's article in the magazine *Esquire:*

"Any mother who is anxious about her daughter's virtue could not send her to a safer place than Hollywood. . . ."

"No bourgeois society in America or Europe is more moral than these film folk. . . . Apart from Spain and Italy, the last of the moral countries in Europe, I have everywhere seen more powerful urges to erotic and sentimental adventure than here, where such urges have been dulled by hundreds of movies and have been so exhausted by the camera that they attract nobody once outside the studios. . . ."

"A movie actor can be sent with greater prospects of success to any congress ball or reception than can a diplomat or merchant. . . ."

"The patience of everybody concerned is the greatest virtue of the film world. . . . I consider this training in patience the greatest moral result of the movies. . . ."

"FOR those erotic interludes which animate or confuse work in the theater there is here no opportunity, because rehearsals always take place in the light of twenty gigantic lamps, and a couple of dozen pairs of eyes observe continually. . . . Once work is begun, everyone has a feeling of complete detachment. . . ."

Ludwig found Hollywood "too rich." That is its one defect, he comments.

So this is Hollywood!

Herr Ludwig has so cleverly interwoven his paradoxes that it is impossible to tell whether he is spoofing or spoofed.

WHEN they inadvertently stepped on a Russian bomb and it exploded, officials of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must naturally have been somewhat surprised. That noble pair of Russian exiles, Prince and Princess Youssoupoff—if the verdict of the London court in the latter's suit against M-G-M for alleged libel in the film, "Rasputin," stands—have come into the money. Twenty-five thousand pounds—over $125,000 in American dollars—is quite a piece of change for anyone to acquire in these lowered-standard-of-living days.

OF course, M-G-M was innocent of all intent to hold up anybody in an unfavorable light in this or any other picture. That goes without saying. Also, the defense claimed, the film characterization which precipitated the suit was intended to be entirely fictitious. But the interpretation of English libel law seems very precise.

The successful plaintiff, the Princess, also filed suit in the United States last October for $2,000,000. It will be interesting to watch the outcome of the case on this side of the water, if it ever comes to trial.

IT'S a far cry from "The Follies," "Scandals," and other musicals, to Shakespeare, but—nine of Shakespeare's plays have actually been registered by various film companies with the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which Will Hays is president. Mr. Hays is hopeful for a Shakespearean cycle.

Perhaps that superb clown, Charlie Chaplin, may yet star as the tragic *Hamlet.* It's said to be his life-long ambition, you know.

Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!

2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay —my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

At fourteen, Greta soaped customers for this barber in his shop

Greta, modeling a 1920 riding habit as a Stockholm store employee

GRETA GARBO Wanted to be a Tight Rope Walker

Greta, launched in Swedish movies as the buxom bathing beauty you see above, was a girl who thought up the "strangest things" to make her relatives worry

By Leonard Clairmont

GRETA GARBO is planning on making her home in her native Sweden. Many things prove this.

She has bought a house in Stockholm and a large tract of land not far from that city, where she expects to build a country home. An architect friend is working on the interiors and designing the furnishings to suit her own likes. Her brother, Sven, is already busy buying oil paintings at auctions.

When Garbo was in Sweden, she was always on the lookout for a house which she could buy. She did find one, secluded, but not distant from Blekingegatan 32, the place where she was born. It is an old farmhouse, and will give way to a palatial home where she may retire in complete comfort.

The house is located on a high spot, with a view that especially struck her fancy. At this time she is trying to buy the lot next to it, a beautiful garden, which was once owned by the Swedish king, Gustav III, about one hundred and fifty years ago.

Her friend, Svend Thoresen, chief architect and art director of one of the biggest department stores in Stockholm, has been in Hollywood making up the plans under the personal supervision of Garbo. Some of the furnishings were finished before he left Sweden. And here is what Garbo is going to have:

The dining-room walls will be in oyster-colored wood and the furniture in Chippendale style. The private yacht of Mr. Edington, her former manager, has such walls, and there's where Garbo got the idea. A Hindu prince, so they say, has given her a couple of rare Persian rugs, and those she will have on her dining-room floor.

The Garbo bedroom will be just like the one she has in Hollywood. Big mirrors, a big bed, and many curtains about the doors and windows. And the most important of all, lots of butterflies all over the place—her favorite ornaments.

Next to the bedroom will be the gymnasium with showers. Garbo loves cold showers.

Her study-room will look like a regular artist's studio. Lots of pictures on the walls and big pelts on the floors. The ceiling will have a great big window, with the sort of glass that nobody can look through, and which will afford the room ample softened sunlight. There will be six large armchairs, covered with turquoise blue leather. And the big surprise—she is going to have many guest-rooms and a bar!

The servants will have a building all by themselves—she had enough trouble with a couple of snoopy Swedish servants in the same house in Hollywood. The kitchen will be on the basement floor, as the custom is in France.

Garbo is preparing to build her country estate just about an hour's auto ride from Stockholm. The place is called Dyvik and it was bought for Garbo through her brother, Sven, who usually handles her affairs in Sweden. It is located on a peninsula and covers forty-five square miles of land and forty-five square miles of water. The beach itself is two miles long. There are wild moose and plenty of pheasants around, and the water is known to be a good place for fishing—a sport that Garbo loves.

Her neighbor will be none other than King Gustaf of Sweden himself. He'd be able to wave at his famous countrywoman from his window across the bay at Tullgarn, the king's summer home. The place has lots of chestnut and walnut trees and the climate is supposed to be so mild that she can pick roses until Christmas.

Here's probably what you have already suspected: the place

Extra! Garbo to Hollywood! Stockholm papers front-paged the news

Today she is such an idol in Sweden kids carry huge Garbo dolls

Greta at the start of her film career. She won success in Sweden a mere ten years ago

is so hard to find and to get to, that there is no doubt that she will be left alone as much as she pleases. No roads lead to her country place yet, but one will be built in the near future. A lot of changes will take place on the virgin peninsula. Garbo will build a little harbor for her own speed boat, which will take her into Stockholm whenever she doesn't care to drive. It will take less time to get to the city by water.

Her close friend, Max Gumpel, who was sometimes talked about as the future husband of Greta Garbo, will build the chateau close to the waterline, with a beautiful view over Hastnasfjarden Lake.

It was ten years ago that Greta Garbo made her first successful motion picture, "The Legend of Gosta Berling." The picture was in two parts. Celebrating the ten years, the Swedish Film Industry has once more released the picture, this time cut down to a regular feature length and synchronized with music and sound. In connection with the picture, the Roda Kvarn Theater in Stockholm arranged a "Garbo Museum" in the lobby, which certainly proved a lure to the crowd. Pictures of Garbo from her birth to the Garbo of today were exhibited.

THE writer of this article has just finished something else in honor of Sweden's greatest actress. It is a short reel called "The Making of Greta Garbo." In it you will see the place where Garbo was born and raised, where she went to school, held her first jobs and where she made her début on the stage. The real thrill in this picture will be a scene with Garbo herself at the age of fifteen, the first time in her life that she ever posed in front of a movie camera. Garbo in a riding habit of the year 1920. It's a scream!

Garbo in Hollywood has become a personality to fascinate and mystify the world

During the making of this little picture, many interesting details have come to life.

First to be filmed was the old house where Garbo was born. A five story apartment house, built in the nineties. A gray and sad looking house, indeed. Outside the house I met an old man. He said he was seventy-eight years old and had lived in the house more than twenty-seven years and remembered little "Keta" very well.

At first he wouldn't talk, but after taking him to a neighboring café and treating him to a couple of bottles of beer, he spoke his piece. He told me that "Keta," as Greta came to be known to the neighbors, was born in this particular house on September 18, 1905. She was named Greta Lovisa Gustafsson. Her father died at the age of forty-eight and Greta was the apple of his eye.

The little man said he knew Greta when she was running around with pigtail braids. But little "Keta" didn't have many friends in her own neighborhood. She always seemed to run away to other neighborhoods and played with other children. So Greta Garbo hasn't changed much, after all.

When Greta was fourteen years old she got her first job—in a barber shop. Her job was to "soap" the customers, before the barber did the actual shaving. How would you like to have your face rubbed with soap and hot water by the great Garbo today?

This little barber shop was also filmed. What I found out was that Garbo later worked in another shop during the Saturday afternoon rush. Yes, she was very ambitious.

Then Paul U. Bergström's Department Store was photographed. Here is where she worked at the age of fifteen. The employment manager, Mr. Lundgren, a most charming man, was interviewed. Garbo is his pet conversation and he is mighty proud of her. He still guards her first employment card with his life, but was kind enough to let me take a peek at it. There it is stated that her salary was one hundred and twenty-five *kronor* a month, which would amount to about seven dollars a week. Not bad those days.

Mr. Lundgren tells with pride how Miss Gustafsson soon

Garbo's girlhood is recalled by those who knew her

Greta Garbo's birthplace was this Stockholm apartment house. Arrow points to the very room. She is still remembered there as little "Keta" Gustafsson, with pigtail braids

became a very clever salesgirl in women's hats and coats. Here she posed for advertising moving pictures, and posed with hats for the store's catalogue. Here is where that sequence comes in, where she poses in a riding outfit in front of a big mirror.

Did you ever know that the first foreigners who got the chance to look at Garbo were the Japanese? Well, here's the story!

After making that advertising picture for Paul U. Bergström, she was offered some more work in that line. A grocery firm, which owns a lot of chain stores all over the country, wanted her to pose for a movie. So she posed in front of a big map of Sweden and one of Japan, together with the Japanese minister. This picture was exhibited in Tokio at the World's Fair of 1922.

Greta Garbo's uncle, David Gustafsson, is also in the cast of this little short. David is a taxi-driver and a good one at that. He has his own cars.

David is full of fun, has a nice little family and thinks a lot of Greta, even though Greta wouldn't visit him on her last trip to Sweden.

David Gustafsson used to be Santa Claus to little "Keta." Greta's parents were poor and it was always Uncle David she came to, when she was in need of a dime or two.

THE uncle at that time had no children of his own, so he found a pleasure in being good to Greta and her sister, Alva. Alva was two years older, and he says that he has never seen a more beautiful girl in all his life. Alva died after Garbo had become famous in Hollywood.

Mrs. Gustafsson remembers how Greta was fascinated by Carl Brisson, the matinée idol of Stockholm at that time. She would wait and wait for hours outside the stage door of Mosebacke Theater, just to catch a glimpse of him. Sometimes she would sleep with bunches of his pictures under her pillow at night! There was no man in the world who seemed to Greta to come up to this curly-headed athletic, good-looking Dane.

Later, Brisson went to London, where he became one of the most popular and highest paid artists of stage and screen. Besides, he was a clever boxer and had fought many well-known fighters. Now that Carl Brisson is in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, I wonder what will come out of it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

David Gustafsson, her uncle, still drives taxis in Stockholm. A man full of fun and reminiscences, he tells of playing Santa Claus to Greta and her beautiful sister, Alva

Greta at fifteen, when she got a job in the department store. Beginning as a salesgirl, she was given opportunity to model, and thus got her first camera thrill

Where Greta Garbo's home is to be built. A secluded spot in a lovely area near Stockholm, she will have King Gustaf as a summer neighbor. An ideal retreat

Gentleman George

He prefers prize-fights to opera and doesn't care for pink tea society, but Raft has his own chivalrous code

By Kenneth Baker

His rôles are seldom those of a gentleman. His most recent part is that of a young matador in Paramount's "The Trumpet Blows"

AMONG the most genuine gentlemen of Hollywood is a hard-fisted "guy" who was cradled in "Hell's Kitchen," nursed by the fumes of "de gas woiks" and the packing plant, trained by the jersey-sweatered mugs of Manhattan's toughest pool-hall gangs, and polished by the lusty larruping of the prize ring and the professional baseball diamond.

His name is George Raft.

He doesn't play gentlemen on the screen; he plays semi-tough, sporty rôles. He doesn't play grand gentleman off the screen either; there's no sham in his make-up. He still prefers the pals of his past to the privileged peers of his new position. He still goes to the fights instead of the opera.

Instead of an Oxford accent he still talks with a trace of the "dese, dem and dose" neighborhood of Tenth Avenue and Forty-First Street. He hasn't a line in the Social Register, but he's still on the roster of the neighborhood social hall. He has never kissed a hand, ridden to hounds, contracted bets he couldn't pay, made love to other men's wives, or slept in full dress in the gutter—some accepted prerogatives of the "gentle" class.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

When he takes a girl out, next day she gets flowers! Here is George with Marjorie King

The MAMMY *and*

Mae West sees a circus with a gang of orphans. On the screen or off, she has the generous and understanding spirit of a mother

YOU thought you knew why Mae West is a wow from Patagonia to Greenland; from New York City to Kamchatka and back again. You were told that it was those luxuriant curves, that blonde halo, those come hither eyes. You joined the mob at the door of your local theater and, after a couple of hours of waiting, the ushers were able to find a seat for you some way, somehow.

And then, when the *deluscious* Mae finally appeared on the screen and dazzled your popping eyes, you realized you had not done yourself wrong in coming, seeing and being conquered. You knelt before this Venus, so rich in opulent charms. I'm taking it for granted you are a man that I'm talking to. For, of course, the ladies in the audience were taking in the situation from a slightly different mental and optical angle. They were dissecting the reason for Mae's power over all malekind.

Now, I rise up to say that all the reasons so far assigned for Mae's marvelously seductive lure are all right, so far as they go, but they don't go far enough. The secret of Mae's stranglehold upon the feeble male, in particular, has yet to be revealed. So herewith I am about to reveal it. And for the first time.

BUT, just a moment, please. Before I begin to give Mae's secret away, I want you to consider this question:

Why does Will Rogers, that middle-aged *hombre* with the homely face, dry wit and sexless appeal, have a greater screen following than Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, John Barrymore, or Leslie Howard?

Ah, not so hard a question to answer as you may think. Sit tight in your saddles. This may be quite a jolt. Will Rogers' big draw is, in the last analysis, akin to that of Mae West, herself, the Queen of Sex.

Strange analogy, Mae West and Will Rogers, yet they have in common the amazing gift of winning over their audience, of giving that audience what they get from no other star—and that is an extraordinary power, which weighs in the great human balance far more than mere good looks or sex-appeal. They have something as wide as the earth and as long as a lifetime. They both have one thing in common: the parent appeal!

Yes, both of them have it to an astonishing degree. That fundamental appeal of Mae West that keeps everyone gasping, is, believe it or not, a maternal one! The shape of her body and the shape of her spirit spell MOTHER in letters so large we would have read them and understood them years ago if we all hadn't been led astray by the naughty-naughty act she stages for our delight.

DADDY *of Us All*

What, Mae West and Will Rogers? Maybe you won't be so incredulous after you read this article

By George Kent

Rogers, always "the old man," is sympathetic and comforting. He reassures you, as he did *Margy* (Janet Gaynor) in "State Fair"

I went into a neighborhood movie house on a Sunday afternoon recently to have another look at "I'm No Angel." The theater was filled with kids ranging in ages from four to nine. They swarmed in the aisles, over the seats, under the seats. It was like sitting in a basket of puppies.

The way those youngsters went for Mae! They understood only one s'teenth of what she said, got none of the nuance of what she did with her hips—yet they loved her. They spoke to each other about Mae, and it was as if Mae were a member of the family, a beloved aunt or somebody. Mae gives sex a great play in this film, but was it that that intrigued the little boys and girls? Was it the naughty lines, the hot-cha songs, the double meanings? Answer for yourself—and you'll answer NO!

The youngsters sat there and caught an emanation which they understood and to which they responded. A great sunny gale of sweet temper, kindness and human understanding blew out from the screen and warmed them and made them feel sure of themselves, and happy. With the instinct of little animals they sensed the real West, the girl beneath the diamonds; they were conscious of a great, pulsating tenderness, simple, honest, unpretentious—with a ribbon of fun around its neck.

It was mother, a better, bigger, rounder, more beautiful mother, one who had time for them, a kind of mother earth up on sparkling slippers and able to make wisecracks. If she could have walked off of the screen into the audience, she would have been covered with the infants, and they would have kept her there, babbling their troubles and triumphs, and in the end they would have done anything she told them to do—down to eating a barrel of spinach.

And as for Will. Will the beloved. He passes the same tests and with the same high percentage. If ever a man was a father, it's Will. He looks "the old man," he talks like him, and he is everything we would [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

And Was Gloria

Burned Up!

They took away her dressing-room, they took away her rôles. Was Miss Stuart mad! Read what happened

By Ruth Rankin

Gloria Stuart, the calm Scotch blonde, has been taught by Margaret Sullavan that the girl who raises a fuss gets better rôles

Lowell Sherman did wonders for Connie Bennett (shown with him here), so Gloria wanted him as a director. But she lost out

IT was a good war while it lasted. That the opposing factions were complete strangers doesn't mean a thing. Lots of unacquainted kings have put on some very good battles. Boxers often meet for the first time in the ring.

But so far, no one in Hollywood has been brave enough to introduce Gloria Stuart and Margaret Sullavan. And their dressing-rooms are next door to each other at Universal studios.

Margaret—dark-haired, fighting Irish. Stubborn, argumentative, inconsistent, lovable—unpredictable as a breeze.

Gloria—blonde, calm Scotch. Poised, controlled, dependable, amiable—a "sit tight and play out the hand" girl.

And when scrappy Irish invade the sacred territory of calm Scotch—look out! It's that old immovable body and irresistible force trouble again.

"Only this time," Gloria admits with a reminiscent smile, "the body wasn't immovable! I was all set to take it right over to China and be a reporter!" And she was. But more of this later.

Beginning with the first round—it started when Gloria's dressing-room was handed over to the newcomer. The nicest dressing-room on the Universal lot, where Gloria had been queen for two years. She never took undue advantage of the fact, and she made fifteen pictures in those two years.

Then along came Margaret, clicked in "Only Yesterday," her very first picture—and had everybody from Junior Laemmle down to the prop boys jumping through hoops. She was pulled off a plane headed for New York, right in the midst of the picture. Delays and hold-ups in the progress

of the picture were credited to Margaret's eccentricities.

But no matter what she did, the new queen could not be wrong.

"The situation is typical of Hollywood," Gloria says, impersonally, and with no trace of bitterness. "Anything new that comes along is grabbed up, lionized. Like the city girl who goes visiting in a small town. The boys all give her a rush and forget their home-town sweethearts—but eventually they go back to them.

"Of course, I wanted to play the girl in 'Only Yesterday.' So did almost every other leading woman in Hollywood. Everybody made a test for that part. And I was completely reconciled to the loss when I saw how wonderful Margaret was in the picture.

"I COULD bear up under that, even though I would have given anything for the part. I could take a lot more—and did.

"But the real heartbreak was 'Little Man, What Now?' That gloriously beautiful human story with the girl I have been praying all my life to do—and they bought the story for me. It was like having all my rarest, grandest dreams realized at once. I was alive again. I forgot all the run-of-the-mill ingénues, the deadly repetitions of similar parts—with now and then an exception. I have never known an emotion so great as the happiness I felt at the prospect of playing *Bunny* in that picture. It would make *anything* worth while.

"Then—they gave it to Margaret!

"Well, a fuse blew out in my brain. I was sick with the utter futility of my whole career and the way I had conducted it. Suddenly, it was revealed to me, in a blinding flash, that sweet reasonableness will get you exactly *nowhere* in Hollywood. By the fastest route.

"You can't be a 'yes woman' in this town and get along! I have said 'yes' to parts I resented, in pictures I knew were hopeless—knowing my progress would again be stopped by stupid dialogue, poor direction, sappy story. But there was always the bright beacon light of hope burning. Some day a story like 'Little Man' would come my way. I had been patient a long time.

"I WENT to Junior Laemmle and frankly told him I didn't see how he figured it out. Margaret Sullavan had caused no end of trouble, embarrassment and money to him and the studio. But she was getting the gravy—while I had to take the leavings. I have never walked off a set, or argued over money, or indulged in temperamental outbursts. So far, I have had the parts that ask all the questions, while the person opposite me had all the answers. 'Stooges,' I call my rôles.

"Nevertheless, they have invested money in me as a commodity. I could not see how I was being valuable to them, lost in the vehicles they gave me. I said, 'If you don't want me, let me go. Give me a chance to get better parts on other lots. I don't care where I get them—just so I do.' But they wanted to keep me.

"It isn't a matter of being starred. I would rather not be. Would much prefer to be one member of a good cast, in a good story, with a good director, where there is some incentive. I enjoyed my little part in 'The Kiss Before the Mirror' more than anything yet, because it was a departure from the beaten path, and it required a little intelligence.

"So they promised me a picture with Lowell Sherman. And you know, what Lowell Sherman can do for an actress is nobody's business. He is a woman's director. Look what he did for Constance Bennett in 'What Price Hollywood?' and

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Margaret Sullavan, brunette, fighting Irish lass, who got Gloria's rôles, her dressing-room, the nicest on the Universal lot—and her goat

Margaret, fondling this baby in "Only Yesterday," came near causing Gloria to quit movies in a huff and go to China

Beauty Pursues Earl Carroll

The old maestro is run breathless by an eager pack of chorus enthusiasts

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

IF Earl Carroll, that New York producer and connoisseur of beauty who came to Hollywood to hunt new beauties for the Paramount picture, "Murder at the Vanities," had had even the slightest suspicion of what lay ahead, the sweet innocent lamb would never have so much as left good old below-zero New York. For strange as it may seem, the beauties won't stand still long enough for Mr. Carroll to pick them. What they want is for Mr. Carroll to stand still so they may pick him, which just upsets everybody's plan all the way 'round.

For instance, they swarm, these beauties, all over the place. They hide behind trees and pop out at him. "Oh, Mr. Carroll, lookie! Can I be murdered at your 'Vanities'?" they lisp. They hide behind telephone poles, Gary Cooper, the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and have even been known to pop out from under manhole covers directly in the path of his speeding taxi, shrieking, "Yoo hoo, Mr. Carroll, lookie," which just about throws the man into the nervous twitters. And if he's twittering, you should see the stalwart men of the manhole department of Hollywood. They are simply at their wits' end with manholes popping up all over Hollywood. Exactly like corn in a popper.

Why, really it's got so the poor man (this is Mr. Carroll of New York we're talking about, in case you came in late) actually has to sit through rehearsals on a Paramount sound stage on the highest rafters among the lights. Afraid to come down. Baking and steaming among the giant sun arcs. Like a lobster-red fawn. At bay. While below, the beauties go on with their hunting. Turning over boxes and W. C. Fields. Peering behind props and Gracie Allen's make-up box. Never giving up their relentless, feverish search for Mr. Carroll. Never for a second. While high above, unnoticed and unsung, he sits. Looking like something that's about to be served out of a casserole, and wishing he were back in his little grass shack atop the Chrysler Building, or wherever it is.

YOU see, when Mr. Carroll set forth on his Westward-ho journey, he brought with him eleven of his own "Vanities" girls and a chaperon, Mrs. Rooney (no relation to little Annie). The plan was to have Mr. Carroll select eleven beauties from Hollywood, to balance the eleven girls from New York, and all twenty-two beauties to balance (what is this—an acrobatic act?) Paramount's movie version of Mr. Carroll's New York show, "Murder at the Vanities."

So, a contest was arranged in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where so many stars leave their footprints and things, and out of the girls who turned out only a few were selected, because so many of the other beauties felt if only they could see Mr. Carroll outside of a contest—well. And it's the others, these hundreds upon hundreds of others, who have gummed up the works, as it were.

And a first class job of gumming up they've done, if you ask me, for Mr. Carroll did not find enough beauties via the contest route—and if you have the face of Garbo and Dietrich combined, Mr. Carroll will not see you out of a contest—so, several Paramount bit players had to fill in. People like Toby Wing and Lona Andre. Nice people, but think of the countless manhole poppers and behind-tree-hiders who got left. And are determined not to be left, if they have to kidnap Mr. Carroll and have themselves chosen at the point of a gun.

Very weary and tired from the chase, Mr. Carroll went home to dinner one night and the waiter brought in a silver covered dish and heaven help us all, just as he lifted the cover, imagine everyone's surprise when out popped a determined beauty dressed as the spirit of *filet mignon* with mushrooms. And practically frightened away what little wits poor Mr. Carroll had left.

So, you see, he can't eat. He can't sleep. Twenty-seven beauties have been hauled out from under the bed so far and one, a gorgeous blonde, was discovered standing stiff and straight on the dresser in a hula skirt pretending she was a whisk-broom.

But Mr. Carroll soon discovered the deception. In less than ten minutes he knew that here was no whisk-broom if he knew anything. And he knows.

But really, looking at both sides of the situation, it's no wonder these lovely little creatures fight, actually fight, to become a "Vanities" girl. There is a feeling of pride, a feeling of being guided and cared for, that is mighty rare and beautiful in these unenlightened times.

But first let me tell you exactly how Mr. Carroll goes about selecting these world-famous

beauties of his. If it's New York, and he's casting for one of his "Vanities," the call goes forth that on Tuesdays and Thursdays, he will select the beauties.

Very well. Tuesdays and Thursdays come, and so do the girls with the stage manager right there on the job. Quickly and efficiently, the girls are lined up in rows of twenties. The tall ones together and the short ones together. Now, face front. March. Down to the footlights. Mr. Carroll runs a weary but experienced eye over the line.

Squads right. March to the rear. Mr. Carroll runs a weary but experienced eye over the rear. Squads left. Advance. Salute—or no—wait. I think I've more or less wandered into the infantry, but anyway, that will give you a fair idea of the neatness and dispatch with which the thing is done.

If in eight or nine Tuesdays and Thursdays Mr. Carroll gets, say, twenty girls, it's a good average (for any man) and he should certainly be a very, very happy little boy—only he isn't.

He must now proceed to turn the raw material into the finished product. Those who are underweight must be brought up to normal, and the fatties must be brought down. And all this, mind you, done under the guidance of a physician (tck, tck, the life some doctors lead).

THEIR coloring, hair, taste in clothes all must be gone over until, as Mr. Carroll says, one day, all of a sudden, they flower out in their full bloom. Let the seeds fall where they may. And neither, mind you, does he believe in breaking their spirit. Their heads, maybe, but never their spirit.

"Beauties," he carefully explained to me, "run in schools, like fish. At times, the fishing is fine and a lot of beauties are caught. At other times, it's slow and no beauties are caught." And at other times, I suppose, the only thing a man can get are a couple of finnan-haddies and hope for the best.

On the train coming out Daddy (not a sugar one) Carroll gave pep talks to the girls and lectures on "Go on, be a Hollywood playgirl and see what Daddy Carroll does to both your eyes." They behave exactly as well trained soldiers, and heaven knows they've had enough "squads right" to know how.

One of the girls was just too, too eager to meet Mr. Paramount. She'd heard so much about him. "What's he like?" she kept asking.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

The beauties don't stand still long enough to be picked! From behind trees, from under manhole covers, they pop out, shrieking, "Yoo hoo, yoo hoo, Mr. Carroll, lookie! Can I be murdered at your 'Vanties'?"

"Miss Universe" Makes Good

SHE now would be a trained nurse, if she hadn't bought a bathing-suit!

But Dorothy Dell did buy the bathing-suit. She entered a bathing beauty contest—and that is how she became "Miss Universe of 1930," and later landed in the "Follies." She was sixteen then, and in Ziegfeld's show she sang a little ditty entitled, "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome, and Did My Mother Give Me Hell."

A song like that is apt to make people notice a girl. If she happens to have curves in the right places, big gray eyes and blonde curls, moving picture producers probably will notice her, too. Eventually, Paramount noticed Dorothy.

She once had a heart-attack over Russ Columbo, but thinks it's funny now. She has had quite a few others—including Jack Dempsey and Mario Braggiotti. Was rumored engaged to both. Says now that marriage is out for at least two years, and then the man won't be an actor.

When recuperating from a bad automobile accident, she put on twenty pounds—and took them off in six weeks. She drinks ten cups of coffee daily.

In the 1931 "Follies," she stepped in Ruth Etting's place, during Ruth's illness, on fifteen minutes' notice—and wowed them.

She is five feet, five and a half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She walks miles and miles every day.

Dorothy was born near Hattiesburg, Miss., and used to use the last name of Goff. She attended a girls' school in New Orleans. You'll see her in "Wharf Angel."

Movies or Radio For Lanny?

THE movies and radio both want Lanny Ross, but he's not sure which one *he* wants. He likes to sing. He's not sure yet about acting.

Ever since Lanny came to Hollywood, as the hero of a national radio program, he has been riding with both horses—because many letters entreated him not to go off the air.

And Lancelot Patrick Ross, B.A., LLB. (the B.A. from Yale and the LLB. from Columbia) is afraid eventually he'll have to give up one or the other. Which will it be? He thinks he ought to know by the time his first picture, "Melody in Spring," brings a reaction.

Anyway, he won't give up both and go to practicing law, although Lanny is a member of the New York Bar. Even while "boning" at Yale, he was leading the Glee Club; while studying at Columbia he made his broadcasting début on a Christmas morning program (salary $10), and the day he passed the Bar exam, he signed his first ether singing contract.

After all, the heritage of a Shakespearean actor-father, and a mother who was Pavlowa's accompanist, isn't easily denied.

His prep school team-mates couldn't take "Lancelot," so now he's Lanny. This six-footer's "dates" are non-professional society girls. So far Lancelot hasn't found his Elaine.

If he stays in Hollywood, he should travel fast toward stardom. Going places in a hurry is his habit. When a Yale track man, he won the National A.A.U. 300-yard indoor championship and established a new Yale record for the 440-yard dash. In the Olympic tryouts of 1928, he won a place on the United States team, in the 400 meter race. But he gave up the trip to Amsterdam to tour with the Glee Club.

Belgian royalty watched while American movies were made. In the center, gowned in white, is Queen Elizabeth. Behind her, with his head turned, is the late King Albert. To the left of them, dressed as a private soldier, is the young Crown Prince, now King Leopold III. On the right of the Queen is the late Thomas H. Ince

"Just Leopold"

Or, how a democratic Prince who was to become a King delighted Hollywood

By James J. Tynan

EARLY on an October morning in 1919, the Royal family of Belgium visited Hollywood.

It was only eleven months after the signing of the Armistice, and the World War then was very vivid and awful in memory.

To all Americans, Belgium was still the small, peaceful country which was trodden upon by a powerful enemy and rose to fight valiantly. Her ruler, the late King Albert, was a favorite monarch, a great hero, whose challenging statement to Germany, "Belgium is not a highway!" still rang around the world.

So, when word was received that the Royal Family of Belgium would visit Hollywood, excitement ran high, and plans for a fitting welcome began feverishly.

I don't know why the Thomas H. Ince studios were favored by being placed first on the royal schedule. For there was a mad scramble among all the studios to top the list.

I was associated with Ince at that time, and he assigned me to act as personal escort to the Crown Prince Leopold on the tour of the studio.

The day for the Royal Family's Hollywood tour started almost at dawn, for the schedule was a heavy one. Early in the morning, every star, every executive, every extra was on hand. And, down to the last detail, things were in readiness to go off with clockwork precision.

Along the curved driveway stood a row of schoolchildren, carefully dressed in their best clothes and each holding a basket of flowers. As the royal cars swung through the studio gates and up the drive, the children tossed the flowers in their path, and the crowds welcomed the Belgian royalty with cheers.

In the royal party were King Albert, recently killed in a tragic fall; Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother of Belgium, and Crown Prince Leopold, now King Leopold III.

The Crown Prince was my special [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Is Mr. Ricky Arlen the villain who spread the rumor that Baby LeRoy is through? If so, LeRoy will fight it to a finish with Arlen

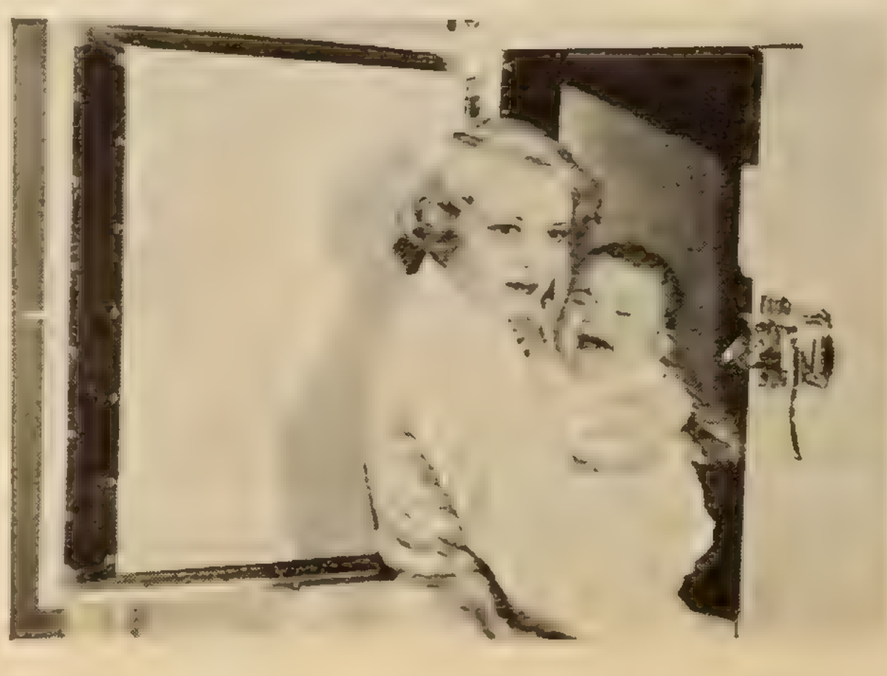
"ME Jealous *of that Kid? Phooey!*"

says Baby LeRoy

I'M burned. Good and burned. In fact, I'm seething. And I, Baby LeRoy, want to tell my side of this Ricky Arlen feud and put a stop to all these ugly rumors that have been floating about Hollywood concerning the rivalry between Ricky, son of Dick Arlen, the movie star, and myself.

I'm getting just a little fed up with all these reporters and interviewers swarming all over my person and prying into my life (love and private), and wanting to peer into my book of telephone numbers, and eternally asking me about Ricky Arlen, who has just been featured in "She Made Her Bed." (That's the picture they were going to call "The Baby in the Ice-box." These title changes are just a sweet mystery of life to me.)

Just why, may I ask, should Ricky Arlen, a new actor (hah!) on this lot, reap all this publicity at my expense? It's hard enough for an actor in this racket to scare up his own publicity and, certainly, I feel Ricky has shown very poor judgment in cashing in on my name. The one and only Baby LeRoy. As they call Gary Cooper and me, "The boys with the personality." That's us, eh Gary?



Ricky won the place in the ice-box LeRoy wanted, in "She Made Her Bed," with Sally Eilers. The Babe sneered, "Don't tell me he's *that* hot"

It's true, I admit, that when Paramount announced Ricky Arlen was to have the rôle in "The Baby in the Ice-box" (and don't tell me he's that hot. Why they didn't even put Mae West in an ice-box), and the reporters came racing to me about it, I said, "And who is Ricky Arlen?"

Yes, I said it. Simply because I did not know—except in a vague sort of way—who Ricky Arlen was. Heaven knows, I have a hard enough time keeping track of Jack Oakie's blonde babies, without knowing who all the second

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Clarence Sinclair Bull

MISS WYNYARD stopped on the staircase for a glance in the mirror, and the camera caught both Diana and her reflection! The photograph was made at her home in Beverly Hills. Miss Wynyard's next movie will be "Dover Road," for which M-G-M loaned the lovely English star to RKO-Radio for the feminine lead opposite Clive Brook

The Robinsons

AFTER a hard day on the set, Edward G. Robinson finds the den a pleasant place for relaxing. Maximum comfort was the important thing in choosing the furniture for this room. We don't know whether that barrel in the corner is empty. But it does make an attractive tray-stand

MR. and Mrs. Robinson and Edward, Jr., in their own front yard. Mrs. Robinson noticed this house in Beverly Hills, and hurried home to tell Eddie about it. He went with her, and liked it so well he bought it that very day

Elmer Fryer

THE living-room is one of the most colorful rooms in the house. The tinted walls, the light brocade upholsteries, the flowered drapes give it brightness and charm. Notice that there are only drapes and blinds at the windows, insuring all the sunshine possible

Buy A New House

EDWARD G. ROBINSON has long been an enthusiastic collector of antiques. When he purchased the house, he sent to New York for his fine collection, which he had been keeping in storage there. One of the choicest pieces is this grandfather's clock, equipped with a beautiful set of chimes

THE Chippendale influence gives the dining-room an air of graceful simplicity. The wide, sunny windows with leaded panes, the several bowls of cut flowers, and plants lend the room color and an atmosphere of charming informality

THE bedroom is very light and delicately colored. Walls are pastel tinted. The coverlets on the twin beds are of quilted satin. An all-over carpet, matching the walls, covers the floor. The curtains are of white net, and gracefully draped and ruffled

Clarence Hewitt

ONE of the world's greatest lovers, and a lady of his choice. They are Fredric March and Constance Bennett, co-starred for the first time, in 20th Century's "The Firebrand." The picture, adapted from the stage comedy, is the story of Benvenuto Cellini, Sixteenth Century goldsmith, whose fame as a lover almost surpassed his fame as an artist

Cruising Cowboy

Hoot Gibson packs his riding kit, loads his camera, and starts around the world to shoot motion pictures

By Kirtley Baskette

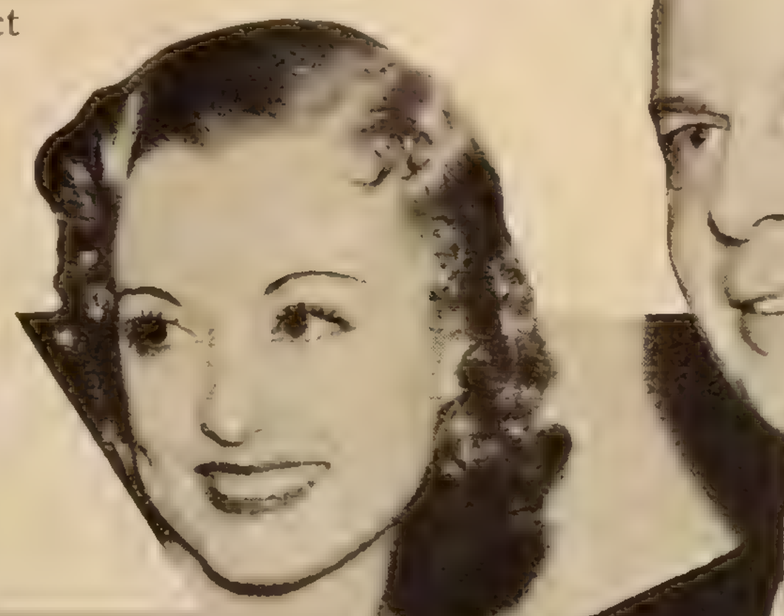
HOOT GIBSON is all set to make the world cowboy-conscious.

If the platinum blond has his way about it, they'll soon be trading in their turbans in India for American model ten-gallon sombreros, and their grass skirts in Hawaii for chaps. They'll be totin' six-guns instead of shillalahs in Erin, and holding rodeos instead of raids in Arabia

Yes, Hoot's going out among 'em the first time that America's hard-riding West or one of its sons has been transported to any other country to make pictures; the first time that a *bona fide* cowboy star has ever ventured out of his own stamping grounds to send back a cowboy character on celluloid from without these United States.

Other Western stars have dreamed about it, have made trips to England and other foreign countries, but none has ever made a picture there. Hoot has a contract with Warner Brothers to make "A Cowboy in London" in jolly old Teddington, England, where the English Warners' studios are located.

Hoot's first stop will be jolly old Teddington, where the English Warners' studios are, to do "A Cowboy in London"



And what will June Gale do when Hoot starts on his tour? The two have been quite inseparable in Hollywood

He won trophies for his skill at herding planes. "They can't kill me," he says, grinning

And it's only the beginnin'—only the beginnin'!

When Hoot finishes the comedy feature, he plans to start the world-wide screen barnstorming tour, taking his hilarious, rough-and-ready cowboy character to every colorful country in the world, getting him in all sorts of amusing scrapes, and furnishing lots of fun for a screen world which has missed Hoot in the character comedy rôles, once his most popular *métier*.

For this won't be the first time Hoot has discarded the posse chase and the Indian fights to rollick slightly out of his usual leather-dustin' character. In his time, he has made some twenty or more comedies which demanded something else besides horsemanship, trick riding and roping.

"The Gentleman from America," one of his best known of these, was the same type of fish-out-of-water comedy that "A Cowboy in London" will be. Hoot was also a sailor in "Out of Luck," a baseball player in "Hit and Run," and a fireman in "Hook and Ladder." Of course, he has made over one hundred and fifty straight Westerns, so he's well qualified to represent the colorful movie [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

CAL YORK Announcing The Monthly Broadcast of

LUPE VELEZ got spanked. Listen, please! You know how Lupe, with her spontaneous outbursts, usually causes a lot of lost time on a set. But not so on the filming of "Laughing Boy," let me tell you. In the midst of some of her didoes, Director Van Dyke reached the end of his patience and grabbing Lupe, threw her across his knee and administered a good, old-fashioned spanking where it should be delivered. And Lupe was a good girl for the rest of that picture.

"'IT Ain't No Sin' on stage 13." That's what the schedule read. Mae West took one look and said "No dice." From now on, "'It Ain't No Sin' on stage 14."

LITTLE Caesar won't do for the Little Corporal. In other words, Edward G. Robinson isn't the type for *Napoleon* in Warners' production, "Napoleon." That's the statement which comes from a source seldom guilty of mistakes. They have tried over a thousand make-ups on Eddie and somehow or other the great emperor's phiz just won't jell. Warners is said to be now considering Charlie Chaplin for the part. It is a rôle Chaplin has always been ambitious to play. Ernst Lubitsch, the director of those subtleties, "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "The Merry Widow," is also said to be in the running for the part. Abroad Lubitsch is known not only as a director but as a dancer and a comedian. He entered a Berlin studio in 1913.

IDA LUPINO, the English starlet who came to America about a year ago, is showing flashes of temperament all over the Paramount lot, and the studio, as a whole, is pretty much bored with it all and hopes the little lady will soon settle down.

There's too much talent holding forth in Hollywood for anyone less than a Garbo to become tiresome these days.

LEE TRACY who is staging his screen comeback in "I'll Tell the World" for Universal, refused enormous sums to make personal appearances throughout the country.

You'd scarcely know him—with his hair mussed up and him scowling. It's Tom Brown, young RKO-Radio star, keeping fit with a medicine ball

Ginger Rogers prefers to take her exercise in the water. Just now Ginger is on her mark, set and ready to dive from a skiff

Hollywood Goings-On!

"I didn't mind making personal appearances but I certainly didn't intend cashing in on any such publicity," Lee said.

He also refused several flattering offers to make pictures in England.

"I wouldn't have minded the England thing, either," he commented, "but it would have been too much like running away. I wanted to stay here and fight this thing out on the home ground.

"I have tried to make my comeback in an honest and fair manner, and I believe I've started on the right road back," says Lee.

Anticipating a tremendous success for his first picture, Universal has signed Lee for three more.

A DARK shadow around the eye of Madge Evans recently inspired a number of curious questions as to its origin.

To which Madge calmly replied, "Did you ever see a door walking?"

Well, she did. That's her story.

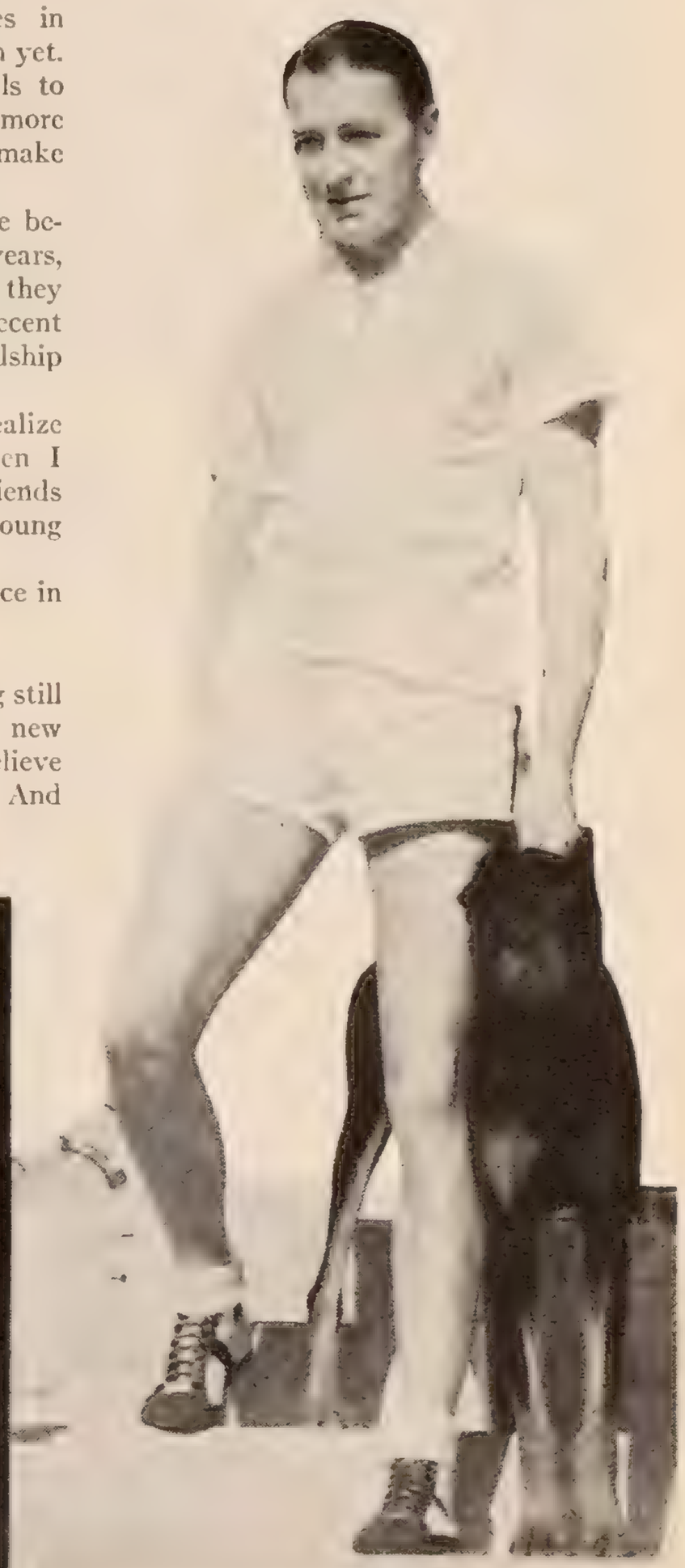
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., has just refused two offers to make pictures in Hollywood. And for the quaintest reason yet. Doug says his long distance phone calls to Gertrude Lawrence in England would more than eat up the extra money he would make in American movies.

Doug's friendship with Miss Lawrence began eight years ago and, through all the years, even while married to Joan Crawford, they have corresponded. It was only on his recent trip to England, however, that the friendship ripened into love.

"I can't understand why I didn't realize how marvelous Miss Lawrence was when I met her eight years ago," Doug told friends in Hollywood, "unless I was just too young to appreciate her."

So it looks as if this were a real romance in spite of rumors to the contrary.

WE can't bear it. DeMille is planning still another bathtub sequence for his new picture, "Cleopatra." And this time, believe it or not, it's a bathing scene with men. And what men! People such as Cassius, Brutus, Caesar and Anthony will cavort in the bathhouse number.



Clive Brook likes to take his daily dozen on a sunny tennis court, knocking balls around, chasing them with his dog. He has his own private court

With Bruce Cabot, exercise is a serious proposition. Not even one small smile from Bruce when he's doing his slim-waist routine

"DO you know who I think has the funniest face I ever saw?" Rudy Vallee asked some friends in Hollywood.

"No, who has?" they asked.

"I have," Rudy said. "Look at my map. I'd give anything to have a little better looking mug but there it is."

Ah, is not fame sufficient, Rudy?

Mr. and Mrs. McCrea are so much in love, they won't work in the same picture. Joel says Frances would give *him* all the breaks, and she says Joel would give them to her. Joel's to do "Alias the Deacon," and she's in "Finishing School"

NO one on the set realized that Dick Powell of the ever ready smile and unfailing good humor was singing those catchy tunes and going through his daily work with a splitting headache.

Dick kept it to himself until the picture was over and then quietly took himself off to a doctor.

"Nothing to worry about," the doctor said, "it's eye strain and too much work under the Kliegs. Go away for a rest."

So Dick jumped in the car and drove to San Francisco where he worked long hours rehearsing for a Coast to Coast broadcast.

Anyway, the headache let up and Dick is back once more under the bright lights.

THE very last gasp in late romances—Lyle Talbot is horning in and taking Alice Faye here and there. . . . And a dark suspicion lingers in the astute minds around the village that Lyle is not unaware of the news-value of such doings. His previous escortee was the Countess di Frasso.

GOING outs of the month:

Rudy Vallee stepping with Peggy Hopkins Joyce; Joan Crawford keeping Francis Lederer's dressing-room at the El Capitan Theatre fresh with gardenias (when he was playing "Autumn Crocus"); Katherine De Mille trifling with Dick Cromwell's affections by attending the Garbo premiere at the Chinese in company with Henry Wilcoxon, papa DeMille's *Mark Antony;* Russ Columbo breaking several girls' hearts by whirling Carole Lombard over the floor at the Beverly-Wilshire; George Raft and Virginia Pine circulating together.

HOLLYWOOD fashions have scored again. They're just about all right, in the opinion of Grace Moore, who admits having "gone Hollywood" as far as clothes are concerned. She's capitulated entirely and announces that from now on Howard Greer will make all her clothes.

The former Metropolitan opera star, who has heretofore relied on the modistes of New York and Paris, should know. She has always been cited as one of the world's finest dressers, a close friend of famous fashion magazine people, and whatnot.

It's all over but the handshake. She's an M-G-M star now! Gloria Swanson and Irving Thalberg, after contracts were signed placing Gloria under the banner of Metro

The honeymoon won't ever be over—judging by that exchange of amorous glances! Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant were caught recently while attending a preview

IS Jimmy Durante worried sick? It seems that someone gave out his birth as February eighteenth, instead of February tenth, and in spite of all the presents and messages that poured in on the eighteenth, Jimmy is frantic. He doesn't want his birthday on the eighteenth. He wants it where it belongs on the tenth because, as Jimmy says, he is now under the Aquarius sign and that designates brainy

men. And a little danger of trouble with the knees but, as he explains, he's willing to have the knee handicap in order to be a brainy man.

The eighteenth throws him under an altogether different sign and Jimmy is simply ill over it.

Even went to the publicity department about it and asked that they officially correct the mistake. Jimmy is going to remain a brainy man or know why.

LEAVE it to Lupe Velez to say what she thinks. Recently an interviewer queried her about the marital situation with "Tarzan" Weissmuller. "We are fighting our way to happiness," declared Lupe.

C. B. DeMILLE'S statement "There are no actors in Hollywood—only types," has brought out an avalanche of letters. An actual count finds five to one from Iowa—and all of them just want to let him know that if *they* were only in Hollywood, he would have no complaint to make.

Alice White lingers over an eight of diamonds, while Sally Eilers and "Skeets" Gallagher exchange we-have-'em-set smiles. Alice's partner is Harry Joe Brown, Sally's husband. The game is at the Ambassador

Pals in England, where they made pictures, Henry Wilcoxon (left) and Carl Brisson, the Dane who knew Garbo in Sweden, get together again at Paramount, in Hollywood

ONE of the Earl Carroll girls, dressed in a revealing costume for her scene in the picture, "Murder at the Vanities," walked up to a technician who stood staring at her through his glasses. "What's the matter?" she asked, pointing to his glasses, "do your eyes hurt you?"

"Why, no," he said.

"Well," she said with a look that froze him, "they hurt me."

And during the rest of the scene, he looked the other way.

THE situation was rather tense at a Hollywood party when the Countess di Frasso arrived just after Gary Cooper and his bride, as everyone knew that Lupe had also been invited. And it did not help matters when the guests realized Lupe and the Countess were—well, not exactly friends. And then imagine everyone's surprise when Lupe flung herself at the Countess and the two were in whispered conversation all evening long as snug as two bugs in a rug.

CLARK GABLE started it all when he initiated his racing stables.

Now Ann Harding has broken down and started a string of steeplechasers. Ann, practically raised in the saddle at the many army posts she lived at as a girl (her father, you know, was an army major), saw the *loveliest* stretch for steeplechasing out on the skirts of the desert, and promptly ordered a track set up. The horses are coming from Houston to carry Ann and her friends over the hurdles.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

A German star as a Russian Empress. Marlene Dietrich, looking regal and alluring in a high sable cap, dressed for her rôle of *Catherine the Great* in Paramount's "Scarlet Empress"

The Star-Maker Whose Dreams Turned to Dust

What price has Griffith got for so much glory? He denies he is "broke"

By Mildred Mastin

When David Wark Griffith was a great man in movies. This rare picture reveals him directing a scene for "Hearts of the World," in 1918. Billy Bitzer is on the camera stoop

AT the window of a tall Manhattan hotel, a man stood looking down at Broadway. From the window, twenty-two stories above the street, he watched hundreds of dancing, burning electric signs, screaming the names of movies and their stars.

For twenty years the man had been the outstanding creative genius in motion pictures. He was idle now. Out of the game.

"Movies," he commented slowly, "are written in sand. Applauded today, forgotten tomorrow. Last week the names on the signs were different. Next week they will be changed again."

It was a theatrical statement, made by a man who has a talent for expressing simple truths in a melodramatic way.

The man was David Wark Griffith.

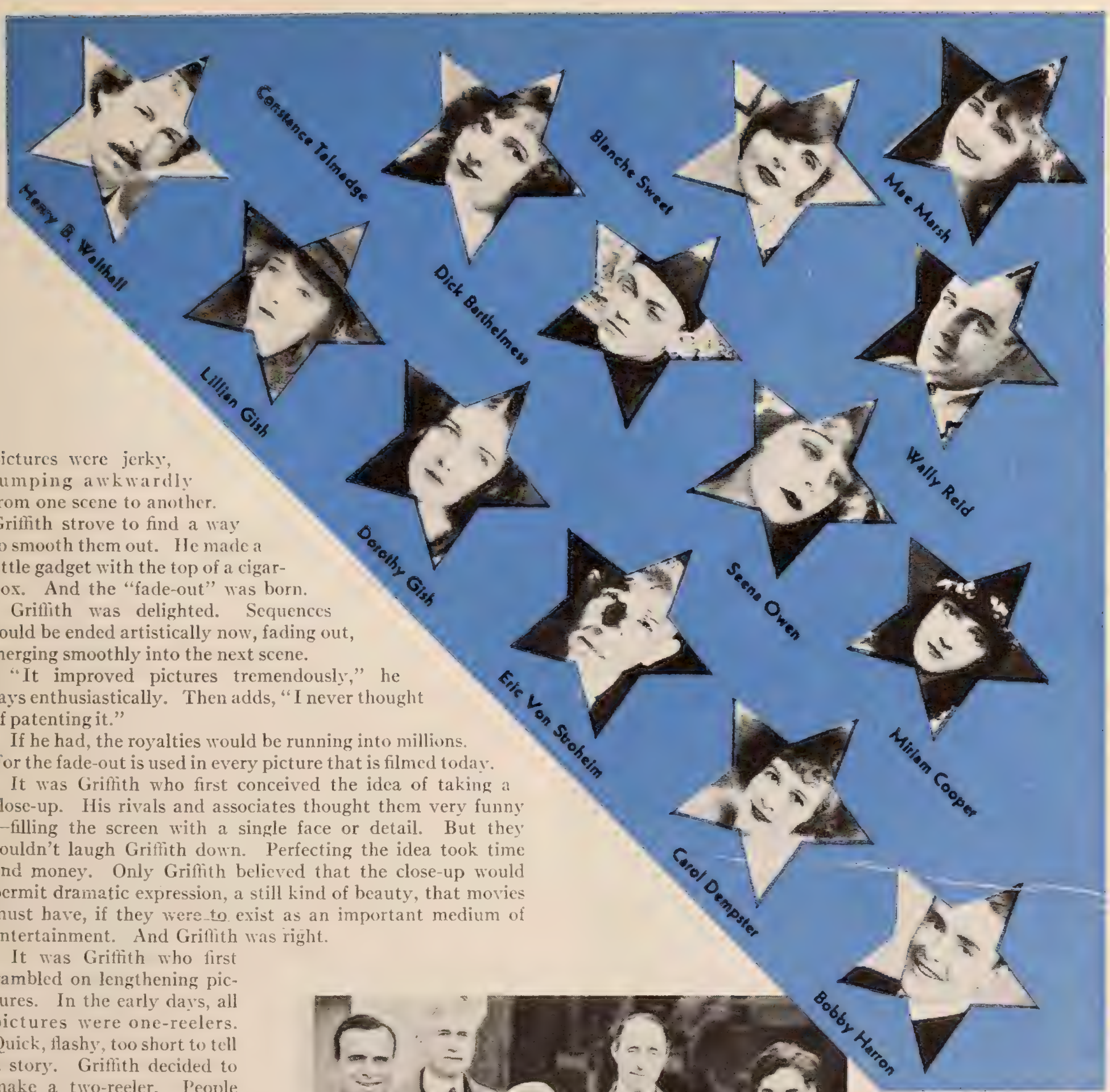
Recently, a columnist wrote that the director is broke, in need. If that is true, Griffith does not admit it. He points with pride to several rare pieces of antique furniture in his apartment; to his library, its walls lined with finely bound books. He speaks casually of a winter vacation in Florida, of the pleasant, leisurely hours he is spending now, rewriting some plays.

Thus, subtly, he denies rumors that he needs financial help. For he is intensely proud.

Griffith should be wealthy today. He is not, because, like most artists, he lacks good business sense.

Many major improvements in picture making were invented or initiated by David Wark Griffith. A clever business man would be collecting royalties. Griffith collects nothing—except occasional praise, when someone is feeling sentimental.

There was a time when motion



pictures were jerky, jumping awkwardly from one scene to another. Griffith strove to find a way to smooth them out. He made a little gadget with the top of a cigar-box. And the "fade-out" was born.

Griffith was delighted. Sequences could be ended artistically now, fading out, merging smoothly into the next scene.

"It improved pictures tremendously," he says enthusiastically. Then adds, "I never thought of patenting it."

If he had, the royalties would be running into millions. For the fade-out is used in every picture that is filmed today.

It was Griffith who first conceived the idea of taking a close-up. His rivals and associates thought them very funny—filling the screen with a single face or detail. But they couldn't laugh Griffith down. Perfecting the idea took time and money. Only Griffith believed that the close-up would permit dramatic expression, a still kind of beauty, that movies must have, if they were to exist as an important medium of entertainment. And Griffith was right.

It was Griffith who first gambled on lengthening pictures. In the early days, all pictures were one-reelers. Quick, flashy, too short to tell a story. Griffith decided to make a two-reeler. People thought he was mad! The two-reeler was made.

Remember when these outstanding celebrities organized the United Artists Association? Left to right: Doug Fairbanks, Oscar A. Price (Association president), Mary Pickford, Griffith, Chaplin

EXHIBITORS refused to show it. Finally they put it on—one reel one night, the second reel the next night. That, incidentally, was also the beginning of the serial.

The first picture that might properly be called of epic dimensions was a Griffith gamble—"The Birth of a Nation." Griffith did not produce that picture because he thought it would make money. (And, of course, he got little money out of it. He doesn't even own the film today.) He planned it because, he says, he wanted to tell the North the truth about the South. As a child he had sat in a Kentucky schoolhouse and read, with bitter resentment, the story of the Civil War, always written by a Northerner. Some day, he promised himself, *he*, a Southerner, would tell the story.

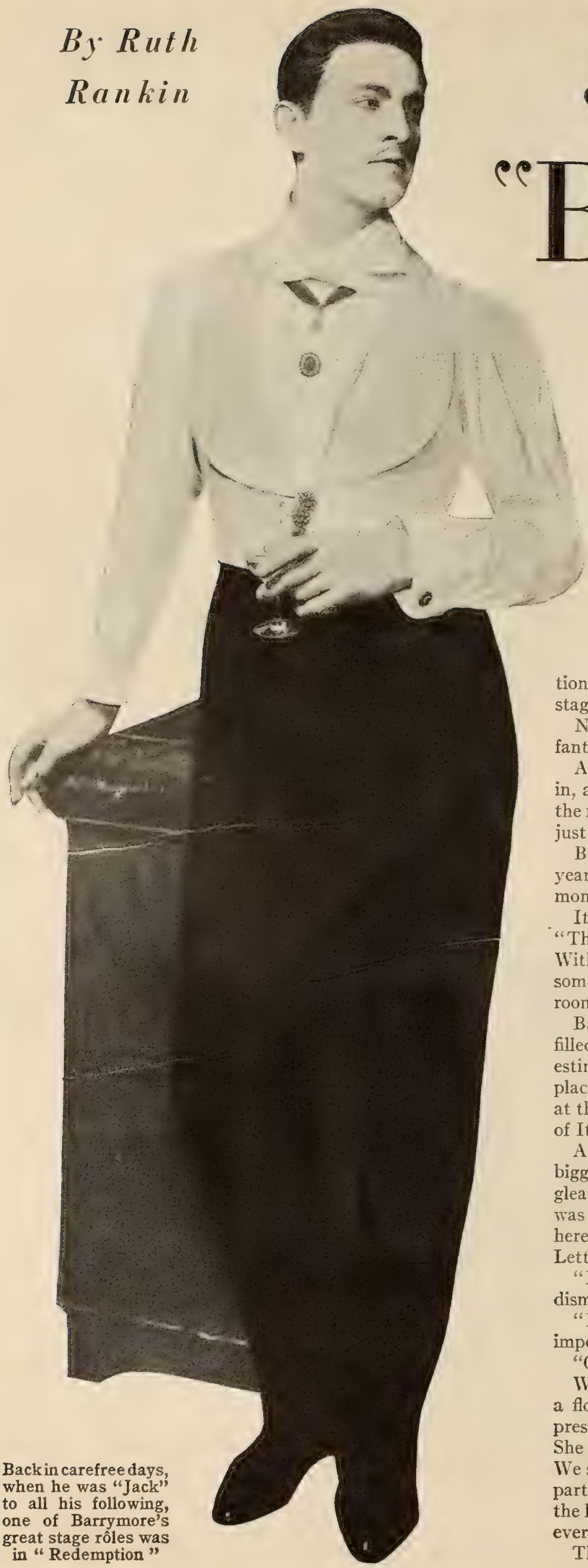
Every important picture that Griffith made was born of a great human impulse. If it was expensive to express the thing he had to say, Griffith did not economize. But he was never extravagant in the spectacular, superficial way that some others have been.

He produced over four hundred films. And the total cost of making them was approximately twelve million dollars. The gross profits from the pictures were five times that—slightly over sixty millions. Only a small part of these profits ever found their way back to Griffith. When they did, he usually tossed the money, with reckless courage, into another picture.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

By Ruth Rankin

JACK *the* "BACHELOR"



Back in carefree days, when he was "Jack" to all his following, one of Barrymore's great stage rôles was in "Redemption"

Bohemian Jack Barrymore in his New York apartment, living like a bachelor in 1919

A DISTINCTLY vinous aroma caressed the nostrils from two flights below, and as we mounted the steep stairs it fairly swarmed out to greet us.

Reaching the top floor, Jack Barrymore flung the door open into the immense room, formerly the attic of the old house on New York's Washington Square.

The sudden view of the interior, after the conventional red-brick-and-white-doorway outside, hit one with a staggering impact.

Nothing this side of genius could have achieved such a fantastic disorder.

At first glance, it appeared likely that Jack had just moved in, and the movers had dropped four van-loads of furniture in the middle of the room and departed. Or maybe an earthquake just had a little "at home" up there.

But no. This had been Jack's home, touch and go, for three years between Palm Beach, Woodstock and Europe. At the moment, he was on the verge of a week-end at Southampton.

It was after an evening performance of Jack's stage triumph, "The Jest." His dresser from the theater had preceded us. With calm and sanguine philosophy he endeavored to promote some kind of order in a chaotic wardrobe, tossed around the room.

Barrymore's ruling passion for Italian *décor* had completely filled the studio—about two years before, one could easily estimate. Two trips to Venice later, and traffic in the huge place was seriously obstructed. To reach the studio windows at the far end, you leaped over or crawled under an assortment of Italian antiques that were a collector's dream of heaven.

A priceless desk that once inspired Lucretia Borgia to write bigger and better prescriptions, a thrilling little gem of a desk, gleamed with age-softened green and gold splendor. The top was heaped with a gaudy profusion of tinted, perfumed letters—here and there the yellow gleam of a telegram, unopened. Letters, telegrams, cables everywhere. All unopened.

"Lot of fool women." Jack waved a careless hand that dismissed them.

"Don't you open even the telegrams? Might be something important," we suggested.

"Opened one once. Nothing in it. Read 'em. You'll see."

We read three. A lady desired his autograph. A lady desired a flower he had worn. A lady on Park Avenue desired his presence at her dinner party. Desired is scarcely the word. She begged, pleaded, flattered, cajoled, all over three pages. We sometimes visualize the poor dear lady—her perfect dinner party all planned, the guests assembled, breathlessly awaiting the lion of the evening—who never showed up. Who seldom, if ever, showed up, and left such a lot of poor dear ladies waiting.

The nearest corner of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

JOHN *the* HUSBAND

Domesticated John Barrymore at his home in Beverly Hills, enjoying family life in 1934

The tamed and dignified John holds John Blythe, Jr., who will be two in June. Ethel Mae, now four-years-old, is in Dolores' lap. Credit for taming John must go to Dolores

BY that subtle and mysterious alchemy known as a happy marriage, "Jack" has now metamorphosed into "John"—the perfect husband's name.

The Barrymore home stands on the knoll of a hill commanding one of the most glorious views in Hollywood.

To reach it, one ascends a tortuous road that completely encircles the house. But the view would be worth climbing up on your hands and knees to see. The ocean is nine miles away—and it looks as if you could reach out and dip your fingers in it.

At night the place is lighted like a carnival—it can be seen for miles.

The hill is one that forms the background of Beverly Hills. At the left, twelve miles away, spreads the city of Los Angeles. The outlook from the great studio windows each evening appears a fairyland of myriad sparkling gems, sprinkled in a far-flung circle.

A man should feel like a king, living in such a paradise. And John Barrymore does. His home is his castle—inviolate, approachable to only a few intimate friends.

The house is really five houses in one—each room or apartment a separate house in itself. The first contains the great living-room. The initial object that meets the eye is the Paul Manship profile—*minus* the candle-wax. Taken seriously as a work of art, now. A distinctive decoration enthroned on the mantelpiece. The spirit of levity is part of the past.

At one end of the room stands the grand piano—and it can be reached without hurdling a single piece of furniture. On the top, it wears a handsome collection of family photographs and rare objects of art.

There is no formal dining-room, but a long refectory table at the far T-shaped part of the room serves as a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Paul Manship's famed profile of Barrymore greets the visitor at John's home. The door is from an old Mexican *cantina*

John and a favorite pup on the grounds of his impressive home, where order and harmonious routine prevail

"Beware the Danger Line,

Sylvia advises Glenda Farrell of the importance of that "tailored face" effect, and how to keep her skin free from tiny, tell-tale lines

DEAR GLENDA: I've certainly got to hand it to you. You're one of Hollywood's prize "picture stealers." When you're on the screen, nobody looks at anything but you—and there's a reason.

Hundreds of girls can learn a big lesson from you. When you step in front of the camera you seem to be entirely unconscious of your attraction. That's the lesson. I want every girl and woman in the world to make herself as beautiful as she can be—but when that is accomplished, she shouldn't be preening herself all the time and giving off the attitude, "Look at me—see how beau-ti-ful *I* am."

Sylvia

Believe me, Glenda, you and I have seen plenty of that in Hollywood. You know, those girls with vacuous, empty faces, who think they're doubles for the Venus de Milo, and tell you so with every movement they make. This isn't exclusively a Hollywood trait, either. You'll find those girls from Maine to Mexico.

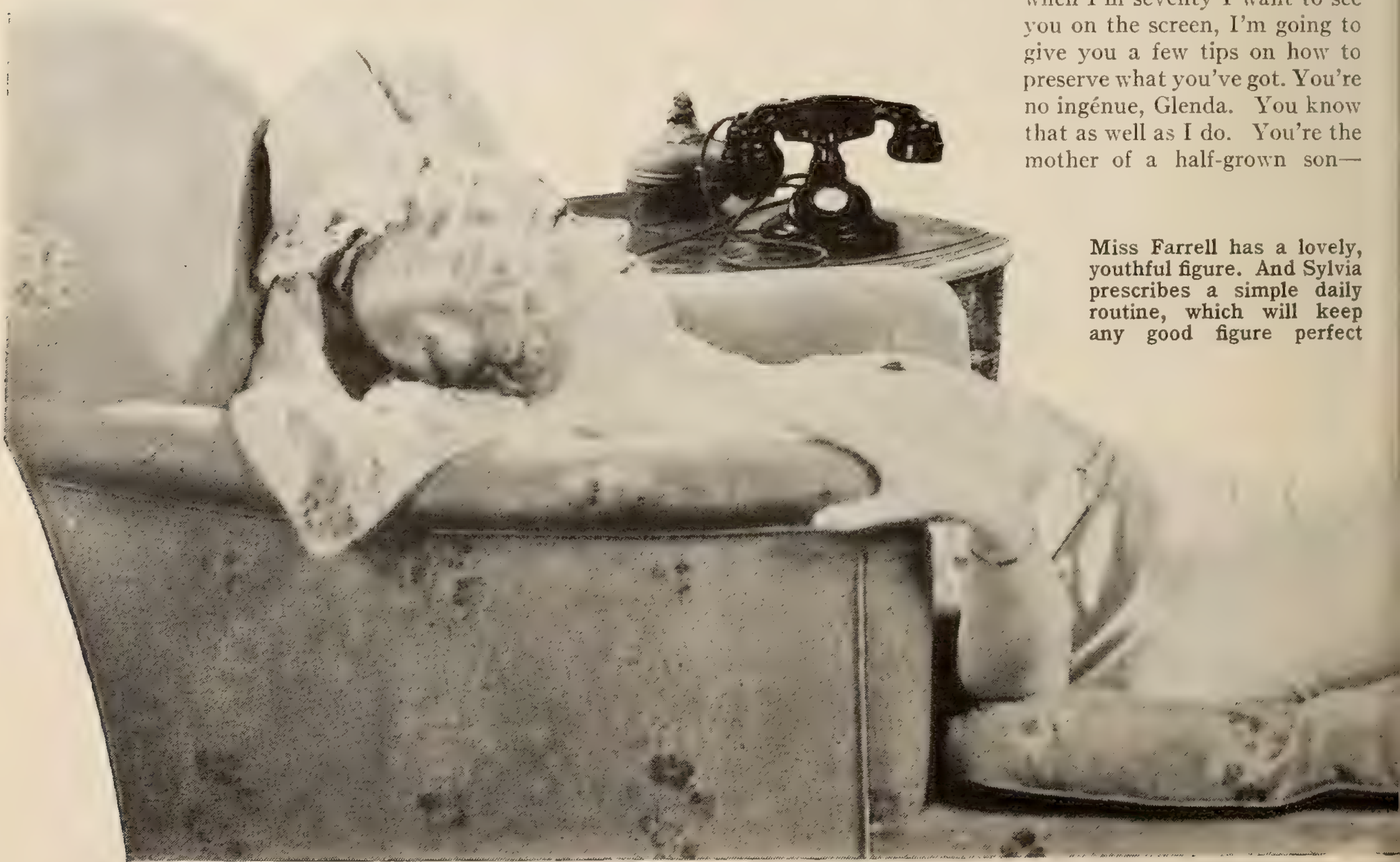
That's why I hand it to you, Glenda. You're not that sort. And you're smart in another way. You know you haven't regular features, but I'll stake my reputation on the fact that ten years from now you'll still be going strong on the screen. That's because you're intelligent and make the most of what you have.

You have a wide, generous mouth—too big to be called beautiful—but you have sense enough to know that a mouth like that spells charm and heart-warmth. So you don't try to make it look smaller than it is. That's great. More power to you!

You have something else that's wonderful (I'm certainly in a praising mood, but you deserve it). Whoops, girl, what vitality you have! I saw you recently in "Dark Hazard." It was a racing picture, with you supplying most of the raciness. It's wonderful to see that vitality just oozing from the screen. And vigor is what I'm most enthusiastic about. When you've got that, the big, bad wolf—age—is kept away from your door.

A picture career is a tough racket. Life is a tough racket, too, and unless you're loaded to the eyebrows with vitality you'll never get by successfully in either. So much for that!

Now, because I think you're such a grand girl, and because when I'm seventy I want to see you on the screen, I'm going to give you a few tips on how to preserve what you've got. You're no ingénue, Glenda. You know that as well as I do. You're the mother of a half-grown son—



Miss Farrell has a lovely, youthful figure. And Sylvia prescribes a simple daily routine, which will keep any good figure perfect

Glenda!" *Warns Sylvia*

whom you adore—and you want to keep young, not only to make that kid proud of you, but also for your career. Your figure is neat. It reminds me of one of those new streamline trains. But you've got to watch your face.

You have a couple of fine lines which extend from the nose to the corners of your mouth. Then there are some lines in your neck, and you have just the suggestion of a double chin, darling, with that first breaking line under your chin. All of these can be corrected. They can all be stopped from getting more prominent. And that's just what I want you to do.

YOU know that you can't afford to get fat. When you do this, you burden your face with muscles that are hard to reduce. So start today, right this minute, to eliminate those lines and keep them away.

I want you to make a simple face pack of two tablespoons of almond meal, ten drops of glycerin, juice of half a lemon, and enough skimmed milk to form a pretty solid paste—neither dry nor thin.

Now wash your face well with lukewarm water and a mild soap. Rinse in lukewarm water and don't dry it very thoroughly. Lie down on your bed with a towel over your pillow and put this paste all over your face and neck, and don't forget the back of the neck. Also while you're about it, you can give your elbows a dab or two.

In a couple of minutes, you'll feel your skin tingling as if someone had just given you a big compliment, and there will be a feeling of heat spreading over your face.

A five minute facial and Sylvia's simple, home-made pack will erase those lines and keep them from ever getting prominent. Any one can do it

A half hour or forty-five minutes later, get up and wash this off with lukewarm water. You'll notice that the paste has cracked in just the lines which need correcting. Get the idea? Finish off the treatment by dabbing your face with ice cold water—don't apply real ice, use the cold water instead—and then for another hour don't put on any make-up. Give those pores a chance to breathe and react to the treatment. This should be done at least once a week.

This treatment is as old as Cleopatra, but it's wonderful, and your skin will be silky and smooth when you've finished. Just see if I'm not right.

Now try at all times to keep your face looking tailored. Uh-huh, I thought you'd ask me just what do I mean. By a tailored face I mean one that doesn't look haggard—one that is firm and entirely free from sagging muscles or sacs under the eyes. That means that you can't have more than a couple of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Also, on page 88 are Sylvia's Answers to Personal Letters!

☆ *THIS MAN IS MINE—RKO-Radio*

THIS delightful society comedy-drama won't put you in stitches, but there are lots of satisfactory chuckles. The sparkling dialogue, excellent taste and casual naturalness are a joy.

A grand girl named *Tony* (Irene Dunne) is happily married to Ralph Bellamy. *Fran* (Constance Cummings), his old flame, comes back to town, and can't tolerate the thought of her old beau married. She goes to work on Ralph. Success. But *Tony* handles the situation masterfully.

Kay Johnson deserves a big share in the honors as the sees-all, knows-all sister, with pertinent remarks from sidelines. Sidney Blackmer, whom *Fran* brought along for the ride, is perfect. You simply must see this!

☆ *BOTTOMS UP—Fox*

UNIQUE musical numbers ("Bottoms Up" and "Waiting at the Gate for Katie"), fast and fresh dialogue, a logical story with a Hollywood locale, clever direction, and some hilarious situations make this gay entertainment.

Spencer Tracy, a big-talk promoter, puts over Herbert Mundin, a fancy check-artist, as an English lord, and Pat Paterson, discouraged extra girl, as his daughter. Through tricky publicity, Spencer gets Pat a studio contract.

Harry Green is the baffled producer, John Boles an alcoholic leading-man reformed to buttermilk by Pat. Sid Silvers' comedy is brand-new. Tracy's performance is a topper. And newcomer Pat Paterson is okay.

Perhaps you've turned thumbs down on musicals, but let us urge you to see just one more. This one!

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—20th Century-United Artists*

GEORGE ARLISS plays a character perfectly ordered for his rare talent in this impressive, historic story of the great European Jewish banking family of five sons raised amid anti-Jewish pogroms and persecutions in Prussia. "All for one and one for all" is their motto.

Carrying out the dying wish of their father, a patriarch of the Red Shield in Frankfort, the *Rothschild* brothers spread to the various financial capitals of Europe. The great mystery of the continent is their system of obtaining first-hand information.

Nathan (George Arliss) becomes the money power of London, head of the international house.

Despite his help in toppling Napoleon's throne, by financing Austria, Italy, Prussia and England for a war against the French Emperor, anti-Semitic houndings persist until the escape from Elba. At which time *Rothschild's* persecutors are forced to finance Waterloo, on the outcome of which *Rothschild* stakes all.

Some thrilling scenes show his final great triumph.

Loretta Young, as Arliss' daughter *Julie*, and Robert Young, as an aristocratic young colonel, play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. C. Aubrey Smith, Boris Karloff and Helen Westley are grand in character rôles.

If you are fond of Arliss' characterizations, don't miss this. It is one of his very best.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD
THIS MAN IS MINE
THE CRIME DOCTOR
MYSTERY OF MR. X
RIPTIDE
BOTTOMS UP
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
DAVID HARUM

The Best Performances of the Month

George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild"
Norma Shearer in "Riptide"
Herbert Marshall in "Riptide"
Kay Johnson in "This Man Is Mine"
Spencer Tracy in "Bottoms Up"
Otto Kruger in "The Crime Doctor"
Cliff Edwards in "George White's Scandals"
Will Rogers in "David Harum"
Spencer Tracy in "The Show-Off"
George Breakston in "No Greater Glory"
Lionel Atwill in "Beggars in Ermine"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 120

☆ *RIPTIDE—M-G-M*

EDMUND GOULDING, author and director, hereby covers himself with glory. He gives us a brilliant psychological study of a normal, well-bred English gentleman who becomes a victim of the slow, insidious poison of jealousy.

Comparatively, there is little physical action in this film, but the mental drama is terrific and tense. The picture, therefore, is slyly sophisticated—entirely and intriguingly civilized. Mr. Goulding's directorial lights and shadows are backed beautifully by his probing intellectual writing. And the cast is an audience's dream of perfect character illusion.

Herbert Marshall, as the husband who is unable to cope with his jealousy, gives a flawless performance. Naturally repressed, unable to relieve himself in any kind of usual emotional jag, Marshall offers an unforgettable portrait of a man whose inner self is gradually weakened by frightful mental torture.

Norma Shearer is vivid and compellingly convincing as the wife who never dreams of being unfaithful until her husband's insistent suspicions practically force her to be. Miss Shearer has an exceedingly difficult rôle, and she carries it gallantly and expertly.

Robert Montgomery is engaging as the charming playboy, Mrs. Patrick Campbell brings an amusing character to the screen. "Riptide" is a distinct, interesting achievement.

☆ *THE CRIME DOCTOR—RKO-Radio*

A PRETTY perfect picture, all about the perfect crime, with Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther turning in pluperfect performances.

Otto a super-detective can't give up his wife, Karen, when he discovers she loves Nils, so he plots and executes a murder with all the clues leading right to his rival. But even Nils' death sentence doesn't win Karen back for him. So enter the surprise ending—and whew, is it a relief!

Guaranteed to keep you riveted to the screen every minute whether you are a crime enthusiast or not.

Otto Kruger will mean something more in your movie life after this. Karen Morley has profited by her screen vacation. The same for Judith Wood in a siren rôle.

Don't, by any means, skip this one.

☆ *GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Fox*

LAVISHNESS of production hits a new high, with girls, costumes, sets, dance numbers presented on a lofty scale.

The back-stage love tale, interpolated between acts of the Scandals at the Apollo Theatre in New York, concerns Rudy Vallee and the charming Alice Faye, stars of the show, and Adrienne Ames who employs plenty of wiles to separate them.

There are three songs everybody will be humming. One of the funniest moments of the film is contributed by Cliff Edwards singing "Six Women," a grand take-off on Charles Laughton in "Henry the Eighth." Edwards and Jimmy Durante clown delightfully. And George White has enough to do just being himself. Skilful direction.

Musical and dance numbers are highly spectacular.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

MYSTERY OF MR. X—M-G-M

ONE of the best thrillers yet. Served up in such a gripping manner that the unsoundness of story is overlooked. Robert Montgomery, a slick thief, is under suspicion of Lewis Stone of Scotland Yard, for it is believed the robber of the Drayton diamond and the killer of several policemen are one and the same. But Bob does a trick that surprises everybody. Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes.

☆

DAVID HARUM—Fox

COMEDY-DRAMA close to the Will Rogers pattern, with all the genuine charm of his previous endeavors. The character of *David Harum*, a small-town banker who indulges in horse-trading on the side, fits Will like a glove. He discovers that his balky horse will break records to "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which saves the day in the big race. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor supply romance.

THE SHOW-OFF—M-G-M

THERE'S one in every family—a show-off. And what a blustering, bluffing and even lovable show-off Spencer Tracy is, with wife Madge Evans patiently suffering and mother-in-law Clara Blandick popping forth with caustic remarks that panic everyone. Henry Wadsworth, Lois Wilson and Grant Mitchell contribute to the entertainment. Tracy, with fine shadings and understanding, does a fine job.

ALWAYS A GENT—Warners

IF you can understand Jimmy Cagney's triple-tongued lingo, you'll probably like this humorous, hard-boiled story of the "lost heir racket." But he goes a mile a minute, while trying to change from a legal legacy sharp-shooter, minus ethics, to what Bette Davis considers a gentleman. And when Jimmy and his mugs go ritzy! Allen Jenkins and Alice White add to the laughs.

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia

WITH all the military procedure and daring of a regular army, the "Paul Street Boys" carry on war against a rival group, in defense of their playground. The youthful cast turns in a superlative dramatic acting job. George Breakston's performance, as the only "private" in his army, is a gem. An idealistic departure from the usual routine picture. Skilfully directed by Frank Borzage. Lois Wilson, Ralph Morgan.

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount

AWARE of her bullying, vain husband's (Robert Armstrong) many infidelities, Sally Eilers finally decides to go away with handsome Richard Arlen but, alas, a blessed event is in the offing. This exciting drama packs a mean wallop at the end—with a tiger running loose, a big fire, and Sally's baby (Richard Arlen, Jr.) in the ice-box. A gay merry-go-'round that makes for good entertainment.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

COME ON MARINES— Paramount

A CHEER-ROUSING screamie about the Marines who once more get there just on time to save several beauties stranded in the jungle. Richard Arlen, who is constantly losing his stripes because of girl trouble, and Private Roscoe Karns are center of some comical situations. Grace Bradley does a scorching dance number. Ida Lupino, Virginia Hammond, Monte Blue. Join these Marines and howl.

REGISTERED NURSE— Warners

IF hospital pictures don't make you weak, here's an interesting mixture of romance, tragedy, humor. Nurse Bebe Daniels has every doctor in the house in love with her, but an insane husband keeps her from marriage. However, at racketeer Sidney Toler's suggestion, Gordon Westcott ends it all. Then, mysteriously enough, Bebe marries John Halliday instead of sweetheart Lyle Talbot. Fine cast.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO— Universal

TIRED of it all, Fay Wray, extra in Viennese studio, drives right out of a scene and over the border in a luxurious car and fur coat. Registering at a Swiss hotel as "Countess of Monte Cristo," she attracts international crook Paul Lukas, and gets all the credit, plus a contract and lots of publicity, for his capture. Patsy Kelly and Reginald Owen do nice work. A novel, intriguing tale.

SING AND LIKE IT— RKO-Radio

NOT a dull minute in this devastating mirthquake in which soft-hearted kidnap king Nat Pendleton devotes his gangster power to making stage-ambitious ZaSu Pitts a Broadway star. This, much to the distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and disgust of jealous ex-chorine Pert Kelton. But all ends well. Loaded down with all the aisle-rolling humor of this quartet, and Ned Sparks.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE— Monogram

THE fine, sincere work of every cast member puts this up with the best of the screen dramas. "Accidentally" crippled and tricked out of control of his steel mill, Lionel Atwill, with the blind H. B. Walthall, forms a powerful association of beggars. Years later, his reappearance at the mill comes as a complete surprise to the villainous Jameson Thomas. Betty Furness, James Bush. Good direction.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME— Warners

DRAMA that will appeal mostly to feminine audiences. In a desperate effort to retain the love of Adolphe Menjou, Ruth Chatterton kills rival Claire Dodd. Sharing her secret, Menjou watches the matter play on his wife's conscience until —an unusual turn of events produces an odd ending. Excellent performances by every member of the cast.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 110]

"I'd Never Let My Daughter *Be A Star*"

Sylvia Sidney

tells

Virginia Maxwell

Sylvia dreams of all she missed as a girl, battling disillusion to be a star. If she had a daughter, Miss Sidney would not permit her to pay such a high price for fame

"I'M glad I am a star," said Sylvia Sidney, "but I would never allow a daughter of my own to be one."

An amazing confession from a girl who has struggled for her stardom; from an early childhood fraught with poverty, to the enviable spot she has acquired for herself in the picture world.

"The price one pays for that glory is too, too much," Sylvia explained. "I've sacrificed since I was a little girl, that this day might arrive. And now that I look back and realize all the things I've missed, I know that if I had a daughter I should not want her to miss them."

The greatest price one pays for stardom, she says, is the disappointment and disillusion one meets all along the way.

"You soon learn not to trust everyone who calls herself or himself a friend. You learn to discriminate between people; you learn to see things clearly, with no illusions.

"And if you are a dreamer, with romanticism and a little sentimentalism in your nature, it's a drab outlook to realize you've always got to be on the alert for falseness and insincerity.

"There were times when I would watch people who had gotten somewhere with envious [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Five Dashes of Hollywood Chic

A GRAND sports blouse is worn by Joan Blondell, above. The turtle neck has a slide fastener opening and the patch pocket, a nautical design! White silk piqué with navy

ROMANTIC is Jean Parker's bridal gown of satin, tulle and lace. The neckline falls away from the shoulders and the sleeves of shirred tulle and lace are puffed. An orange blossom wreath holds her veil

IT'S refreshing to find someone who dares to be different about flowers. Verree Teasdale waves aside the banal corsage for a small blossom pinned to her tuxedo jacket lapel

A CAMERA can always be certain of catching something smart on Gloria Swanson. And here she is, above, wearing a stunning accessory ensemble of long gauntlet gloves and a tricky matching handbag with unusual clasp and shirred top

WEAR flowers under your chin, as does Lynn Browning. She attaches them to a satin ribbon necklet and they look entrancing beneath her wide-brimmed straw. It's a smart hint for bridesmaids

Dramatic Skirtlines

RUFFLES, tiers of them, animate the skirt of this charming printed cotton evening gown which Isabel Jewell wears in "Let's Be Ritzy." Vera designed the skirt to flare back into a short train. The brief jacket is taffeta with a new sleeve fullness at the elbow rather than at the shoulder as before

HERE'S what a young star wears when she becomes mixed up in a "Murder in Trinidad." Royer designed this ensemble for Heather Angel in two shades of blue wool, the darker tone for the simple dress and coat trimming and the lighter color for the coat. Clever cut to the tuxedo revers

LACE has come into the limelight again as trimming and Royer has made the most of it in designing this alluring white gown for Heather Angel to wear in "Murder in Trinidad." Black lace circles the neckline and outlines the skirt godets, forming a cascade with the skirt at the back

And Bold Fabric Colorings

— Seymour

BOLD black and white flower print is Travis Banton's idea of what a comedy Russian princess should wear. The print makes the dress, the gloves and even the jacket lining of Adrienne Ames' costume for "You're Telling Me." We've copied every detail even to the stunning off-the-face hat

RED, white and blue plaid piqué is the gay accent for this blue dress worn by Heather Angel in "Murder in Trinidad." It's another Royer model and he has used bows of the blue to accent the capelet collar as well as the short, cuffed sleeves. It's an excellent spring business dress

Sports Clothes As Hollywood Wears Them On And Off Screen

WYNNE GIBSON is one of the many well-dressed stars who picks a knitted costume for both sports and daytime wear. The dress is one-piece in a lacy weave with a finger-tip length swagger jacket

ROYER has made such a smart costume for Claire Trevor to wear in "Wild Gold," that we have copied both ensemble and hat for you. The swagger coat in black and white blanket wool plaid has a collarless neckline with white lacing. The white jumper dress beneath has suspenders of the plaid wool and a black crepe shirt. The hat is a medium brimmed panama with ciré satin banding

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

— Seymour

A PERFECT costume for spectator sportswear is this one, at left, worn by Irene Hervey in "Three on a Honeymoon." You can see Royer's clever hand in the white tunic coat with its unusual short sleeves and cutaway line. The brown silk dress beneath has a high collar of the white linen and fastens with a linen cord tie. Irene's smart hat is of stitched linen, too

IT'S a casual little dress but a very useful one which Claire Trevor wears in "Wild Gold." It follows the classic shirtwaist frock type as designed by Royer, but it adds unique details in the yoke, frayed silk scarf and large mushroom-like wooden buttons. The silk is corded white on green and the braided belt with button buckle matches the brown silk scarf in color

A FLOWER printed jacket tops the pastel silk frock which Helen Twelvetrees wears in "All Men Are Enemies," with Hugh Williams. An unusual sleeve note is the row of fabric covered buttons reaching from shoulder to cuff. The dress has a round collar and jabot of sheer silk

— Seymour

IT'S a sailor's life for many a fashionable hat this season! Patricia Ellis wears a trim one with the plaid suit she chooses for a scene in "Let's Be Ritzy." The crown is shallow, the brim small with the only decoration being the two ribbon bands and the metal buckles

FELTS are popular again, especially in such dashing styles as this brown one worn by Mona Barrie. The brim is quite wide with a dip forward over one eye. The crown is higher on one side than the other with a deep crease held by a bright yellow quill

Ann Dvorak Plays With *the Gulls*

Bert Longworth

WHEN Ann Dvorak finished "A Woman In Her Thirties," she quit Hollywood, deserting the Klieg lights and the incessant activity of the movie set for a lonely stretch of sun-kissed beach

ANN is having a good time—racing in with the breakers, playing on the sand. And after the noise of town, the seashore's silence—broken only by the cry of the gulls, and pounding of breakers—is music to her

THROUGH the long, sunny hours, Ann tamed some of the gulls. Many of the birds became so unafraid of Ann, they would fly down and beg her for bread

SILHOUETTED against the afternoon sun, Ann and the wheeling gulls make a charming picture. Any sailor'd agree that here is an ideal spot for a shipwreck

IF you can do it, it's fun to get your exercise like this. The young Warners star took her daily dozen on the sand. But this is difficult—on *any* seashore

William A. Fraker

EDMUND LOWE did not know when he sat thus playing at the piano the great sorrow that was in store for him. It was the prelude to the great tragedy. That is beloved Lilyan Tashman's picture, right by the piano. Lilyan was very fond of music, too. This portrait was made before the recent, sudden death of Miss Tashman in New York City

This Dane Isn't Melancholy

THE newest European picture importation is red-haired Carl Brisson, with an irrestible Danish accent.

He has been a boxer, and when he was fifteen he held the amateur welterweight championship of Denmark. Later, he was the middleweight champion of all Europe. From there, he went into the music halls as a dancer, with his sister.

He has never stepped on a stage that the show didn't run at least a year.

Carl radiates. He beams. He laughs from the floor up—it's quite a way up.

He takes a boyish delight in his immense, imported white car—likes it so well that he has luncheon in the back seat every day. He unfolds the trick cocktail bar, and spreads out his lunch. Danish fish, pastry and coffee. American cooking is too rich! So he brought his own cook from Copenhagen.

He arrived in Hollywood just as Hollywood loves 'em to arrive—with the staggering car, the cook, valet, chauffeur, dozens of trunks and a baggage car full of sheep-dogs. The sheep-dog is his mascot—engraved on his stationery, his cigarettes, his car.

He loves being an actor, excitement, music, merriment. Recalls early days when he was a milk-peddler with a goat-cart in Copenhagen.

Later, he became the ham-and-egg boxer who fought all comers. One time in South Germany, he won a fight, spent all his money celebrating, and found himself stranded with one *mark*. Spent it for a tuning key, and went from house to house tuning pianos. His first American picture is "Murder At the Vanities."

New Chance Won By A Nose

SHE lost her first screen race—and won her second by a nose. The nose was Judith Wood's own very shapely, straight one, but after an automobile crash in Hollywood, it resembled "something like a sweet potato," in Judith's words.

She was under contract to Paramount. The injured feature was stubborn about resuming its former proportions, and the camera didn't lie too well—despite make-up attempts. The studio told Judith they were sorry, but — So Judith took a long drive to forget all about the nose—and ran into a horse!

She thought she had better get away from a place where there were such possibilities for accidents, so she took a train back to New York.

Life was still a lot of fun to Judith Wood. Dropping from featured parts on the screen to posing for magazine illustrations didn't throw her. She got the part of the scheming blonde in the Broadway stage production of "Dinner At Eight" (the part Jean Harlow had on the screen), played it for a year, and Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century Pictures made her a new offer to come to Hollywood. But if her nose wasn't all right, the contract was off. Judith walked into Zanuck's office. "Hello," she said, "Here we are—me and the nose."

"Oh, is that the nose?" said the producer. "Well, what's wrong with it? Sign here."

She has made "The Crime Doctor" and "Looking for Trouble," and seems headed for better parts—if she'll wear a nose-guard.

She lives in the Hollywood hills with a tribe of very frisky cats.

Hurrell

JOAN puts aside her dancing shoes and turns again to serious movie-drama. And Crawford should be great as the tragic and misunderstood girl, *Sadie*, in M-G-M's "Sadie McKee." Incidentally, that's a clever dinner gown Joan is wearing. Its slip-over blouse is of sequins with a triangle scarf, or "cowboy collar," of the same material, tied on

What label do you suggest for Crosby? He certainly isn't a "crooner"

No More Crooners!

COME ON! Let's tune up and make some money. Here's your chance to add a few dollars to your bank account, dress fund, or to put aside for a holiday trip. All you have to do is coin a new word or phrase to take the place of "crooner." A lot of people don't seem to think much of that term any more. It has been so badly misused.

To croon, as defined in the dictionary, is "to utter a hollow, continued moan; sing in a soft, plaintive tone." Ho hum.

But a crooner, according to humorous conception, is a psuedo-singer who wails super-saccharine love-songs in a sentimental manner that is calculated to entertain, but succeeds only in being ridiculous.

The original crooners have been copied by hundreds of unsuccessful imitators. These imitators flooded the nation's radio stations with such force that they got well entangled in the public's hair. And the result was that the term "crooner" became derisive.

Bing Crosby is not a crooner. For, today, the term implies a singer who sings only sentimental lyrics, warbling over the words so one can scarcely understand them, and sliding over the tune with love-sick wailings so that it can hardly be recognized.

Bing Crosby is a gilt-edged entertainer. With equal facility, Crosby can sing a tender lullaby, a popular air, a sizzling torch number, a folk song, or a bit of light opera.

His singing has all the qualities one appreciates in a fine, well-trained voice—purity of tone, volume, clarity, good enunciation. He's an artist. You can't call him a crooner any more than you could have called Jack Dempsey a pug.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

Enter this money prize contest and find a new word or words that will describe Bing Crosby's individual vocal style

WHAT *Was the Best* PICTURE *of 1933?*

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

Adorable
Another Language
Berkeley Square
Blonde Bombshell, The
Bowery, The
Cavalcade
College Humor
Counsellor-at-Law
Dancing Lady
Dinner at Eight
Double Harness
Farewell to Arms, A
Footlight Parade
42nd Street
Gabriel Over the White House
Gold Diggers of 1933
Hold Your Man
I'm No Angel
King Kong
Lady for a Day
Little Women
Mama Loves Papa
Masquerader, The
Morning Glory, The
Night Flight
One Man's Journey
Only Yesterday
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Peg o' My Heart
Picture Snatcher
Pilgrimage
Power and the Glory, The
Private Life of Henry VIII, The
Prizefighter and the Lady, The
Reunion in Vienna
Roman Scandals
She Done Him Wrong
Sign of the Cross
State Fair
Sweepings
This Day and Age
Today We Live
Too Much Harmony
Topaze
Tugboat Annie
Turn Back the Clock
Voltaire
When Ladies Meet
White Sister, The
Zoo in Budapest

IF you haven't already voted, be sure to send in the ballot on this page, without further delay.

By thus voicing your opinion, you virtually place an order for more fine productions such as the one you feel should be honored with the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. This highest award in all screendom is made each year to the film adjudged best by the greatest number of PHOTOPLAY readers.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. Of course, you are not limited to these. Any film that was released up to December 31st is eligible. And you may be quite certain that all pictures reviewed in our January or February 1934 issues are qualified.

The first five months of the year are allotted so that folks everywhere will have had an opportunity to see these 1933 releases before the polls close June 1st.

There are no rules, no limitations whatsoever. Simply consider the photoplay of your choice from every possible angle. Think carefully about quality of direction, photography, plot and acting ability of the players, before casting your vote.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

Films to receive this high award in the past were well chosen. And we know that the production you add to the PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll this year will be worthy of stepping into the ranks of these memorable motion picture dramas.

The fourteenth annual award of this Nobel prize of the cinema! To a world that is movie-minded, the selection of film material is an exceedingly important matter.

The picture awarded the Gold Medal sets a higher standard—provides a new goal for producers to shoot at.

Hurry, now, sign the coupon. Let's do a good turn for the industry that affords us all so many pleasant hours.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931 "CIMARRON"
1932 "SMILIN' THROUGH"

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Alice White gives you girls who wear a soft bob and bangs a bang-up tip for your curls. Just study carefully the first two pictures of Alice and grasp the detailed technique of that kid curler and invisible hair pin home-work. It's advisable first to dampen your hair with a light modern wave set lotion or warm water

The two lower pictures show you the effect that Alice gets from her home-made curls. And who could ask more? The most comfortable curling time is before you go out for the evening. Allow an hour for your toilette, and begin by doing up your hair. Then you won't have to sleep on bumps. An hour is ample drying and curling time

WHAT COLOR HAIR

"You're Telling Me" presents Adrienne Ames in a queenly coronet and we're telling you that it's stunning for evening. A middle part, waves over the ears, rolled ends at the back, a twisted coil over the crown of the head are the successive steps

HAIR tone styles, like eyebrows and make-up, change from time to time. You might think that a part of the human body as static as hair coloring would not come into the fashion cycle. But that is not the case. And, strangely enough, the tones that come in and go out of vogue are artificial ones, as a rule. You never saw a dark brown or a chestnut trend. But we all remember the platinum vogue started by Jean Harlow, and which by no means confined itself to screen and stage. Big cities and little towns were represented by platinums. And if you can go back before the platinum, you will recall the henna wave. Blonde, brunette or in-between, they all fell hard for henna, with the result that many a pure brunette or brown appeared closely related to the red-head.

Two years ago in Hollywood I saw enough golden blonde heads to make me dizzy. Every one seemed either a definite brunette or a golden blonde. At that time I felt that one nice, mousey brown might start a hair fashion all her own. But there weren't any mousey browns, so far as I could see.

Today, in Hollywood the golden blonde gives way to the so-called ash blonde. But those words "ash blonde" need explanation, since the true ash blonde is about as rare as an albino. What Hollywood calls the ash blonde is really a more natural tone of blonde without the exaggerated golden glint. It is a tone that recalls many of our own heads when we were little girls and then were usually referred to as tow-heads. This shade photographs remarkably well, is pleasing to the eye and natural looking when not overdone.

So much for Hollywood, which has set this style.

What about the rest of us, girls born blonde but whose hair has darkened, and girls with

A lovely, pensive study of Loretta Young in "The House of Rothschild" gives another version of the coronet coiffure. Bangs shorten the contour of Loretta's face

When Ida Lupino arrived from England last summer, she was blonde like the picture at the right. For screen reasons, her hair has now been made brown, as shown at the left. A typical example of the magic of change that is Hollywood. How do you prefer Ida?

Now, Hollywood?

just a suspicion of light in their hair who'd feel much happier if they were definitely blonde? My mail is deluged with letters on this subject. There are just two courses open in this situation. Reconcile yourself to your hair as it is. It will be less expensive and less trouble. Or go to the best hairdresser in your city or town, and ask frank advice. You will be told whether your hair is the type or in condition to bleach satisfactorily. The hairdresser may even be able to tell you how to do this for your hair at home. If so, follow directions to the word.

An orchid to Heather Angel, who likes this perfect hair arrangement, and an orchid to Dennis Phillips who created it. As a matter of fact, it is called "The Orchid Coiffure." "Becoming to Heather Angel and girls of her type," is Phillips' comment

Perfect simplicity is the keynote of this charming arrangement worn by Ann Sothern. The recipe is a middle part, softly curled ends and a dainty jeweled tiara

These things just don't go and any effort on our part will appear ridiculous.

As a general rule, your skin alone tells you whether or not you could be blonde with good effect. If your skin is fine and fair, the chances are in your favor, as they are also if you have a light golden skin. With almost every other type of skin blonde hair would be a mistake. So please think this over carefully, and don't take any foolish steps which you will later regret.

A word about Hollywood blondes is in order here. Has it ever occurred to you that many of your favorites sometimes change from brunette to blonde for purely business reasons? Light hair often photographs

I think it is too bad for the natural blonde not to try to stay that way. With every year of life this type of hair has a tendency to darken. If you started out in life with blonde hair, then it is safe to assume that it would always be becoming. In spite of personal preference, we must agree that nature is a perfect alchemist when it comes to personal coloring harmony. If we keep more or less in our original plan, we are safe. Error comes only when we try to make blonde hair go with a true brunette skin or when we give this type of skin bright red hair. The same is true of the natural blonde who might want black hair.

A New York hairdresser designed this ideal coiffure for Marian Nixon. There is chic and much originality in that lift of curls at the left. A deep part and waveless top give full play to the soft curls that nestle at Marian's neck. A good style for many

Three Significant Hair Fashions

Carole Lombard's coiffure in "Bolero" is reminiscent of the glamour of Lily Langtry. Shall we see a revival of the pompadour?

This shot of Fay Wray from "Countess of Monte Cristo" confirms the future possibilities of the pompadour. It looks like more hair and hat worries!

better than dark. A certain type of rôle may require blonde hair. And so your star goes blonde. I have had many say to me that they did not like themselves light, and it was only for camera reasons that they had become so. So, you see, a star is not always blonde because she thinks it is lovely or smart, but because of business necessity.

I am most heartily in favor of rinses that brighten the hair. There are many of them—and good ones, that put just a glint of henna or gold in your hair without ever changing its original color. They simply give you lovelier hair. Then there is the good old standby of lemon juice rinse, which is good for every color hair. I am told by an authority that this is the best way to use it. Squeeze the juice of half a lemon into a tumbler and add enough warm water to make the glass one-third full. After you have shampooed and rinsed your hair well, apply the lemon juice and water, rubbing it well through your wet hair, then rinse very thoroughly. This cuts out the soap that often remains with the most careful rinsings and leaves your hair soft and shimmering with color. Most of the stars use either a finishing rinse of lemon juice or vinegar.

Now let's turn the page over to Hollywood again and see just what's

Katharine Hepburn's unique halo is a strong invitation to many girls to do likewise. But do think twice and see "Spitfire" before you shear your locks in this fashion

going on there. Plenty, I should say from the pictures in these pages. You'll get a surprise, too, for even the trend in Hollywood is not always to make the brunette blonde. Sometimes the order is reversed, as the pictures of Ida Lupino show. Ida was the blondest blonde that you can imagine when she arrived in this country from England last summer. Corn color was just the word for her hair, and a light corn, at that. She has the eyes and skin of the pure blonde, too. But see what Hollywood has done to her. Ida now has brown hair, and her brows have been slightly broadened in harmony with the darker background. You can draw your own conclusions from the two pictures in this department. Ida is lovely either way.

Then there is the very unusual case of Fifi Dorsay, which I have mentioned at other times. Fifi is naturally an auburnish-brown, but

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Claudette Colbert has a clothes secret for you

"It's easy to keep that out-of-the-bandbox look with Lux," *she says*

"My secret is Lux," says charming Claudette Colbert. "I always insist on it for everything that's washable at all—for lingerie, stockings, sweaters, washable silk and cotton frocks. It keeps my loveliest things always fresh —like new!"

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

YOU, too, can keep your things always fresh and lovely looking with Lux, just the way Claudette Colbert does. A whisk through those feathery Lux bubbles and your most precious lingerie, your smartest washable frocks come out looking like new! Stockings, too, last ever so much longer if you Lux them after every wearing.

But don't risk rubbing dainty things with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

Hollywood says

Don't trust to luck —trust to LUX

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director of the Paramount Studio, shown with Helen Kopka, his assistant. "That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects colors and materials, keeps them new longer, saves money."

Jean Muir, whose face is "a photographer's dream," takes her career seriously. When not working, you will find her quietly studying other players emoting before the camera

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

JOAN KUEN, RACINE, WIS.—Lots of other people said, just as you did, that Frankie Darro didn't get half the credit due him for his grand work in "Wild Boys of the Road." Frankie's real name is Frank Johnson. He was born December 22, 1919. Frankie's busy working in the new Warner Bros. picture, "Happy Family."

A. D. BROCKWAY, DETROIT, MICH.—The Western picture you described with Kent Taylor, Lona Andre, Berton Churchill and Rosco Ates was "The Mysterious Rider," made by Paramount early in 1933.

JEANNE PALMER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—John Beal was born in Joplin, Mo., August 13, 1909. He is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. He is of German-Irish descent, and his real name is James Alexander Bliedung. John's favorite hobbies are drawing and singing and his pet sports are swimming and tennis. At this writing John is appearing on the New York stage in "She Loves Me Not."

MICHAEL KIMAK, GARFIELD, N. J.—No, Joe Penner, radio star, did not appear in Jimmy Cagney's picture "Lady Killer." Don't feel too badly though, because the Penner lad has been listening to some pretty nice offers to go into pictures in a big way.

RUTH TADLOCK, ENID, OKLA.—Goodness, Ruth, but Buddy Rogers would be thrilled to know that he has such staunch admirers rooting all the time for his return to the screen. Just now Buddy and his orchestra are appearing on a vaudeville circuit in the East. You didn't tell me whether or not you belong to one of his clubs. If not, and you want information on joining one, just drop me a line, enclosing a return envelope, and I'll give you the data on it. I do not believe Buddy is planning any matrimonial venture just now.

Ask The Answer Man

A FEW months ago Jean Muir was hailed as "a photographer's dream" because her face photographs perfectly from any angle. Now picture-goers have acclaimed her a "grand little actress," and predict great things for her.

Jean made her first appearance on the screen as a corpse. Remember the scene in "Bureau of Missing Persons" where Allen Jenkins went to the morgue to identify the body of a beautiful girl? Well, the girl was Jean.

She also had another "bit" in the same picture—a feminine derelict who wept on reading of her mother's death in the paper. That was Jean's debut in talking pictures, with not a word spoken. Paul Muni, who happened to be on the set while they were making the crying scene, suggested Jean for the rôle of *Selma* in his picture "The World Changes." This was followed by the lead in Joe E. Brown's picture, "Son of a Sailor." Then she was with Donald Woods in "As the Earth Turns," and in "Bedside," with Warren William.

Jean was born in New York City, February 13, 1911. She is 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weighs 122 and has blonde hair and gray-green eyes. Her real name is Jean Fullarton, but she took Muir, a family name, because it was simpler. She was educated at the Dwight School in New Jersey and in Paris. Was president of the school dramatic club for two years.

Although her earliest ambition was to be a lady surgeon, she turned to the theater and decided to become an actress. She began her stage career as an understudy in "Bird in Hand." The leading lady became ill and Jean got her chance to go on. Then followed stock company engagements. After that she appeared in "The Truth Game," "Peter Ibbetson," "Life Begins" and "Saint Wench." A Warner scout saw her and her film career started.

Jean is very proud of her Scottish ancestry. Likes Scotch plaids and owns a pair of Scotch terriers. She enjoys outdoor sports, swimming, horseback riding, hiking and mountain climbing. Her greatest hobby is her library. You'll see her next in "A Modern Hero" and "Dr. Monica."

FRANCIS PORTA, LERIDA, SPAIN.—The eight pictures marked with a star in the May 1932 issue of PHOTOPLAY were: "Scarface," "Grand Hotel," "But the Flesh Is Weak," "Are You Listening?" "The Miracle Man," "Wet Parade," "Dancers in the Dark," and "Destry Rides Again." Sorry, but I cannot give you the words to songs through this column.

R. M. L., QUEBEC, CAN.—Rene, you have quite a lot of your countrymen appearing in pictures. There are Ruby Keeler and David Manners from Halifax; Ned Sparks from St. Thomas; Norma Shearer and Fifi Dorsay from Montreal; Barbara Kent and Fay Wray from Alberta; and Mary Pickford and Walter Huston from Toronto.

A. S., PITTSBURGH, PENN.—The picture you described with Robert Young in the rôle of a young artist was "New Morals For Old."

There's an Old fashioned Notion

that the "best comes high" . . .

but it DOESN'T APPLY TO GLAZO . . . [Now only 25c]

It's no sin at all to cherish fine things . . . if you get, in satisfaction, what you pay for. But when, in your nail polish, you long for something really better, forget the high-priced brands and dedicate your fingertips to greater beauty with New Glazo . . . at 25c.

For Glazo's new lacquers are richer, starrier in lustre. Their mirror-smoothness gives nails a lovelier sheen. And now, by test, they wear 50% longer.

Glazo's color-perfect shades are six in number . . . six that beauty and fashion authorities say are "right".

The exclusive Color Chart Package shows each one just as it will look on your nails . . . makes it easy to choose just the shades you want.

Glazo's new metal-shaft brush, with soft uniform bristles, makes application far easier. The brush *can't* come loose.

Glazo Polish Remover gentle to nail and skin

Glazo Polish Remover *won't* run dry when you need it most! For it comes in an extra-size bottle . . . enough to last as long as your polish. It removes even deepest shades with greater ease. And it's a true cosmetic, gentle to nail and cuticle.

Do your fingertips a glamorous good turn, and switch to Glazo . . . now!

Discover, with new GLAZO, that you have lovely hands

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. *Six authentic nail polish shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red and Colorless. Only 25c each. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO TWIN KIT. *Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.*

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. *A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely and easily. Comes in extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. *A new liquid cuticle remover. Gentle and effective. Comes in extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

New **GLAZO**

THE *Smart Manicure*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-54
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred).
☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

_____

_____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Back together again! Maurice says, *oui*, he'll play with Jeanette. So Miss MacDonald and Chevalier begin work in "The Merry Widow"

ARLINE JUDGE will take orders from her husband—and like it . . . because "The Great Magoo" is being directed by Wesley Ruggles, and Arline is playing an important part in it, opposite Jack Oakie.

THE independent situation—A reviewer on the PHOTOPLAY staff had occasion to phone a small studio for a list of the players in their recent production. "We'll have to call you back," said the girl who answered. "The production manager is out to lunch, and he has the cast in his pocket!"

PAUL LUKAS and little three-year-old Davy Dickinson were rehearsing a scene for Paul's new picture, "Glamour." "Now don't forget to say 'Good night, daddy,'" Paul cautioned the little chap. "If you say it I'll see that you get some ice cream."

So they prepared to make the scene. The director called "Camera." And in the right spot little Davy said, "Good night, daddy. Now can I have my ice cream?" which, of course, ruined the scene. But just the same Paul held up remake until Davy got his cool fodder.

WHY is it that Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan, the screen's three most mysteriously intriguing ladies, and certainly the most talked of, continually snub Hollywood and refuse to have anything to do with its "artificiality"?

Does a turned-up nose provide a *carte blanche* to fame in this strange town? Or is it just because these ladies win respect by "being themselves"?

If it keeps up, no one will be speaking to anyone else, and Hollywood will be more snooty than Back Bay, Boston.

EDDIE ROBINSON, Mrs. Jack Warner, Lyle Talbot and Joe E. Brown were all grouped at a recent cocktail party for a picture. When the photographers were ready to shoot they called "Open" as they always do. And of course Joe E. thought it was his cue! So open came the Mammoth Cave.

THERE has been a great deal of chatter about Evelyn Venable's unkissable contract. 'Tis rumored Evelyn is not permitted, by her father, to kiss any young man on the screen. So imagine the amazement of the diners in the Fox Commissary to see Evelyn rise to her feet, rush to the door to meet Kent Taylor, and greet him with a big kiss.

Once ladies protected their honor with hat-pins. And today Gertrude Michael carries a sharp-pointed dagger in her *chapeau*

Now who is spoofing whom, we wonder. But then, Evelyn didn't kiss on the screen, did she?

CLARK GABLE was overheard at the Agua Caliente races when he remarked to a friend: "There was a girl who made us all look like pikers. Her name was Lady Godiva. She put all she had on a horse!"

WHO says a prophet is without honor in his own country? Certainly Garbo stands top notch among her countrymen, for a stamp, bearing the likeness of Garbo, has been submitted to the Swedish government for approval. And in the future Garbo's face may grace Swedish letters and postal cards even as Lincoln and Washington have the American letters.

Imagine buying a Garbo likeness for two cents!

JEAN MUIR arrived in Hollywood with her mind all made up to be a great dramatic actress. And Jean is going to let nothing stop her, much less the publicity department—or, we should say, *especially* the publicity department. Jean thinks her ideas are the best, and the publicity boys and girls are wondering what her next one will be. One took place in the gallery, as she was posing for portraits. "No," said Jean, firmly, "I will not smile. Dramatic actresses never smile!"

A BIG crowd gathered around Carl Brisson's enormous limousine, parked out in front of the studio. One little boy took a good look at all the gadgets and remarked, "Well, I don't see the Turkish bath."

AND all you meanies who were predicting a divorce for Bette Davis, better take another look. Bette and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, have retired into the seclusion of Bette's home and the exclusive society of each other, until even the studio can't pry Bette loose long enough to pose for pictures.

LOVE Department . . . Gertrude Michael and John McCormick, going places. John is Colleen Moore's ex. Randy Scott and Vivian Gaye decided not to emulate the example of Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. In fact, Randy has another girl. Ida Lupino and Jack LaRue are still all tied up.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Richard Dix and his favorite Scotty posed thusly at Dix's canyon home—a secluded hideaway unknown even to the bosses of RKO-Radio

AMERICA IS GOING HOLLYWOOD! • A MILLION FANS CHEER

Borden's

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Not for love nor money would a million movie fans miss Borden's thrilling "45 Minutes In Hollywood" every Saturday night!

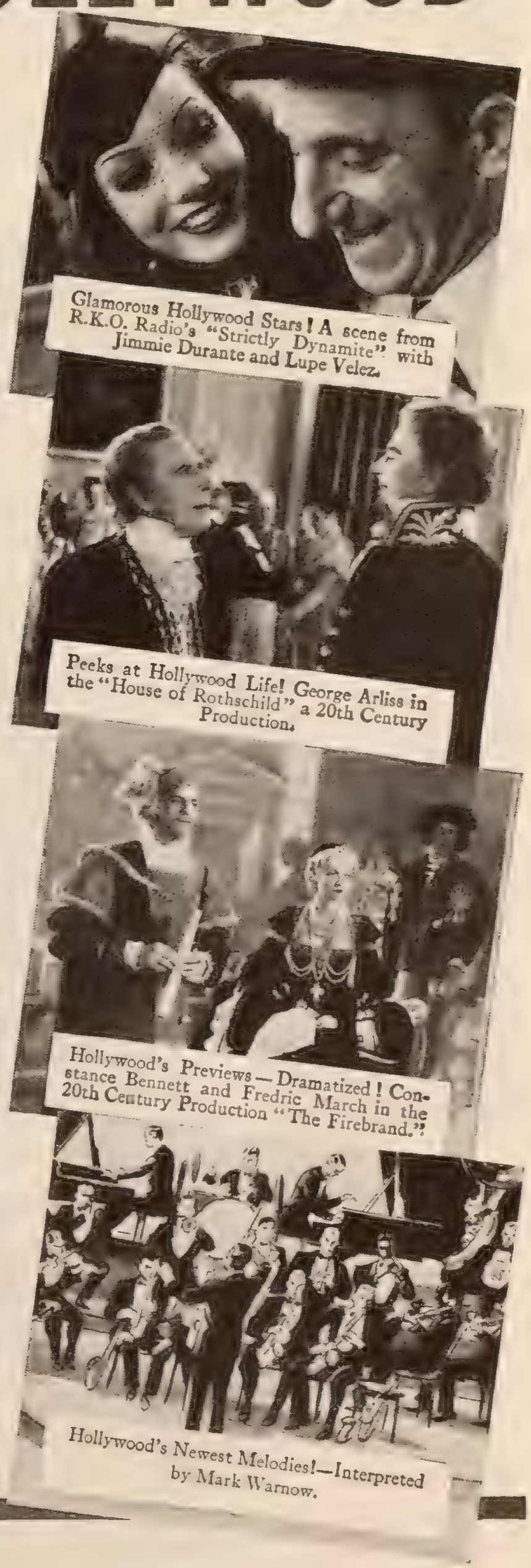
For here, at last, is the radio show which gives you the *true* Hollywood . . . the Hollywood of gay laughter, bitter tears and failure—and success!

Borden's "45 Minutes In Hollywood" is on the air every Saturday evening at 8 P.M., E.S.T., over the Columbia Broadcasting System (7 P.M., C.S.T.; 6 P.M., M.S.T.) And it's the new *miracle* show of the radio!

DON'T MISS IT!

Remember—every Saturday evening at 8 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, 7 P. M., Central Standard Time, 6 P. M., Mountain Standard Time.

Paul Lukas and Fay Wray in Universal's new picture "Countess of Monte Cristo."



Glamorous Hollywood Stars! A scene from R.K.O. Radio's "Strictly Dynamite" with Jimmie Durante and Lupe Velez.

Peeks at Hollywood Life! George Arliss in the "House of Rothschild" a 20th Century Production.

Hollywood's Previews—Dramatized! Constance Bennett and Fredric March in the 20th Century Production "The Firebrand."

Hollywood's Newest Melodies!—Interpreted by Mark Warnow.

"45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD"

Presented by the makers of Borden's Fine Cheeses, Borden's Evaporated Milk, Borden's Condensed Milk, Borden's Malted Milk

Borden's, makers of Fine Dairy Products for over 75 years, deliver milk and ice cream in many of the leading cities of America.

"Here's a way to loveliness says

Star of Paramount's "Good Dame," a B. P. Schulberg Production

For EVERY Type of Skin...
dry...oily..."in-between"

Precious Elements in this Soap—
Scientists explain:

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," say scientists. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

that WINS— "99 SYLVIA SIDNEY

EVERYWHERE—in daily life or on the screen—adoration and applause are hers! Hard to believe, isn't it, that this glamorous star is just a girl like you?

Yet Sylvia Sidney understands *your* problems; knows that for *you,* too, the kind of loveliness that *wins* is all-important!

So she tells you her secret . . . how irresistible lovely *skin* is. She tells you how easy it is to *have* this charm!

Follow this famous star's complexion care! Use her Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment every single day. Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap—and have *for years* because it keeps skin really exquisite.

Their easy way will win for *you,* too, the kind of loveliness that captures hearts! Begin *today* to use Lux Toilet Soap!

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

DIXIE CROSBY is very much annoyed that the news of her approaching blessed event was distributed so early. Since the baby isn't expected until August, it does seem a trifle previous. After giving Bing a good selling argument, Dixie has signed a contract to do five pictures with Monogram. As they make 'em pretty fast over there, it ought not to interfere in the least with Dixie's schedule.

THERE is a scene in "Twentieth Century" in which Carole Lombard has to give John Barrymore a vicious slap. Director Howard Hawks asked Barrymore, jokingly, if he minded being slapped by a woman.

"What," exclaimed the great Jack, "haven't I been married three times?"

EXTRA! Jean Harlow fingerprinted!

In Pasadena, too, of all respectable places.

However, Jean isn't going up to the Big House for anything right away. She had her digits recorded as a matter of form to make her acting police chief's appointment of that city all regular and according to Hoyle.

SOME people take mothers-in-law along on honeymoons, others visit relatives and such odd things.

But Merna Kennedy and her famous dance-director groom, Busby Berkeley, spent a nice, cozy day in a penitentiary.

They hadn't broken any law or anything. Neither had ever been through a "Big House," and as San Quentin was on their nuptial itinerary, they seized the opportunity.

Love can really conquer all.

HARRY WILCOXON, DeMille's superman *Mark Antony*, hadn't been in Hollywood two weeks before he had caught the name changing bacillus. Now it's Henry.

Mr. Wilcoxon hasn't any dignity complex. He just got tired of people misspelling his monicker. Because of all the advance fanfare about what a big, virile, strapping fellow the lover in "Cleopatra" was to be, everyone got to spelling it "Hairy."

FANCY yourself wearing George Raft's wardrobe these warm California days. George is toting around a suit that weighs exactly thirty-five pounds and a hat that weighs eight pounds, his costume for his rôle of bull-fighter in "The Trumpet Blows." By the time George is through his scenes for the day, he's so exhausted he has to be helped out of his pan—er—clothes.

EVERYONE was pretty much mystified when Miriam Jordan sued her husband for a divorce. No one knew she had a husband, what with all the talk of her engagement to a wealthy Easterner and the huge engagement ring she lost en route from New York on a visit to him. We have just discovered the real facts of the case, which puts things in a different light. Miriam had secured a Mexican divorce, long before the later engagement took place. But she was concerned over the legality of the Mexican decree, and so brought suit in California.

TWO Sidneys—Fox and Blackmer—are teamed in an approaching musical, "Down to Their Last Yacht." Sidney Fox has been in only one film, "Midnight," recently, and involved in marital pyrotechnics. According to the last report Sidney has gone back to her husband, Charles Beahan.

Blackmer has made several pictures in which his real personality somehow failed to get over. But in "This Man Is Mine" he scored a knock-out, and this most recent part is a reward for his good work.

Joan's going to get stuck! Miss Blondell went tripping through the cacti while on her vacation in the Mojave Desert recently

SOMETIME in the summer, Hollywood is going to count Jeanette MacDonald among the missing. By that time, she'll be giving the Latin-Americans an eyeful of the pulchritude they prefer. Jeanette is a big favorite in the South American continent, in fact, the biggest favorite, as she is in Europe.

With some other singers, dancers and an orchestra, she is making plans to embark on a two months' tour after finishing work on "The Duchess of Delmonico" and "The Merry Widow."

JACK BARRYMORE believes that you get the best service when you go to the "head man."

Having experienced a slight delay the day before in getting his lunch—he called up Harry Cohn, hard-boiled president of Columbia, where he is making "Twentieth Century."

"This is Jack Barrymore, and I want ham and eggs for lunch," bellowed the melodious Barrymore voice.

"Fresh out of ham and eggs," yelled Cohn, undismayed. "We'll send you kidneys!"

And Jack got service—pronto.

(We don't advise any extra-players to try this system.)

BILLIE DOVE is one of the happiest married stars in Hollywood today. And that pink and blue nursery of Billie's, that awaits that new baby, is the crowning touch to Billie's happiness. With Hollywood so full of unhappy marriages, it's a relief to find one that has worked out as beautifully as Billie's.

AT M-G-M they thought it was another earthquake—or a boiler explosion.

But the tremendous rumbling which rocked sets and made strong men tremble was only Mary, the 3000 pound hippopotamus star brought out for the latest Tarzan opus, in the midst of sneezing off a cold.

ANOTHER triumph for dat old debbil Divorce—the Dorothy Mackaill-Neil Miller marital split-up of last month.

The romance was blamed upon the romantic whisperings of the waves of Waikiki, but the divorce simmered down to Dorothy's statement:

"He just didn't like motion picture people."

Where has Hollywood heard that statement before?

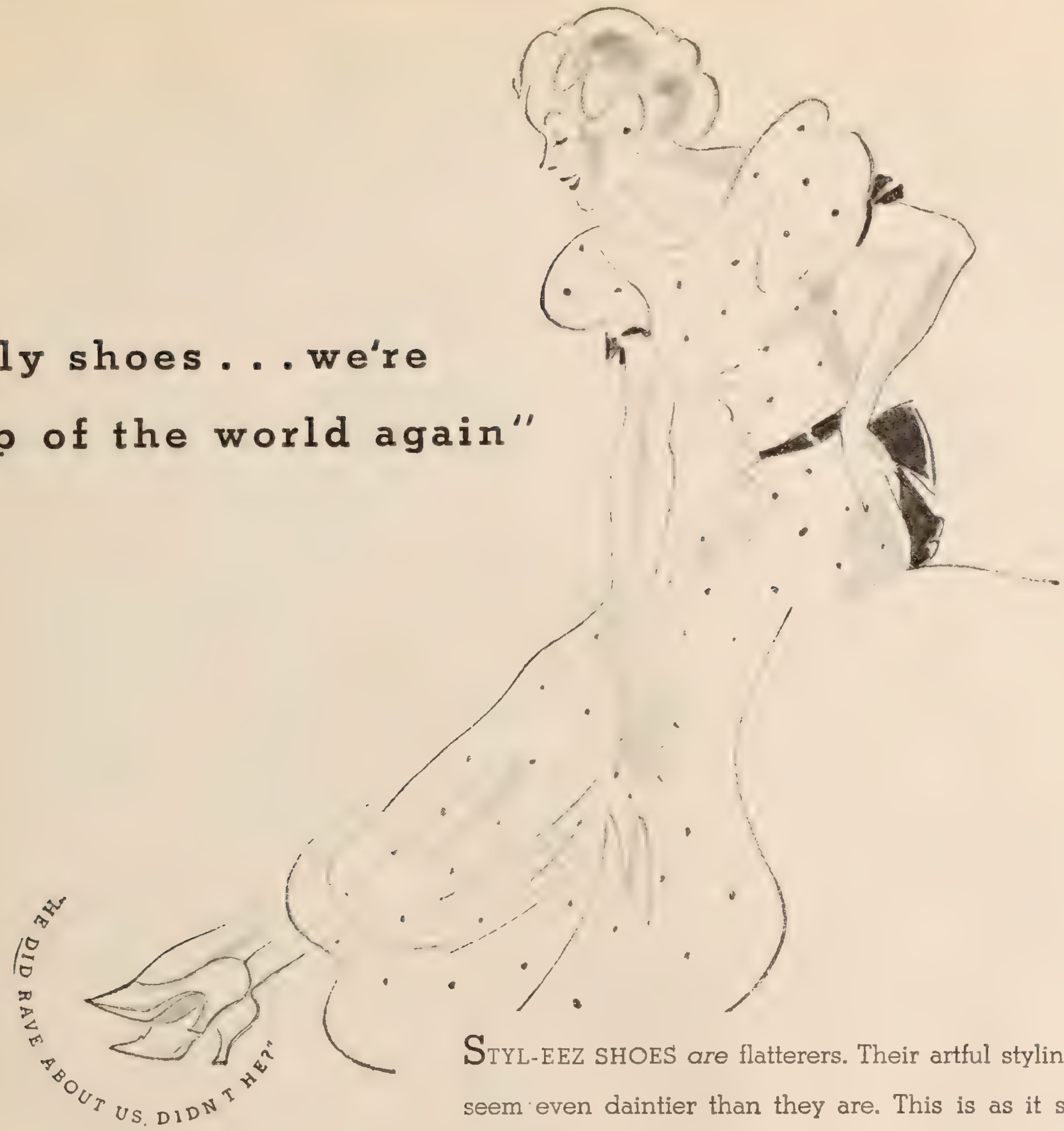
YOU may like your slot machines, but Bob Montgomery prefers pay telephones. They pay off better.

The other day Bob slipped a nickel into a phone at M-G-M and got a busy signal. He put his hand down for his returned nickel, and got $12.50 in a shower of five-cent pieces.

Other telephone customers were then treated to the sight of Bob down on his hands and knees trying to collect the rolling coins which deluged the floor.

Of course, he didn't keep the surprising "jackpot."

Like a good boy, he returned it to the telephone company.



"Lovely shoes . . . we're on top of the world again"

STYL-EEZ SHOES *are* flatterers. Their artful styling makes feet seem even daintier than they are. This is as it should be, of course. Especially when discerning male eyes are about. • Yet Styl-Eez shoes embody an even greater feat of modern designing: • Those who choose them—for vanity's sake, let us say—find to their joy and amazement that comfort has *not* been sacrificed at the altar of appearance; that with the illusion of daintiness is included walking and dancing comfort that is actually *exciting*—because it comes so unexpectedly. • Newest Styl-Eez fashions for spring are being displayed to admiring eyes by progressive shops everywhere. And the modest prices—as you have no doubt noted—are an added incentive.

Model illustrated is the "Kiski"
$6 and $6.50
Slightly higher west of Rockies

The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send me a copy of your Styl-Eez Booklet

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Styl-EEZ

A SELBY SHOE

Send this coupon for the Styl-Eez Booklet of features and new models

NRA

Gentleman George

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

But just the same, George Raft is a gentleman.

He is basically, intrinsically a gentleman, through and through, with a code of honor and ethics as high as that ever boasted by any blue-blood.

With a pattern of conduct, an honesty and chivalry so unique in Hollywood that it seems doubly strange when you consider that Hollywood's "gentility" is just getting over regarding him as a gangland gunman, with a bodyguard yclept "The Killer"!

Nietzsche said, "A gentleman is he who never takes advantage of a situation."

That fits George Raft like an acrobat's tights.

He never does—never has taken advantage of the enviable situation in which life has placed him.

He has never made it hard for the smaller people who work with him. He has never forgotten his friends.

IN a town where many stars of George's magnitude are notably unreliable—free with their promises, but lax in their fulfillment—George's scrupulous honor about the most unimportant engagement is signally outstanding.

Only once in all the time he has been in Hollywood (a busy time, too) has he failed to show up on the dot for his appointments. That one time he was ill with "flu."

He apologized and worried about it for days afterward.

And if punctuality is the virtue of kings, then George is indeed kingly—for he has never been known to be late.

It is a gentlemanly courtesy, not caginess. Someone asked him once why he did it. George was surprised.

"I don't know *why*," he repeated. "What else would you do?"

The courtesy he evidences isn't limited to youth, beauty, or people who can do him some good.

Not long ago George was hurrying across the Paramount lot for an important engagement, when two middle-aged ladies hailed him. He stopped.

"Do you know where 'Alice in Wonderland' is being shown?" they asked him. They explained that they belonged to the Parent-Teachers' Association, which the studio had invited to see the film.

He could have dismissed them with a head shake.

Instead, he said: "No, I don't. But I'll find out and take you over."

So he looked up the number of the projection room and escorted the two visitors, who didn't even know he was George Raft, to the door of the studio theater.

It was only a natural gesture of courtesy to women, something which is markedly uppermost in his make-up.

LAST year, during a personal appearance tour in the East, for two weeks he played two theaters simultaneously, one in New York and one in Brooklyn, eight performances a day. George worked it out so that he arrived in Brooklyn in the afternoon with thirty minutes to spare before he went on. The management rigged up a room where he could snatch a half hour's rest, guarded by Mack Gray, his perpetual companion.

One day, the manager rapped gently on his door and whispered to Mack to look out the window. There, perched precariously on a fire-escape and window-ledges, were rows and rows of girls, waiting to get a glimpse of the star.

"I'll get someone to run them off," said the manager. "I'm afraid they'll fall and get hurt."

Mack started to shoo him away, but George had overheard.

Here's one Bonnie that doesn't lie over the ocean! Singing as she goes, Bonnie Browning is making movie conquests in Hollywood

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. "I'll take care of them." And he stepped outside, greeted the girls and made them a little talk. "Now you had better get down off the window-ledges," he suggested.

"If you'll give us your picture," said the girls.

"Sure I will," said George, "right after the performance."

And rest time before the evening's New York show was devoted in Brooklyn to signing pictures for the window-perching admirers.

George's only actual fight in Hollywood was precipitated when a Paramount producer failed to respect George's sentiment for his mother.

There was a line in the "Bolero" script where George was supposed to say, "I'll step over my mother's grave, if it isn't true."

George objected.

The producer insisted he must say it as was.

"NOTHING doing," replied George. "I've a mother, and I respect her. Even if I didn't have a mother, I wouldn't say it. It's sacrilegious."

"You'll say it and like it!" stormed the executive.

Then there were two blows struck. George struck the producer, and the producer struck the floor.

He didn't say the line.

Every girl with whom George has gone while in Hollywood agrees about his almost old-fashioned chivalrous attentions, certainly in contrast to the casual attentions of most Hollywood swains.

When George meets a girl and takes her out, flowers inevitably arrive the next day. If he goes with her any time at all, she is sure to receive unexpected gifts of candy or perfume.

And when a girl goes out with George Raft, she knows she'll never have to call a cab for a drunken escort.

He never touches liquor.

He learned that in "Hell's Kitchen," and in his night club dancing days.

"I'd look around and see fine men, prominent men, making fools of themselves," he recalls, "and I decided that if booze did that to you, it wasn't worth it. So I resolved never to touch it."

And he has kept that resolution.

Honor, a word that is a bond, courtesy and chivalry—these and a character of unswerving loyalty are among any gentleman's prime virtues.

George has the loyalty, too.

On his first trip back to the old neighborhood, after he had achieved his sensational success in Hollywood, his first act was not to make a play for the "big shots," now eager to meet him, but to look up his old gang pals at "the club."

MACK GRAY and Sammy Finn, pals of his pugilistic days, are still his best friends in Hollywood.

Recently, at the Paramount ball for the Earl Carroll beauties, a studio photographer was being directed by an eager press-agent to make some pictures of George at his table. Next to him was the omnipresent Mack.

"Move over," the publicity man instructed Mack, "I just want George in the picture."

"Keep your seat," countermanded George. "He's my guest," he explained quietly but firmly.

"He doesn't have to move. If you want the picture, shoot it like you see it."

That's "Gentleman George" Raft, who hasn't the gentlemanly veneer—only the solid substance which lies beneath—the stuff that would make him a genuine gentleman whether in Hollywood, "Hell's Kitchen," Hongkong or Halifax!

She FOOLS HERSELF BUT NO ONE ELSE . . . *and* endures a condition ABHORRENT to everyone*

ENTRUST YOUR *Charm* TO NOTHING LESS SURE THAN ODO·RO·NO

PEOPLE don't blurt out everything they think about underarm perspiration . . . or some girls would have their ears red with shame.

For you *do* offend, mostly without dreaming it, when . . . by neglect of Odorono . . . you permit your perspiration to go unchecked. For you rarely can detect your own underarm odor, so unbearable to others.

Even when you notice no dampness, perspiration moisture in the confined armpits quickly forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. Even a bath a day can't save you.

If you care at all what other people think, you'll insist on a deodorant that's trustworthy and sure. You *can* trust Odorono . . . a physician's formula . . . to protect you so completely that your mind is free of all fear of offending.

ODO·RO·NO is Sure

And by checking, completely, all underarm moisture, it saves your dresses from ruinous stains while protecting you from social defeat. For quickest, most convenient use, choose Instant Odorono. Use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection against underarm perspiration and odor.

For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it faithfully twice a week. Both Odoronos have the original sanitary applicator. Both of them come in 35c and 60c sizes.

★ Underarm odor, so offensive to others, is almost always imperceptible to the person guilty. For the sake of friends and your own peace of mind, trust only Odorono's sure protection.

ODO·RO·NO
Never Fails You

● The Odorono original sanitary applicator is easier and more convenient to use. It holds just enough liquid at a time, and it is washable, too.

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., INC.
Dept. 5-Q4, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P.O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for a special introductory bottle of Odorono with original sanitary applicator.
(Check the type you wish to try) . . .

☐ Instant Odorono ☐ Odorono Regular

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

"Beware the Danger Line, Glenda!" Warns Sylvia

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

cocktails a day. Sure, you can have wine with your dinner, but easy on the cocktails.

Every night, I want you to give your face a massage. What's that? Do I see you making a face at me? Okay, Glenda, I understand. I know you and your type, darling. You're impatient. You're restless. You want to do things fast, and it's hard for you to get over it. So at the risk of making a lot of the women who read my articles mad, I'm going to be lenient with you and give you a short cut to beauty—a five minute facial.

Oh, I know what you other girls are going to say. You'll say that Sylvia's playing favorites. You'll bring up all that I've been preaching to you: that you can't have beauty without time and patience—that no matter how much time you take with yourself, it's worth it. Well, that still goes. But Glenda is different. She's the type who won't spend hours and hours on herself, as I want you girls to do. So this is for her and, if the rest of you are real good girls and don't neglect your exercises, you can do it, too.

Here's the five minute facial that I've been saving for somebody like you, Glenda. Every night clean your face with a good cold cream. Don't just slap it on. Clean it well, and don't forget the lines and corners of your face. Next, dip a piece of cotton into some sour milk and dab that on your face. I know it smells funny, but that doesn't matter. I want your skin to be perfectly beautiful and the sensation of Hollywood!

Then for five minutes tap your face lightly all over with your fingertips. Don't neglect your neck either and, while you're about it, slap under your chin, gently, with the back of your hand. When the milk dries, dab on some more and go on with the tapping. Tap all over your face as if you were beating a tattoo. This works as a muscle tightener and gives increased activity to the glands. Tap very gently on top of the cheek-bones, for I want your eyes to photograph as large as possible, and they won't if there are pouches on your cheek-bones. Leave what remains of the sour milk on all night. And there you are—the labor-saving, five minute facial. Even a girl as impatient as you can manage that, when you know it means preserving that face, which is your fortune.

Now just one more thing, and then I'm through with you. You have a lump just above your elbow, and your elbows aren't any too good, either. The poor elbows seldom get attention from anybody, and they can be very beautiful. They're just nature's stepchildren, I guess. But I want you, Glenda, and every other girl, to pay them some attention from now on. And you've got to be very particular about taking off that lump.

Here's how, darling. Place you hand over the lump. Press your fingers in from underneath. Then squeeze down with the flat of your hand nearest the wrist as if you were sloughing off the flesh. When you do this, be sure that there is a generous amount of cold cream on your elbows and on your hands, too, so you will be killing two birds with one stone—softening your elbows and taking off that ugly lump as well.

You are graceful and snappy, Glenda, but I want you to keep that way, so I'm giving you just one exercise which includes everything. You see, you don't need the flesh off in spots, because you haven't any of those spots.

Stand in front of an open window without any clothes on (better do this early in the morning or else you'll have a crowd) and, with arms above your head, bend your body every which-a-way. Dance around as Isadore Duncan used to do. Make your movements lithe and graceful. Swing your arms. Swing your body. Move your spine freely. Atta girl! Do it gracefully but vigorously, too, and you'll find some muscles that you haven't used for years. Stir up those lazy muscles! Wake them up! Oh, that's great!

I don't need to give you a diet. Use your common sense about eating, that's all. Just remember never to steam vegetables for more than thirty minutes. Don't put any salt in them while they're cooking, and always drink the juice off the vegetables. That's the elixir of life!

But you have radiant health, and it always makes me happy to see people with the good sense to keep healthy. Because, Glenda, I know that you've had troubles in your life. Your face shows that, darling. I know what heartbreak you went through when you were forced to separate from your husband, but the wonderful part about you is that you don't moan and complain about your heartaches.

I'm crazy about you. The public is crazy about you. And so is Hollywood. Hollywood folks like good sportsmanship, and you've got that. That's why all your bitter experiences haven't made you a bitter woman. For you've something that I wish I could give to every woman and girl in the world—a cheerful spirit. And you can only have a cheerful spirit when you're healthy and lean.

Here's a little motto for you and for everyone: Keep light in body and light in spirit.

And when you've got that motto firmly implanted in your mind—you just can't be licked.

Keep it up, Glenda, and good luck to you.

Love,

SYLVIA

Answers by Sylvia

POOR Aunt Sylvia—how those letters do come! But what a joy when I see how many are finding life brighter and happier through my help! If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

Dear Sylvia:

You say you can't change the bone formation of a person's face. Well, then, no matter what I do I have to admit that I'm ugly—yes, just plain ugly. I have a crooked nose, long face, prominent cheek-bones. I hate to be around pretty girls. I don't know what to do.

C. V., Little Rock, Ark.

It's true, neither I nor anyone else can change bone formation. But you can change your disposition. Stop thinking you're ugly. Develop your personality. Be distinctive. Instead of trying to hide what you think are your ugly features, accentuate them—make them your trade mark! Hold your head up. Get a good posture. Walk into a room as if you owned it. Be interesting, entertaining and amusing. I have a friend who is really very ugly, but she is so charming and has so much vitality, that every time I see her she is better looking in my eyes, and now—honestly—she's almost pretty.

If beauty is skin-deep, then ugliness is soul-deep. When your eyes are bright, when you are healthy, when you have a lovely, clear skin and a beautiful figure and well-cared-for hair, there is no such thing as ugliness. And all of these are yours for a little time and trouble! Make the most of everything you have and don't cry over what you haven't.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I have terribly bony knees and I hate to see summer coming on, because I know I'll be forced to wear a bathing-suit. Is there a remedy for that?

G. J. H., Portland, Me.

Remedy for what, darling? Wearing a bathing suit or bony knees? There's no remedy for wearing a bathing-suit. If you want to be popular, you'll have to join the crowd, but there is a remedy for bony knees. Start right now to fatten yourself up all over by following my building-up diets and exercises. Get your legs fatter than they need be, so that the bones in your knees won't show. If you're too fat then, take down the fleshy parts by squeezing and pounding as I have described in one of my previous articles. If you start right now, by summer you'll look grand, and won't need to bother about hanging your clothes on a hickory limb.

Dear Sylvia:

I have now reduced to where I want to be—thanks to you—but I don't want to lose any more weight. Yet I'm afraid that if I go back to eating what I ate before, I'll get fleshy again. Tell me what to do.

Mrs. L. J. H., St. Petersburg, Fla.

I have an in-between diet which you should go on. That diet is guaranteed not to put on weight, but it won't reduce you, either. If you'll write again, requesting this, and send a self-addressed stamped envelope, I'll be glad to let you have it.

stration and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

IN SIZE AND SHAPE THE KOTEX PACKAGE IS IDENTICAL TO THAT OF BOXES WIDELY USED FOR PACKING ORDINARY ARTICLES

Discard old ways..welcome the new!

THE NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women—a project never before dreamed of. The result is now presented to all of womankind—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

WONDERSOFT—*third exclusive Kotex patent*

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. ***First*** — came ***flattened, tapered ends*** that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. ***Second*** —the ***famous Equalizer strip,*** increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—***Third*** and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the ***new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex*** — U. S. Patent No. 1,946,626.

What WONDERSOFT *Kotex means to women*

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. That—women told us—was the greatest single need in sanitary protection. Wondersoft remains gentle, marvelously soft for hours. Women by scores tell us that Wondersoft Kotex has utterly changed their lives. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. In width, thickness—in fact in all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will never forget to re-order it.

A new package—new in color, shape and design for your protection

To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex!

"I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 3-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection."

Home Girl

"Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before."

Musician

"For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls."

Housewife

Brunette Today And Blonde Tomorrow

By Carolyn Van Wyck

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

she makes her hair inky black. In fact, her sister used to do it for her. This came about when Fifi was assigned the rôles of French girls in her earlier pictures, and she thought the glistening black mop seemed more in keeping than her own hair. Fifi's French accent should carry the conviction of her French origin, but she preferred to settle the business with that black hair.

So while you may copy your favorite star in almost every other way, in the matter of hair coloring, other considerations enter with the star.

In a way, you can't tell what Hollywood will do with hair. Black today, blonde tomorrow is the usual formula, although, as I've shown you, this plan now and then reverses itself.

If you've seen "Gallant Lady" you may have noticed another interesting hair change in Ann Harding. Her ears are exposed, and what a charming change! Here is a lesson that many of us might follow to advantage, and the kind of invaluable beauty tip that the screen can give you, so far as hair is concerned.

For chic hair styles, always watch Bette Davis. Bette does more interesting and original things with that light hair of hers than any player I know. Her latest is combing back fluffed ends and placing a broad braid under the back hair and over the crown of her head. It's simply stunning and I hope to have pictures of this for you next month.

If you want to be hair chic and do interesting things with your own hair for evening, you will pick up a matching braid. You can do wonders with it.

Katharine Hepburn's treatment of her auburn tresses has created something of a furor among the younger set. You'll see plenty of hair *a la* Hepburn if you keep your eyes open.

Then there is that quaint pompadour effect worn by Carole Lombard in "Bolero" which promises quite a following at this writing. It's not an impractical coiffure, either, for you get the effect by cutting the front hair shorter than the rest, curling it tightly and bunching it on the forehead. For day or whenever you wish a plainer arrangement, you can brush this front hair down smoothly from a middle or side part, and there arrange it in plain waves or curls, if you want.

Mae Clarke is another interesting hair case, for Mae has suddenly gone glamorous on us by a soft, curling coiffure with a clip or flowers for decoration. It does wonders for her.

So far as hair styles are concerned, they are more elastic today than perhaps ever before. The whole trick is to get yourself an arrangement that is flattering and different, if possible. The general line must be kept fairly close to the head for a smart and becoming line.

Arline Judge shows you that the very simple coiffure still plays its part in Hollywood. This style is dateless and an ideal frame for her dark beauty. Many girls will find it the perfect hair arrangement

Irene Bentley advocates the use of a greaseless hair dress in stick form that keeps her dark locks smooth, lustrous and in place. Small enough for your bag, it is a grand adjunct to that perfectly groomed look

---

"A HEAVENLY HALO" is our newest leaflet telling of some helpful hair preparations, shampoos, tonics and other things you need for healthy, lovely hair. It's yours on request, as well as our leaflets, "New Skin for Old" and "Eyes Like the Stars." Please send separate envelope for each leaflet to facilitate mailing. Personal beauty problems are also answered. Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

MYRNA LOY . . . *Featured in M-G-M's* "MEN IN WHITE"

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POWDER . . . *For perfect color harmony with my complexion colorings . . . fair skin, grey eyes, light-brown hair . . . I choose Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Just right in texture and weight, it creates a satin-smooth make-up you can depend upon for hours. Here's a hint: pat on plenty of powder, then remove surplus with face powder brush. You'll be surprised how smooth your make-up will be.*

ROUGE . . . *Rouge should be like a glow of natural color, and, of course, must harmonize with your colorings and your powder. Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge is my correct shade. When you apply it, it feels as soft and lovely as finest skin-texture; and it clings beautifully, too. Try blending your rouge with your finger tips, for a smoother, more delicate effect.*

LIPSTICK . . . *We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood. It must last for hours; it must be permanent and uniform in color; it must keep lips always smooth and lovely. So, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It withstands every test . . . and it's moisture-proof, too, so that the inner and outer surface of your lips are all one color.*

HOLLYWOOD'S charm discovery is a new kind of make-up, created by Max Factor, make-up genius of filmland. It is color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to blend with individual complexion colorings. Magic? Yes! . . . as you must realize, for every picture released from Hollywood reveals to you the perfection of Max Factor's make-up. And now you may know what a difference there really can be in make-up. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar . . . Now featured at all the leading stores.

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FILL IN and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up.*"

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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
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"MEN WANT SO MUCH!"

They expect their girls to be good pals—and good lookers! They want us to romp with them by day—and romance at night. They don't consider that wind and weather roughen our hands—but they do *expect us to give them smooth hands to hold.*

FROSTILLA Lotion removes every sign of the double life our hands must lead! A drop or two of this famous preparation wards off chapping, redness, coarseness and other penalties of outdoor play. We massage in a bit before we go out, and every time we wash up; then we're *sure* that hands keep the white smoothness that men want!

They even please the masculine nose—for Frostilla Lotion is made fragrant with an imported and expensive floral perfume. And isn't *that* unusual in hand-lotions!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.
(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

MYRON SELZNICK was advertising Olive Thomas as the most beautiful girl in the world. You should see the bathing beauties of the day—Harriett Hammond, Phyllis Haver, bundled up like something going by express. Pauline Frederick told about directors she had known, and did she like Hugh Ford! The charming Sidney Drews were written up, and we had a story on Hollywood costuming. One studio costume department had a stock valued at all of $200,000! Stupendous? No, colossal! Billie Burke, who also was on the cover, was the subject of a long-distance telephone interview. She was vacationing in Palm Beach with her husband, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, planning bigger things on stage and screen. We told how the "animated cartoon" was becoming an important factor in education, and PHOTOPLAY put the major producers on record for clean pictures. Ethel Clayton, widowed by the death of Director Joseph Kaufman, told her philosophy for carrying on bravely, alone. In "The Shadow Stage," "The Unpardonable Sin" (Blanche Sweet) was called impressive, and "Out of the Fog" (Alla Nazimova), "The Brand" (Russell Simpson), "Paid in Full" (Pauline Frederick) "The Little White Savage," "East Lynne—With Variations" (Marie Prevost) were treated with respect. There was a story about William Gibbs McAdoo acting as attorney for the Fairbanks-Pickford-Griffith-Chaplin combine, and Doraldina, the dancer, told us "I'm a Wild Woman!" We also had an article on Al Jennings, reformed bandit, who became an actor.

Ethel Clayton

10 Years Ago

DOUG FAIRBANKS was going to pay Morris Gest $10,000 a week for exploitation ideas on "The Thief of Bagdad" and we hoped, editorially, that Morris, Broadway stage producer, would at last buy himself a new hat. Mary Alden told those interested, "How to Lose Your Husband." L. M. Goodstadt, Hollywood casting director, said: "Beauty is the least valuable of all those things which a casting director is called upon to buy." We began Harold Lloyd's autobiography. Richard Dix said: "I am not a wonderful actor," and we said he had a sense of humor. It was discovered about Ramon Novarro, "For sheer nerve and daring he's the greatest swashbuckler since D'Artagnan." Derek Glynne, English actor, dyed his hair to get the lead in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." She wanted him, but Conrad Nagel got the rôle. The six best pictures of the month were "Thief of Bagdad" (Fairbanks), "America" (D. W. Griffith production), "A Society Scandal" (Gloria Swanson), "Icebound" (Richard Dix), "Beau Brummel" (John Barrymore), "Flowing Gold." The eight most beautiful stars of the screen were chosen by PHOTOPLAY readers: Mary Pickford, Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Madge Bellamy, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Alice Terry. Terry Ramsaye's "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," continued in PHOTOPLAY, had got up to 1912, the "dawn of the modern feature picture era." And Thomas Meighan headed a list of the greatest box-office attractions in a poll of exhibitors. On the cover—Ramon Novarro.

Thomas Meighan

5 Years Ago

EDWINA BOOTH'S rôle in "Trader Horn" was expected to guarantee her future. There was no future beyond it. Phyllis Haver was ready to marry Billy Seaman. Gilbert Roland's struggle for health and prominence was told. Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford revealed how they managed their peaceful home. Mary had a windblown bob for "Coquette." Jeanette Loff was extolled as "The All-Star Blonde." William John Locke, having collected $50,000 from Joseph M. Schneck for a story he wrote for Norma Talmadge, was interviewed on his way back to England as to why his costly yarn was not going to be produced. He said of Hollywood, "Er—the climate is—ah, salubrious." And this May, 1929, PHOTOPLAY listed as the best pictures of the month, "The Letter" (Jeanne Eagels), "Speakeasy" (Paul Page), "The Mysterious Island," "Close Harmony" (Nancy Carroll), "Betrayal" (Gary Cooper), "Hearts in Dixie" (Stepin Fetchit). The girls were still wearing flapper dresses to their knees. Fashion pictures of Norma Shearer very, very flapperish. And Bessie Love came back—the D. W. Griffith discovery was a reborn wow, after "Broadway Melody," the early talkie-musical grand slam. The screen took Ruth Chatterton from sweet, light parts on the stage and made her a sizzling siren. Clara Bow was a riot on a trip to Brooklyn—her home. She was at the height of her popularity then. Ben Lyon, getting ready to marry Bebe Daniels, was learning to play bridge. The luscious cover lady for the month was June Collyer.

Bessie Love

The Fan Club Corner

MANY ardent picture fans perhaps do not know that the various clubs, members of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, are issuing regular club bulletins packed with interesting information about club activities. These enthusiastic little bulletins are doing much to increase the enjoyment of members, and to gain new friends and club chapters in the different cities. If you have a favorite movie star and want information about the club formed to sponsor this star's work, or if you want details about starting such a club, write to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Francis Lederer Club, now an international organization, is holding a contest among its members to secure the best short article of criticism on the picture, "Man of Two Worlds," Mr. Lederer's latest starring vehicle. The winning articles will be put in "The Keynote," the club bulletin. Every member sending in such a letter will be given a souvenir, and there will be three prizes. One prize will be a copy of the novel from which the movie was made. Francis Lederer and Ainsworth Morgan, author of the book, will autograph the prize.

Members of the Gloria Stuart Fan Club are extremely happy over their new membership cards. These were furnished to the club by Miss Stuart herself, and are personally autographed. A birthday party in honor of Miss Stuart was held by members of the Chicago branch of the club on April 1st. Estelle Nowak, 3223 N. Central Park Ave., Chicago, is president.

Chaw Mank, of the Dick Powell Club, writes that they are starting a new department of the club for "shut-ins". A splendid idea, and one that should make many new friends for the club.

Miss Luna Homan, 6272 Yucca Street, Hollywood, Calif., is the new president of the James Fidler Club.

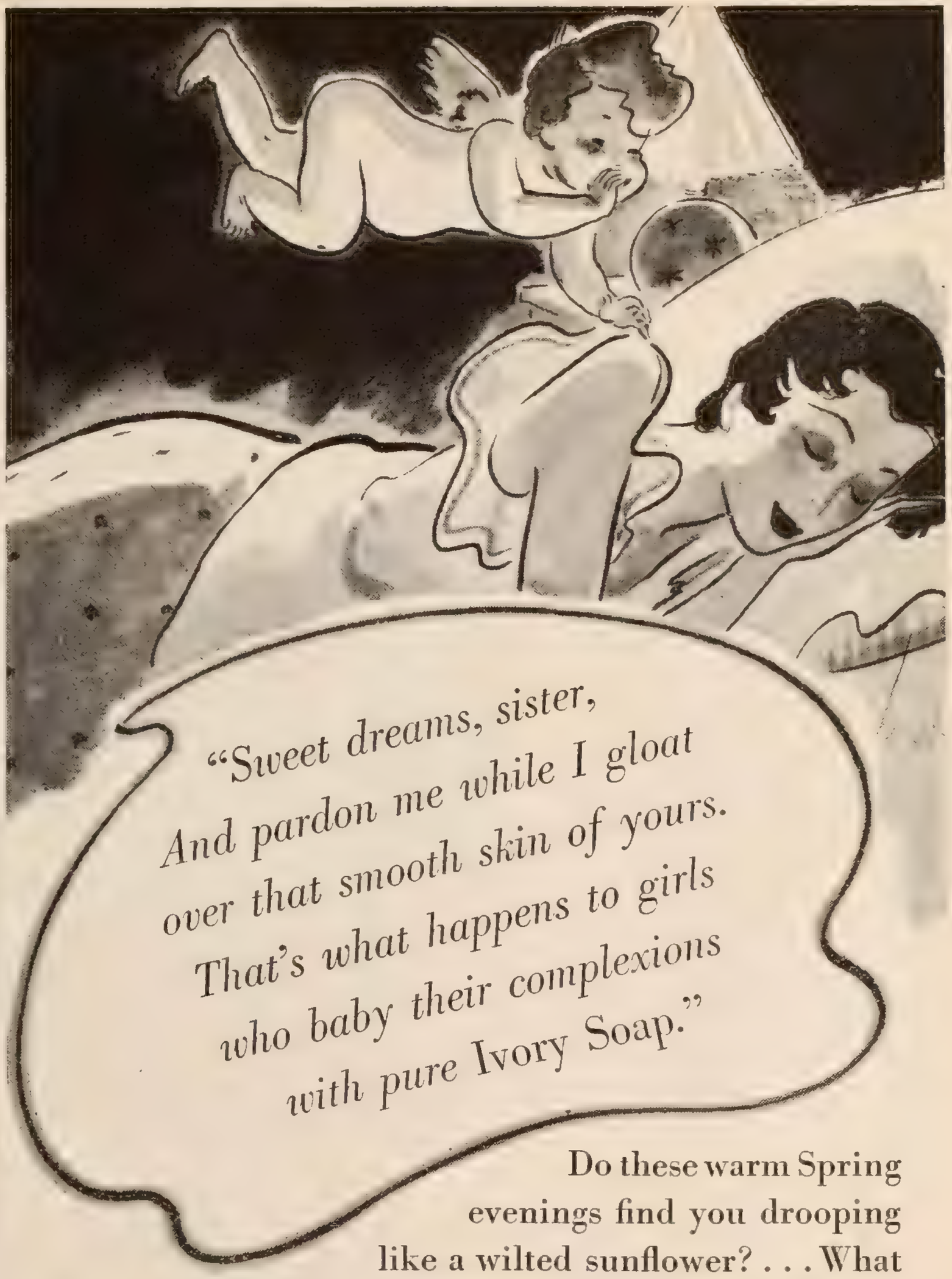
The membership of the Bing Crosby Club now contains four members of Bing's family. They are: Bob, Everett, Larry and Ted Crosby. All four contribute to the club bulletin.

The Joel McCrea Fan Club celebrated its first anniversary in March. Helen Moltz, Route 3, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is president.

Lew Ayres, honorary member of The Screen Fans' Club is leading in the club popularity contest for actors. Jean Harlow, another honorary member, Joan Crawford and Clara Bow are leading for the favorite actresses.

J. H. BLOSS, president of the Herald Cinema Critics Club of Syracuse, N. Y., sends word of the club's seventh anniversary celebration. The three-hour dinner and program was held in a hotel roof garden. Anita Page was a special guest speaker. Portable sound equipment was installed and members enjoyed the presentation of a real movie. Besides other vaudeville features, a special program by members of the resident company of the Civic Repertory Theatre of Syracuse was given.

An interesting issue of "The Harlow Herald" is soon to appear. It will tell members about present officers and chapter leaders who will be candidates for offices of the club. Members, both active and honorary, are enthusiastic about plans to keep the club one large organization. Various chapters are then to be formed throughout the country. At present there are four chapters



Do these warm Spring evenings find you drooping like a wilted sunflower? . . . What to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first—just relax. And then get to work with your nice big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud of creamy lather and massage it into every tired pore. Goodbye to dust and dirt and perspiration. Ivory leaves your skin cool and pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

As for your face—doctors scoff at elaborate beauty rigamaroles. They know that soap-and-water is best for the skin. Not just any soap, of course, but Ivory Soap—because it is absolutely *pure*. Ivory protects the most sensitive complexions in the world—the skins of tiny babies.

It's smart to be a baby about your soap! Ivory contains nothing harsh to dry up your skin's natural oils. No flossy colorings or perfumes in Ivory! It's "smoother" to buy your scent in a bottle and not in a soap.

Get some Ivory today and start working for your baby-smooth Ivory complexion.

Ivory will be the *finest* and least expensive beauty treatment your skin has ever had.

Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure · It floats

Crackers as an Ingredient

New twists to apparently ordinary foods may be achieved by using crackers

MIRACLES can be performed with everyday foods if you are up on your culinary tricks. It is quite possible to disguise even the plainest standbys so that they are unrecognizable.

By using crackers as an ingredient, Minna Gombell, well-known film player, changes the flavor as well as the appearance of many very ordinary dishes.

Plan right now to put one over on the family by "dressing up" one of their favorites of long standing. And when compliments begin to fly, it is time to spring your little joke. Of course, it's on them, but you'll have more than your share of fun with the experiment. Almost like a kitchen holiday is the preparation of a meal having one or two really new slants.

So, let's get rid, once and for all, of the monotony of cooking day in and day out the self same things in the self same manner.

We'll start this new order of things by testing some of Minna's menu highlights.

Here is a wholesome dish to serve for dinner or Sunday night supper. And I guarantee that it will prove a delight to both men and women guests.

PORK TURKEYS

Have your butcher cut pockets in 6 thick loin pork chops. Brown in butter ½ cup diced mushrooms and 1 tablespoon of minced onion (latter may be omitted). Mix in 12 crumbled soda crackers and remove from fire. Blend with 5 tablespoons of heavy cream and season with salt and pepper.

Now stuff the chops with this mixture. Close up with skewers, season both sides of chops with salt and pepper and bake for about half an hour in hot oven.

A perfect accompaniment is the following. Tasty as can be, and not nearly so difficult to prepare as it may seem.

SWEET POTATO AND NUT BALLS

Crush 36 ginger snaps. Mix ⅔ of the crumbs with 2¼ cups of mashed, cooked sweet potatoes, ¾ cup finely chopped pecans, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 beaten eggs and 3 tablespoons heavy cream. Now form into 18 balls. Dip each in remaining crumbs, then in a third well beaten egg, and once more in the crumbs. Drop into hot fat until well browned. Serve immediately.

Employing one of her cookery secrets, Minna Gombell prepares Apple-Graham Pudding. It can be whisked into the oven in less than no time and, presto, you have a choice dessert

So that there is no let-down after a faultless main course, Miss Gombell likes to serve a home-made dessert. With her delectable goodies she tempts, for "just a taste," even those at her table who feel they have indulged sufficiently.

This is a special favorite and may be prepared in but a few minutes.

APPLE-GRAHAM PUDDING

Roll 24 graham crackers, sprinkle 3 cups sliced apples with cinnamon and place in alternate layers in a greased oven dish. Cover with 2½ cups of milk and dot generously with butter. Bake in a very hot oven for about 35 minutes. Serves nine.

If you prefer a cake dessert—one that is quickly prepared—you must try

FUDGE DELIGHT

To 15 crumbled chocolate wafers add 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Cream together ⅓ cup butter and ¾ cup sugar. Mix in 2 squares melted bitter chocolate. Add 1 beaten egg and 1 teaspoon vanilla. To this mixture add alternately the crumbled chocolate wafers and, gradually a ½ cup of milk. Beat until smooth. Bake in a moderate oven for approximately 15 minutes.

Butter Cream Icing on this cake is decorative and delicious. And it may be scurried up in practically no time at all. *Method:* Cream together ¼ cup butter and 2 cups confectioners' sugar. Add beaten white of 1 egg. Make a paste of 1½ tablespoons cocoa and 1½ tablespoons of hot water or hot coffee and add to first mixture. Coffee is best, as it adds considerably to the flavor of the icing. Using these amounts, you will have enough for both filling and decoration.

The Star-Maker Whose Dreams Turned to Dust

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

The only picture he ever "cleaned up on" was "Way Down East." It made money, not because it had been cheap to produce, but because it was phenomenally popular. He put tremendous sums of money into the making of it, went heavily into debt. He paid $175,000 for the story, in the first place. Then, with customary care, he insisted on filming it in New England, and waiting for each of the four seasons to roll around so that none of the scenery would need to be faked. The company started to work in the fall. Production continued during the bitter cold New England winter, through spring, and into the summer.

GRIFFITH was rewarded by seeing his picture run for over a year in a Broadway theater at a five dollar top!

In part, his screen glory was due to his canny ability to spot talent.

Two girls came knocking at the door of the old Biograph studio one day to see Gladys Smith—Mary Pickford, of course. Griffith answered the door. The girls were Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

Griffith approached a young man in a theater lobby one night and urged him to go into pictures. The man was Doug Fairbanks.

Once a freckle-faced youngster sneaked into the studio to watch her sister play an extra bit. Griffith saw the girl—plain, unattractively dressed. Her name was Mae Marsh. Griffith gave Wallace Reid his first chance in

Another English beauty, loaned to the American screen. Madeleine Carroll's first picture here is "The World Moves On"

At Home ... to New Enjoyment

INVITATIONS are pointing the new trend . . . Entertaining at home comes into its own again. Set your table beautifully, with the loveliest Silverware of all—Community. Five designs, each distinguished by its own especial smartness, await your selection, where fine Silver is sold.

COMMUNITY PLATE: 6 Teaspoons, $2.75, Service for 6, $29.75
COMMUNITY CHINA: 6 Dinner Plates, $7.00
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COMMUNITY PLATE

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YOUR WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN 10 DAYS

...or it will cost you nothing!

...TEST *the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

...writes Miss Healy

"I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

● This Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your *slimmer self* without exercise, diet or drugs.

● Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement...stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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"The Birth of a Nation." He launched Constance Talmadge on her movie career in "Intolerance."

He noticed an electrician on the set one day, took him off the job and gave him a featured rôle in a movie. The man was Charles Emmett Mack.

Henry B. Walthall, Miriam Cooper, Carol Dempster, Ralph Graves, Blanche Sweet, Seena Owen, Eric Von Stroheim, Richard Barthlemess, Robert Harron, Mildred Harris, Gladys Brockwell—all were Griffith-made stars.

But Griffith never grew rich on these "finds." And the stars, incidentally, rarely found happiness in the success that Griffith gave them. Tragic deaths cut short the careers of four of them—Wallace Reid, Mack, Gladys Brockwell and Bobby Harron. And sorrows and misfortunes accompanied the others.

TODAY, a number of the famous people once associated with Griffith have slipped into oblivion or, like the director himself, are living in comparative obscurity, hoping they may still be given a chance to "come back." The exceptional Richard Barthlemess alone among the erstwhile protégés of Griffith has enjoyed uninterrupted movie stardom. The Gish sisters are much better known to the New York stage than to pictures now. Fairbanks and Pickford still are prominent names, of course, but they have been in retirement for lengthy periods in recent years.

For himself, Griffith says he doesn't want to "come back."

"I am tired of movies! To suggest my making another film is like asking a pensioned bricklayer to build another wall."

But his dreams belie his words.

And, finally, he admits that he does think of yet another movie—another picture of the South. It would be a story of the great Southwest, with romantic, adventurous Sam Houston as the central character.

A pioneer in introducing startling ideas, new developments in picture making, Griffith now has only one plan for improving pictures. And that, strangely enough, has nothing to do with the producing of movies, but rather with exhibiting them. He wants, by some means, to make sure that everyone who sees a picture, observes it from the very beginning. He feels that good feature pictures are carefully built, and that the artistic and dramatic effect is lost when the latter part of the picture is seen first.

In large theaters, Griffith would have a second auditorium where shorts and news reels would be shown to late-comers, while they waited for the next feature showing to begin. The plan is expensive, but Griffith, as usual, is thinking of the artistic effect—not of the money bags!

GRIFFITH is not bitter because others reaped the fortunes that his pictures made. He laughs when he tells you that he worked at Biograph for only fifty dollars a week, because he thought his pictures weren't making money, and afterward discovered that a few men there were cleaning up on his productions. For him the weeks of toil without salary on "The Birth of a Nation" were filled with adventure. And the debt he plunged into to make "Intolerance" was well worth while, because the picture was an outstanding example of cinematic technique.

So now a columnist has written that David

Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike), is all dressed up in plumes and whiskers for his rôle of King Henry VIII, in the Fox movie version of "George White's Scandals," just released

Wark Griffith is broke, in need. Certainly, many of the brilliant names, once associated with his, are forgotten. And his old movie masterpieces, when run off on the new and faster modern projectors, jump and flicker foolishly.

His glory is in the past.

Griffith knows that. He wishes they wouldn't revive his pictures. He wishes editors wouldn't speak grandly of his past productions as "works of art."

"They aren't!" he says. And adds, dramatically, "When motion pictures have created something to compare with the plays of Euripides, or the work of Homer or Shakespeare or Ibsen, or the music of Handel or Bach, then let us call motion picture entertainment an art—but not before then."

Cruising Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

cowboy troupe who have spread the fame of the Southwest to every far cranny of the earth.

There's no phony, theatrical cowboy in Hoot's make-up. He's the goods. He learned to sit a pitching bronc before he ever heard of grease-paint. In fact, back in 1912, when he won the Pendleton, Ore., bronc-busting championship (which, in the cowboy world, means the world's championship), "Ed" Gibson was perfectly satisfied with being the best hell-for-leather rider in the rodeos. Many of his pals today are steer-wranglers. His ranch house in the San Fernando Valley, near where he annually holds the biggest rodeo on the West Coast, is fairly cluttered up with trophies and prizes he has won in the saddle. He took championships in New York, Salt Lake City—even Australia.

Then he raced automobiles and motorcycles for some years on the hazardous old dirt tracks of the early thrill rings. He learned to herd an airplane—he has cups to prove his cloud-busting skill—and only last year at the National Air Races, in a special feature race, he miraculously escaped breaking his neck in a spectacular crash at one hundred and sixty-five miles an hour.

"They can't kill me," Hoot grinned, when they picked him up, bruised and broken.

They can't kill him in pictures either.

BUT it isn't his hardy constitution and steel nerves that "Hooter" is banking on now, to carry him back again to that spot in the limelight he occupied when he was Universal's largest drawing star, when they carted the mail from his admirers around in trucks—letters from remote spots of the world, the middle of Africa, China, India, everywhere. He still has that constitution in spite of all the crack-ups and daredevil assaults of the dangerous years. He's still as good a man as he ever was.

Today, Hoot is counting on his straight acting ability, his comedy talent, to carry him back where he wants to be.

A straight diet of Westerns hasn't done right by him, and Hoot believes it is time to turn to his other ability.

The world tour he plans won't be the first time Hoot has ventured far afield from Hollywood. When he was producing his own pictures, he took a company of forty people and several car-loads of horses into Canada to spend an entire winter making "The Calgary Stampede." He has taken some other

Hollywood Hair Styles go romantic!

Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair is **TOO OILY** *or* **TOO DRY**

A brilliant new star in the Hollywood galaxy revived this womanly style from the days of hoop skirts and loving hearts. But it looks far from romantic if you try it with oily, stringy locks. To correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment given below.

Another version of the "back to charm" movement is this coiffure of a first magnitude star. Brittle, wispy, fly-away hair will not cuddle into waves and curls of such alluring tenderness. If your hair is too dry, give it regularly the Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment suggested in this column.

To *correct* OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help *for* DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

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LOVELY eyes depend on long, lovely lashes. You, too, can beautify them in 40 seconds! You'll be delighted at your utterly changed appearance—so will *others*.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

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Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

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If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

foreign trips himself, but never off the American continent to make pictures.

Again, he plans to be the head man, leading his outfit into authentic foreign settings, "travelin' light" with his camera crew, director and necessary cast members. He will fill out his picture with native talent, who will provide the contrast for his humorous American cowboy character.

If things go as he expects, it will be a globe circling tour.

Hoot will be the first international cowboy, dishing out that universally welcomed, international commodity—laughs.

He's as enthusiastic about it as if he were just getting his first camera break, with an eagerness to get going, which belies his fifteen years' record as a star.

"The straight Western idea has been worn pretty threadbare," he says. "I've been in Westerns for years, and they don't hold as much promise for me as comedy does.

"Still, I don't want to get away from being a cowboy, because that's what I am—so I'm amalgamating myself."

Already he has stories in mind to fit every country he will invade with his camera and cowboy gear.

"I'd Never Let My Daughter Be A Star"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

eyes. Now I know they pay, all along the way, for their success. That is the way life is.

"And I hope I don't sound morbid in saying these things," Sylvia amended quickly. "I'm not, really. I feel that I am one of the luckiest girls in the world to have enjoyed the big moments life can offer and still be young."

Even in the midst of Sylvia's picture success, there arose one of those spectres of disillusion. It was when her real father, long a complete stranger to her, suddenly bobbed up last year. If she had not been a star, the incident might never have occurred.

THE story goes back to Sylvia's mother, who had come from Russia twenty-five years ago.

She married Victor Kosow, and to them little Sophie was born. Later, her mother changed the child's name to Sylvia.

The couple were parted, and Mrs. Kosow went looking for work. She could sew. And she found employment in the workroom of one of New York's smart shops—stitching spangles on beautiful evening gowns for lovely ladies of Broadway.

It fired her with a burning ambition to have her own girl-child enjoy these luxuries. And toward that end Bea Kosow worked year in and year out, that Sylvia might later get somewhere in the theater world.

Then she met Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a dentist. After Bea Kosow married Dr. Sidney, they moved from their simple little Bronx flat to a rather luxurious suite on lower Fifth Avenue.

Dr. Sidney applied for adoption papers to make Sylvia his own daughter. And received them.

Sylvia attended Washington Irving High School, and it was there she made her first hit in a school play. A small beginning, but it stirred her ambitions. And with her mother constantly encouraging her toward the theater, Sylvia joined the acting school of the Theater Guild.

THE early days of her career were hard ones. Opportunities were scarce. When it did seem that she had a good chance in "The Challenge of Youth," she injured her back, doing a strenuous bit of stage business while the play was being tried out in Washington. In another rôle, she tripped back-stage and suffered a broken ankle.

Al Woods, veteran Broadway producer, gambled his judgment on her histrionic ability and let her have the ingénue lead in "Crime." Sylvia was established as an actress after this play, which had a long and successful run.

But it was followed by a series of flops. One play after another in which she obtained a rôle opened, only to close a week or so later.

Then came "Gods of the Lightning," in which Sylvia won new laurels by the tragic intensity of her performance. It led to the stage rôle of "Bad Girl."

A motion picture producer was in the audience when "Bad Girl" opened. And at the close of its run, Sylvia Sidney was on her way to Hollywood.

But she didn't remain. Disappointed by what the cameras did to her, and the part assigned her in "Thru Different Eyes," she returned to Broadway.

Do you remember "City Streets," in which she did such fine work opposite Gary Cooper? And Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"?

These pictures were made on Sylvia's second trip to the studio city, and proved how she could really register under proper conditions. She began to like Hollywood. And she stayed on, under an enviable Paramount contract, to do such important rôles as *Jennie Gerhardt*, a story she had wanted to act ever since she read Theodore Dreiser's novel at the impressionable age of fifteen.

But into the flush of this success came the moment when Sylvia had to make a decision; a momentous decision, which friends advised her might wreck her career.

Her father, Victor Kosow, showed up and caused quite a front page stir when he demanded Dr. Sidney relinquish his adoption rights to Sylvia.

Mrs. Sidney had not seen him for a long, long time. Sylvia, bewildered, consulted her attorney.

ON his advice, she decided once and for all to have a showdown. It took plenty of courage to face that issue, and eventually an out-of-court agreement was reached, with Kosow withdrawing his suit. She chose to remain Sylvia Sidney, adopted daughter of the man who had been so great a help to her and her mother.

And for her definite stand and her courage in this grave moment of decision, the picture world loves Sylvia Sidney all the more.

But these—and other things—are the incidents which have left their scars; the things Sylvia refers to when she says the path to picture glory is rocky with disappointment and disillusion.

And looking back, from her early twenty-fourth year, Sylvia insists:

"Yes, I'm glad I have attained stardom. But I'd never let my daughter be a star. The price is too high."

And Was Gloria Burned Up!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

for Katharine Hepburn in 'Morning Glory.'

"The picture we were to do was 'Glamour.' I had been taking singing, dancing and fencing lessons for some time, working hard during every spare moment. Now I saw this picture as the opportunity to use what I had learned—at last. It was the sort of part that really gives an audience pleasure—which is the only test for any part. Then I went to San Francisco for a vacation before the picture was to begin.

"While there I picked up a paper and read that Constance Cummings had been signed to play the part!

"I SAW red. Couldn't believe it. Came flying back to Hollywood—and it was true. Nothing I could do about it. Just another one little good-hearted, good-natured Gloria was supposed to take on the chin without a squawk.

"But Gloria was really fed up this time. She wouldn't take any more. All the talk about 'the show must go on,' fell on my unresponsive ears. I answered, 'For what?'

"Must it go on for me to play those rubber stamp ingénues that are death to ambition? My second year had been simply a repetition of the first. Routine—turn down the corners of your mouth here, smile there, wear some glycerine tears in this one. Things that literally paralyze your imagination, because no demands are made on it.

"I would not go on. And a letter was waiting for me at home that made the decision all the more firm. It was from my old boss, Joseph Coughlin, who once edited the Carmel paper I wrote for. He offered me a post on the North China Daily News, in Shanghai. A long way from Hollywood—but I *wanted* to be a long way from Hollywood.

"I would rather be a reasonably good newspaper woman any day than an indifferent actress with nothing but technique and a few tricks. I honestly have ideals about the theater. There is only one way to be an actress, and that is to act. You learn to drive a car by driving—to be a writer, by writing. And you learn to act by playing a variety of good parts that require all the imagination and ability you can bring to them.

"IT isn't money or position or fame that I want, believe me. I think the most tragic thing that could happen to a picture actress is to be through at twenty-five or thirty, with a million dollars, and nothing to do. I would rather end up just a nice person doing anything—and doing it well—than finish as a mediocre, technical actress. Look at the marvelous lives Marie Dressler and May Robson have had. That's what I want.

"There was no chance of stepping out to another studio, because I had a contract with Universal. Work is the one important thing in life—and as there's only one life, you might as well have fun doing it. The way you have real fun is to enjoy your work. I've never done anything yet I didn't honestly believe in, except a few bad pictures. And I decided then and there—I had made my last one of those! That was over.

"The Chinese newspaper business was on the level. I was all set to go.

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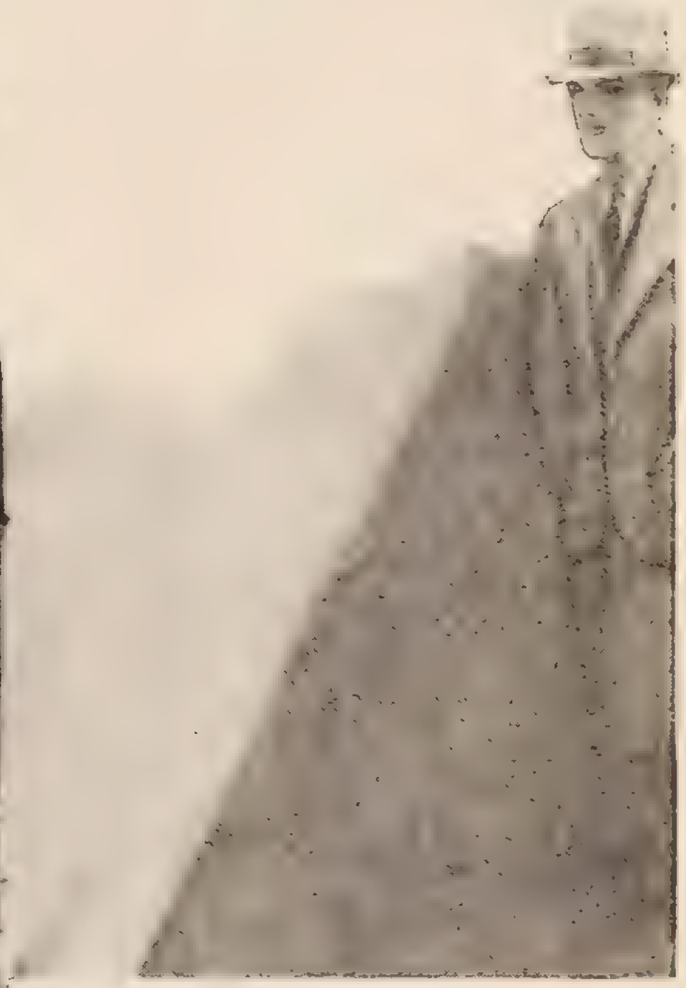

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"The fight, which had nothing whatever to do with Margaret Sullavan personally, but was indirectly inspired by her, was a success.

"They have given me a good part to play—at last.

"The picture is 'I'll Tell the World'—with Lee Tracy. What a break to play with Lee. And what a coincidence, as it is the first picture for both of us since our late unpleasantness.

"I FEEL gay and well and happy for the first time in ages. One's work has such a powerful effect on mind and health. Working in a picture I dislike, I am two other persons. The old routine part puts me in a glum, morbid silence, full of unspoken resentment. These things actually poison the system and the mind.

"But now! The thrill of working with Lee, of a good part in a good picture, with a grand director—I tell you, it's like moving into another world. A good world where the sun shines and you like everybody!"

Gloria stretched luxuriously, and looked around the little, cluttered dressing-room with an indulgent smile.

"Margaret is welcome to my old dressing-room. Constance can have Lowell Sherman. Of course, I will never quite recover from the loss of 'Little Man'—but I can calm down and be myself once more. The fight is over, and not being naturally contentious, it was a strain. At least, it's over as long as they continue to give me stories with real acting parts such as I have in 'I'll Tell the World.'

"It took me a long, long time to work up to it—a lot to get me really started—but I'm darn glad of it now.

"I learned why actresses are temperamental. They have to be. Producers don't think they are any good, otherwise.

"From now on, write this down in your little red book: temperamental Gloria Stuart. Whenever it becomes necessary.

"Because the girl who raises the biggest fuss gets the most attention—and the best parts to play'"

The Mammy and Daddy of Us All

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

like "the old man" to be. We saw him do *David Harum* before the same type of audience. And kids in their excitement leaped up in their seats and squealed at the top of their lungs, "Gee, what a swell pitcher!"

No doubt the kids missed the import of Will's political gags and the more subtle of his comments on human nature, but none missed the point that here was a winking, twinkling little man doing good with both hands and dodging the credit, with all the bashfulness of a grammar school graduate. To them it was not a show. Will was just papa and so natural they felt, with the intense imagination of childhood, that they were right in the *Harum* dining-room eating Christmas turkey. You could almost hear their lips smacking!

And grown-up audiences are practically the same. In Paris where, not so long ago, they

"Toots," pet on the set of "We're Not Dressing," watches while a sequence is shot. The lady watching "Toots" is Ethel Merman, who makes her screen début in the new Bing Crosby film

used to throw decayed vegetables at a screen that showed American films they did not like, the audience did everything but embrace the ushers in exhibiting their pleasure over "She Done Him Wrong." Mae West at once became the toast of the boulevards, and one writer described her as "a cocktail of motherhood, as shapely as the glass it is poured into, as round as the olive which lies on the bottom, as comforting as the drink when swallowed."

Designers created Mae West frocks; milliners made a rush for the ostrich, and plumes became the vogue. In London the Mae West lingo united all classes, and "Come up and see me sometime" became the classic form of invitation from Mayfair to Convent Garden.

IN these United States, more people went to see Mae than had ever favored any other star. Everybody went: doctors, detectives, dry-cleaners and dumbbells. She was a sensation no one could explain. Yet, in the final analysis, it is all quite simple. We forget that she mad her début during the depression when people were downcast, disheartened, and dragged themselves about with long faces and limp wallets. In times like these, people are more or less indifferent to sex-appeal; what they want is someone to lean on—they want understanding, encouragement, sympathy—they want that essential, unselfish love which only women have—some the day they are born, and all of them when they are mothers.

And this is the spirit that Mae West distilled in the celluloid at Hollywood! She had it and she could dish it out. It went forth wrapped up in a hard-boiled sexy style and tied up with risqué situations and deep laughs. She was a sermon in a burlesque theater. In a word, Mae West came along with this profound, all embracing maternal appeal—something she probably doesn't know she has—at a time when the whole world was down and out and crying for a mother. What a break for Mae! What a break for the world! People go to Mae West pictures for the same reason little boys run to their mothers when they faw down and go boom!

If you want proof, ask the Hollywood bookkeepers!

This side—the sunny side—of the West character crops up repeatedly in her pictures. In "She Done Him Wrong," for example, we find her going far out of her way to befriend the girl threatened by the white slavers. Again, in "I'm No Angel," she plays mother to a girl performer, giving her a jade necklace in the hope of making her feel better. When her rascally husband comes out of jail, Mae forgets the past, finds him a job and gives him money.

THERE'S nothing strikingly original about any of these incidents, except that they sound like a thousand-and-two similar acts of generosity she has been performing all her life. She believes in "bein' reg'lar." Mae is known on all circuits as a sucker for a hard-luck story, and today she packs a roll of bills under her garter for actors who happen to be down on their luck. They say she has never let down a friend.

As a matter of fact, all of us have been misled by the red-light rôles she chooses. Mae West cannot conceal the fundamental and elemental goodness of her soul by a wrapping of hi-de-ho!

"Sex is beautiful," Mae told the National Board of Review, "except when it is underhanded."

Shaped like an hour-glass, Mae West has the curving, abundant figure we have always

The well-dressed Leg by PHOENIX

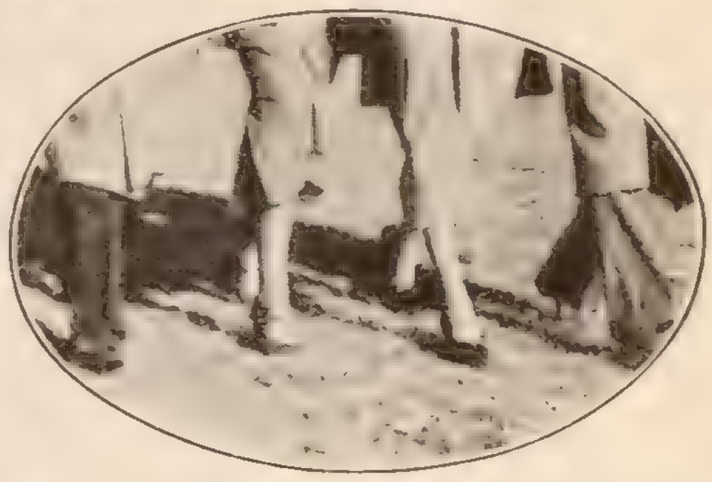
• Spring's smart "Doggys"

Collie, there, has given his name to the light Phoenix beige hose that picks up the light note of his mistress' hat. Good with navy blue and true browns. *Setter* begs you, with sweet sad gaze, to notice *Setter*, the warm Phoenix beige for all the bright Spring shades. *Spaniel's* very snooty about the Phoenix shade named after him—the proper beige for corals, rusts, cinnamon browns. *Greyhound* is a beige that will run with navy and grey beiges. The new Phoenix "Doggy" colors are *the* hosiery shades for Spring. Ask to see them now. The pair, 85c to $1.95.

• Rings on her fingers—but none on her hose!

The lady is wearing Paris' latest invention in jewelry—a heavy ring carved from a single piece of crystal. And she's wearing Phoenix' latest invention in hosiery—an absolutely ringless stocking! What a boon to mankind *this* is! These clear-as-crystal stockings give you the perfect texture that's so flattering to the leg. All for the moderate price of $1.25, in Phoenix "Fluff," shadowless chiffon, No. 779.

• Back to the land!



Women who won't give up silk stockings even for sports are wearing Phoenix, and swearing by them. Here's the secret—a Phoenix Tipt-toe that's double, and a Phoenix Duo-heel that's likewise. In this famous Phoenix Long-mileage foot, you can safely present a silk-clad calf to the world, the while being awfully rugged and practical underneath. Phoenix "Standby" service sheers, No. 772, are $1.25 the pair.

• Spring "knits" stick closer than a brother

So Everything Underneath has to fit like the skin! Phoenix Custom-Fit Top, made of a two-way stretch fabric, will never betray you. This discreet little number stretches up and down for tall ladies, or out and out for plumper sisters. Nothing to fold over. Nothing to gag the thighs. Blessed, blessed Phoenix Custom-Fit Top! (By the way, it's the only one of its kind. Don't be fooled.) Be sure to ask for Phoenix Custom-Fit Top. The pair, $1 to $1.95.

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"I need odor prevention alone," says the woman who doesn't perspire much, "and I love the neat, lipstick way Perstik is applied. *A few quick strokes under the arms each morning give me complete protection for the day.* No muss or fuss ... it's on without using the fingers. It's greaseless, and harmless to fabrics — I use it before or after my dress is on. Just as easy to apply on sanitary napkins. I adore the handsome black-and-ivory case that Perstik comes in."

"And I," says the woman who perspires more freely,

"find that Perstop is the simplest way to stop moisture. I just touch the sponge-neck Perstop bottle to my underarm ... no separate applicator or cotton needed. It dries quicker, gives protection for days, and keeps my dresses free from perspiration stains."

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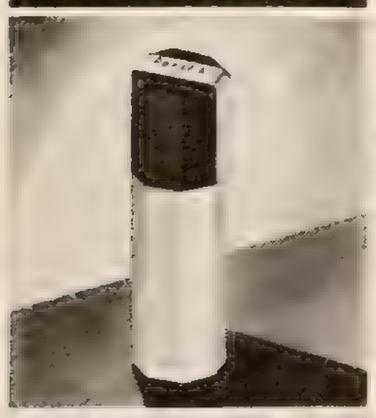

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associated with motherhood. Her body has all the full beauty of Venus de Milo who, were she alive today, would probably be washing diapers. She is slow-moving, quizzical, alert—a mother who remembers her own childhood. She has the lap and bosom of the maternal woman and a skin a baby would love to touch.

With it all, Mae has an earthly wisdom that comes out of a knowledge of what this limping world is all about. This remarkable lady has a wholesome sweep of wisdom, a halo of good health and an inborn sense of proportion. She has a fine straightforwardness, an honesty and lack of pretense that inspire confidence and trust. There is something permanent about this strange person, something that partakes of universal and eternal things.

MAE WEST tips the scales at one hundred and twenty at a normal weighing. Allowing for camera tricks and clever casting, how does she convey that air of largeness, of amplitude? It is much more than the mere physical. It is that other thing we mentioned: It's an emanation, an aura, a spiritual expanding, a glow that issues from the soul. Anyhow, something hard to describe!

Now, turning back to Massa Will. Any picture he has ever appeared in contains a full-size portrait of the average head of a family. Take any of them: "Lightnin'," "State Fair," "Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch," "David Harum."

In the last, his chief paternal exercise is promoting a wedding between *Ann* and *John*, played respectively by Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. But with what art, what sensitiveness, what fine sympathy for the heart of youth he goes about the job!

When *Ann*, who is the daughter of a friend, comes up to Will's bedroom while he is dressing, there is no embarrassment. With any other actor, the audience might smirk and think naughty thoughts. But with Will, he is so much the father type, naughtiness occurs to nobody.

Will arranges meetings; promotes a courtship under the moon by sending them off with a balky horse; empties the dining-room for them so they can steal a kiss; and finally helps *John* financially so that they can marry. But to be convinced of our point, all you have to do is see the film and focus hard on the Christmas dinner. No one ever was or could be a more perfect father than Will is—bachelor though he is in the picture—sitting at the head of the table, carving the Christmas turkey.

IN life, as in his numerous rôles, Will is careless about small things—a trait which worries his family, mayhap, but which makes him the darling of the world. He shuffles when he walks and slumps down in his chair. He plays with his knife and fork while waiting to be served. He almost always needs a hair cut, and were it not for his wife, would wear the same shirt forever. He is always late for meals and when he wants to reduce, diets on onions.

Like a great many other fathers, he is a little cowed by his wife. He is old-fashioned, likes small town life and is no hand for social doings.

When he smiles you melt. When the words start flowing, you just naturally grin. His words are double-edged. They make you laugh and they comfort you. His monologue is the homely, witty horse sense you expect from a father. His wit presses a button in your heart, brain and liver. It is a strong steel-made wit that can lick its weight in senators.

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All his gags are of the parlor variety. They are inspected and okayed by Mrs. Will or Betty Rogers.

"I had a gag in one of my films that maybe wasn't as polite as it might be," he told an interviewer several years ago. "So before we started to shoot, I went home and told it to Betty. She laughed and said that it was all right. So we went ahead."

Will's original idea, back in his cowboy days, was to run a little ranch near his birthplace in Oologah, Oklahoma, but Fate sent him out into the world and he became famous. But he has never quite forgotten the idea. His home in Hollywood is a ranch, built and laid out to resemble as closely as possible the ranch of his youthful fancy.

He spends a great deal of time with the children, helping them with their lessons, instructing them in politics and journalism.

"If I'm proud of my children, it's because none of them is prodigies," he once said.

MRS. ROGERS declares that Will would much rather play with kids than with grown-ups, no matter how famous. She adds, "Will never worries. He has never been cross at any time in his life. And not once has he spanked the children."

In "Mr. Skitch," he is asked if he could pretend to be an Englishman in order to get a much needed job as waiter. He replies, "To feed my family, I'd be a Chinaman."

Like Mae, Will Rogers cannot conceal his personality. For which, let us murmur a prayer of thanks. It is Will we want to hear and see. No matter what he does, we like him. And ditto for Missy Mae. They've got what we need nothing else but. They've got what we all should have been born with —the ability to take life as it comes, of meeting trouble with a jest.

There they are—Will and Mae. Mr. Rogers can be relied upon not to haunt your dreams, his shining orbs will not pierce the darkness of your bedchamber—you will never get the shivers remembering him. But if it's comfort and the caress of a friendly hand you want—he can deliver. In the words of the song, Will is "No hero out of books, not much for looks—but we love him!"

And Mae? She might be said to lack all the things we used to think was a beautiful woman. In the old days before Mae, when someone told you he had just met a beautiful girl, you at once visualized her as tall, slim, and willowy. No, Mae is nothing like the pictures we used to tack on the wall. Yet, there she struts—in complete control of the situation, maker of fashions, breaker of attendance records. She tells her own story in the song she sings in "I'm No Angel":

"I've got the face of a saint;
It ain't paint."

THERE'S no paint. Whichever way you read her, Mae West spells mother, and at a time when the world is tired of sitting on the doorsteps of slender hussies who don't know what it is all about, and who—because success came to them while they are still young—will never know. The booming, sibilant voice of Mae calls out over the threshold, "Come up . . ."

And the world hurries up—crying infants, bearded men. It's mother saying it, calling; Mother Mae, who was sneered at by Hollywood and was almost broke when her chance came.

Well, put on your ear-muffs, boys and girls. You have heard what may strike you as a strange story. But we'll stick to it.

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Cheer every play, smoke through the whole nine innings—but smoke KOOLS. You'll find your throat will not get dry. KOOLS are mentholated—the smoke is cooler, better for you. But KOOLS are so mildly mentholated, the full flavor of the fine tobaccos is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Save FREE coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

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"Just Leopold"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

charge. He was seventeen-years-old then, tall, slim, boyish. He was dressed as a Belgian private soldier. As a private, he stood back while officers passed ahead of him to follow in the wake of the King and Queen as they entered the studio.

After his Secret Service bodyguard had presented me to him, I said to the prince, "How do you wish to be addressed?"

His answer was, "Just Leopold."

I THOUGHT then that those two words epitomized the spirit of democracy which had endeared the Royal Family of Belgium to peoples throughout the world.

Our studio was allotted, by schedule, just ten minutes of the Royal Family's time.

Our first stop on the tour was at a set built in the studio tank. A scene had been prepared for several actors to struggle on the deck of a boat. Two of them, locked together, were to fall overboard. Then two officers were to dash out of a cabin and shoot at the figures struggling in the water.

All went according to schedule and was enjoyed by the entire party up to the time the ship's officers began to shoot.

At the sound of the first shot, four Belgian officers snapped open their pistol holsters, snatched their revolvers, alert to the fear that an attack might be made on the life of their sovereign.

At that moment an aide, a Belgian soldier then living in Los Angeles, spoke quickly in Flemish, explaining to the Belgians. They smiled apologetically and put the revolvers back into their holsters.

On the next set was a large enclosed stage where Douglas MacLean and Doris May were to enact a scene for the royal guests.

I PUSHED the Crown Prince through the crowd that filled the stage, so he could see better. I was standing beside the King, so I motioned for him to step forward, too. He shook his head and said, "No. This is one time where height has its advantage—I can see over the heads of the others." And he could.

The scene being enacted was a little domestic incident in the lives of a pair of newlyweds who had been quarreling and were on the point of making up. MacLean sat at one end of a long davenport, while Doris May sat at the other end.

Gradually they both moved toward the middle of the davenport. Finally, only about a foot of space separated them. King Albert turned to me and remarked humorously, "He's gaining ground."

The next instant, MacLean and Doris May were in each other's arms, and everyone applauded.

As the party moved on, the Crown Prince hung back, keenly interested in the workings of the motion picture camera.

I said to him, "If there is anything you particularly want to see or know about, just ask me."

The Secret Service guard remarked, "You're letting yourself in for something! He can ask more questions in a minute than a college professor can answer."

The Prince smiled and patted the man on the shoulder. And from then on, His Highness fired question after question at me. When I knew the answer, I gave it. When I didn't, I referred the question to the particular artisan whose department we were visiting at that moment. This brought forth more questions from the Prince.

He was never satisfied until he got all the information possible.

People working in the studio were surprised and pleased at his intelligent interest and his keen zest for acquiring the right answer.

However, we were quite separated from the royal party, and we rushed to catch up. We found them just entering another large stage on which a set representing the interior of an American submarine was built.

The submarine was supposed to be resting on the bottom of the sea. Engines were crippled. The supply of oxygen was rapidly diminishing.

There were ten sailors under the command of a lieutenant, which rôle was played by Jack Richardson.

THE Crown Prince and I climbed to the top of a six foot parallel where we could look down into the crippled sub. Apparently, there was no hope for rescue. One sailor grabbed a gun, to commit suicide. The lieutenant took the gun away from the man and, rising to his feet, made a stirring, patriotic speech about the traditions of the navy and how, if they were to die, each must die like a man. The speech was impressive and well-delivered. When Richardson had finished, the Crown Prince turned to me and whispered, "What a pity the audience will never hear what the lieutenant said."

Long since, the allotted ten minutes had been used up. The gentlemen of the committee were quite frantic. Every once in a while one of them would dash up to Secret Service man Bill Nye, who was in charge of the tour, and say, "We *must* move on." And Bill would answer, "They're enjoying it here. Let them have all they want."

And they did. One hour and fifteen minutes of it. Of course, it did play hob with the rest of the schedule. But the Royal Family didn't care.

FINALLY, when I thought every nook and cranny of the studio had been seen and every item of interest exhausted, I said to the Prince, "Now, Leopold, is there anything else you would like to see or know about?"

"Yes," he answered at once, "I want to see how moving pictures are made."

I felt suddenly weak!

"But," I answered, "that's what you have been seeing. This *is* how they are made."

"I don't mean that," he explained. "I want to know how they are manufactured. How they are put together."

"Oh, you mean the developing and printing?" I asked.

The Prince nodded and smiled. At last I was showing some sense.

It was a simple matter to arrange for a tour through the laboratory. It happened that the man in charge of the laboratory was a Belgian named Al Brandt. He conversed with the royal party in Flemish. The King and Queen went through the laboratory, too. And, as usual, the Prince lagged behind to ask more and more questions.

From the floor of a nearby cutting-room, I

secured several strips of film, seven or eight inches long. I gave them to the Prince. He examined them very carefully, and asked, "What makes them move on the screen?"

The principle of the shutter was explained to him at great length. He wanted to know the reason for every single thing!

It seemed that everything had been explained, when the Prince suddenly asked, "How are those pictures made that show houses building themselves, and shoes walking along by themselves?" He had seen some trick photography.

THE Prince was keenly interested in this, and made several notes on the subject. He then very carefully put away, in a well-worn leather wallet, the strips of film I had given him. As we hurried to catch up with the party, the Prince said, "I would like to spend a whole week here."

"Why don't you?" I asked.

For a moment he seemed to consider it. Then he shook his head and answered, "No—I guess I'll have to go on."

As we hurried along we passed a young man dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant of the United States Army. He was an extra at the studio, but had been an officer in the war.

When the Prince noticed the man he stopped suddenly, brought his right hand to his cap in a military salute. The young American soldier returned it. Leopold was a private. The extra was an officer. And Leopold was always a soldier.

The King and Queen were already in their car, waiting for the Prince. As he reached his car, Leopold turned and shook hands with me, saying:

"I have enjoyed every minute of my visit, and I thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken with me. If you come to Europe and do not visit Brussels and call upon me, I shall feel very badly."

IN a moment the cavalcade was on its way. As the Prince's car passed through the studio gates, he turned and waved goodbye. I have not seen him since.

I have often wondered if, when I go to Europe, and decide to look up His Majesty, Leopold III, and with the assistance of the American Ambassador I cut away the red tape and finally reach the audience chamber, he will say, as he did fifteen years ago, in answer to my question, "How do you wish to be addressed?"

"Just Leopold."

I believe he will. That is, if no High Chamberlain is listening.

"ME Jealous of that Kid? Phooey!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

generation of actors are that keep springing up almost overnight. So, when I innocently and without malice (well, without too much malice, I mean) said, "And who is Ricky Arlen?" the reporters started a hullabaloo that echoed from the shores of the Pacific to the shores of the Atlantic. I hope.

Now, in the first place, I was billed to play the star rôle in "The Baby in the Ice-box," and when I heard of this newcomer being put in my place, naturally, I burned and, without stopping a minute, rushed over to the head

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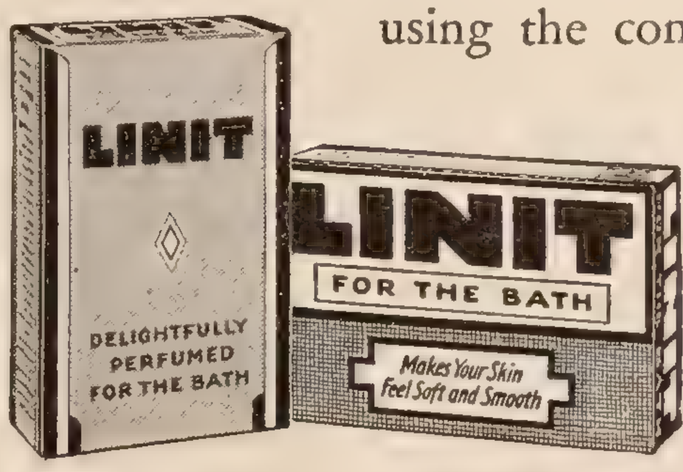

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office to have my say. Well, the executives were having a conference, or story meeting, about this very picture.

A story meeting, I might say, is a meeting where all the writers, executives, and so forth, gather 'round and mutter, "We've gotta have a sexy scene, that's all." So I stormed right in. "Jes' a moment," I said, and you could have heard "Manny" Cohen drop, the silence was that colossal. "Jes' what is this?" I went on. "First I'm billed to do the 'Ice-box' picture, and now this Arlen guy is put in my place."

"Now, now, LeRoy," they said. "Let us explain. You see, we bought this story some time ago, and since then you've grown too large to get in the ice-box."

"Can I help it if I grow?" I demanded. "Am I responsible for Nature's little whims?"

"Well, no," they conceded. "But just the same you gotta admit that you're not the ice-box type any more. Now, if you'll let Ricky Arlen have this part, we'll fix you up with a nice, new super-special thriller where you can hide in a railway station with Kate Smith."

SO that's how Ricky Arlen got the part. It was only through my own noble generosity. Otherwise, he'd still be an unknown out at Toluca Lake. Playing with the ducks.

But mind, while I have only the kindest thoughts and best wishes for Ricky Arlen, it hurt, I'll admit, when I saw him being pushed all over the Paramount lot in my own special six perambulator with the quick absorbing cushions. And only a short time ago it had been mine. That cut to the quick. And when I sneaked onto his set one day and saw him sitting in the ice-box with a chicken leg in one fist, I felt the injustice of it. All I got in my first picture was a bathtub and Edward Everett Horton. I'd much rather have had a chicken leg any day. But no. I had to have Edward Everett.

And here's something else that rankled in my bosom. Did I have a real stand-in in my first picture? Oh, no, I had to have a baby doll. Full of Hollywood sawdust. But here's this beginner, without even the slightest stage experience, with a real stand-in. Now mind, I'm not jealous. Just a little aggravated around the white piqué collar, that's all.

And another thing. I got all dressed up in my white suede jacket (it takes me and Georgie Raft to spring the nifty get-ups) and strolled across the lot to give the Earl Carroll "Vanities" girls a treat. And what do I find? What meets my eye (roguish blue), but all those gorgeous girls swarming around this Arlen youngster and cooing like a lot of nit-wits, "Oooo, isn't he ze cootest 'ittle sing. Give us 'ittle dirls a dreat, big kiss, you wonderful mans." And him sitting there, taking it big. Throwing out his romper bosom and acting like he had a lot of "It." Say, you could wrap all the "It" that gigolo has in a two cent stamp and still have room for Alison Skipworth.

DISGUSTING, I call it.

And another thing. I pass down dressing-room row the other day, and what do I see? Him, sitting on Gary Cooper's lap, eating his lunch in his father's dressing-room.

And I have to eat lunch in the nursery every day.

Well, after all, there is a limit to what a man can stand, so once again I stormed into the front office and had my say.

"I'm not eating my lunch in the nursery any longer," I declared. "If Ricky Arlen can sit on a star's lap and eat in a star's dressing-room, so can I."

"Well, where do you want to eat your lunch?" they asked.

"Off Mae West's lap," I screamed. "And not another place. It's Mae's lap or no place."

Well, it seems they'd had that same request from a lot of actors and gotten no place, so big-hearted me, I promised to compromise. Mae gets to eat off my lap once a week, and the rest of the time I get to sit on the "Vanities" girls' laps and eat all my meals. So you see, I'm not letting him put too much over on me. After all, I've been in this world a full twenty-one months, and I've spent most of it right here on the Paramount lot, and I've learned and learned. It's no wonder I'm white-headed. It's a wonder I don't have to walk with Joey Von Sternberg's cane.

AND another thing. Now, I don't want to come right out point-blank and say Mr. Ricky Arlen is to blame for the rumor that has been floating around lately, but on the other hand, where did the story, "Is Baby LeRoy through?" originate, if not with a jealous rival?

Is Baby LeRoy through! The idea. Why, you might as well say, is Lionel Barrymore through. True, we both wear short pants off the screen and burp at the wrong time, but does that signify anything? It just goes to show what a cross we artists have to bear. I realize now that I'm ready to play character parts, but what has one's age to do with popularity today?

True, Mr. Arlen has youth. The enthusiastic age of eleven months, I believe. But George Arliss, Marie Dressler and I are living proofs that all movie-goers don't demand youth. We've got what it takes, George, Marie and I, and I don't care if I live to be five, or even six years old. I'll stand and deliver.

And speaking of standing—Ricky Arlen is still crawling, by the way, and who ever heard of anyone crawling up the ladder of success? Unless it was one of those silly Marx Brothers. They're liable to crawl up anything.

I'll never forget the day they had that big fire scene in Ricky's picture and sent a pair of my old rompers over for him to wear.

IF that wasn't a scene—with Ricky creating most of it. Do you think he'd wear those rompers? No, sir. He fought and kicked and screamed. He was going to have his own rompers made if all Hollywood burned. So they held up the scene while Travis Banton, the studio designer, came tearing over like mad and designed Ricky a pair of hand-embroidered rompers, and twenty dressmakers tore like fury getting them together.

Then, very deliberately he donned the rompers, the waiting prop boys set fire to the set, and he permitted the purple violets to be singed off the front of his Travis Banton creation.

Not in my time, I tell you, we didn't pull any of those stunts. We wore what we were given and liked it.

They were getting ready for Ricky's great dramatic scene where he denounces Sally Eilers for a two-timing mama. The cameras were all set and waiting. Everyone was tense. I was hiding behind one of the props, watching.

"Get over, pop," Ricky said to his dad, Richard Arlen, who is also in the picture, "this scene is mine. You've been taking all the scenes in this picture now, and I've said nothing. But this scene is mine and I'm going to do a little plain and fancy camera hogging

myself." And with that he took the exact center of the scene.

They were all ready, now. The director called "Camera," and Ricky began. And just when he got to the big climax of the scene, I let out a big raspberry.

There's a lot of tomboy left in my old body yet, I guess.

Anyway, that fixed Mr. Ricky for that day. I could bend over double yet, if it weren't for my rheumatism, at the dumb-founded expression on Ricky's face when he heard that raspberry. Whewieee!

But now, of course, I wouldn't want you to get any wrong ideas about us. I bear no ill will toward Ricky Arlen. He, no doubt, is a gentleman and a fair-enough actor for a youth.

I will admit he's a handsome lad, if you care for the pink-cheeked, bubble-blowing type. And he's certainly a card with the ladies. You should see him with a certain well-known blonde actress I could name.

WELL, all I can say is, young people didn't act that way in my time. I don't know what this younger generation is coming to. It's beyond me.

I may not, as I have said, have the dashing verve and youth of young Arlen, but my art has ripened and mellowed. In fact, I am polluted with mellowness, as it were. My first blush of youth is over. Quietly, and I hope with tolerance and understanding, I can retire at the end of my day's work to my little rocking chair (ole' rocking chair got me), with my slippers and my pipe. And my memories.

And I can't tell you what a comfort comes to me, as I putter about my little garden, to realize that for all these dashing young juveniles—the Ricky Arlens of the world, as it were—my public is still faithful to me. And cling, even as Arliss' monocle to his eye.

Faithful to the end, to one who has spent his life giving entertainment to others. Bringing laughs and tears to all. The one and only Baby LeRoy of the screen.

Greta Garbo Wanted to Be a Tight Rope Walker

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

To film Greta Garbo's old grandmother is no easy task. If anyone thinks so—just try it!

After I drove sixty miles to Sparreholm, she just simply refused to be filmed. No chance with flowery language, bribes, or anything else.

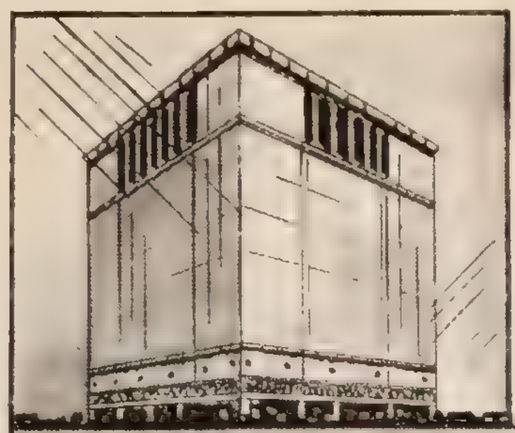
The old lady has already past the age of seventy-six, and is still full of life and plenty of determination.

IN days gone by, she lost patience with her granddaughter's eccentricities and has never seen her on the screen.

"Because she came from the city, she thought she was a regular city lady and didn't think much of my cooking," said the little grandmother. "Once she came out here to us to spend a few days, and I will never forget it.

"She wanted to be a tight rope walker and tied ropes between the trees and had everybody on the place worried stiff.

"Yes, she would think up the strangest things, that girl!"



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Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Leslie Howard
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Lorena Layson
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Emily Lowry
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
William Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Kathryn Sergava
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

No More Crooners!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

But Bing Crosby needs some word or phrase to describe his singing.

What should be the new descriptive term for Crosby and the intriguing quality of his slightly husky voice, which has made him one of the country's outstanding vocal entertainers?

What one word or term do you think best describes him?

Since the word crooner has fallen into disrepute and taken on unfavorable connotations, a new name for Crosby must be found.

It is felt that the logical source for this name is from Bing's admirers—those who eagerly await his screen and radio performances.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Paramount Picture Corporation will award $300.00 in cash prizes for name suggestions.

To the person who submits the best word, or phrase of not more than two words, a prize of $100.00 will be awarded.

For the second best suggestion, a prize of $50.00 will be given.

The third prize will be $30.00, and there will be twelve of $10.00 each.

There will also be fifty consolation awards—personally autographed photographs of Bing himself.

Every person who has enjoyed Crosby's singing should be able to think up at least one good descriptive word or phrase.

Coin the word if you want. Or combine two words to make a fitting phrase. Search the dictionary, ask your friends, get the family in on the game. Then send your entries in, and watch PHOTOPLAY Magazine for announcement of the names of the prize winners.

Here are the rules:

The contest begins immediately. It ends at midnight on April 25. All entries must be in the editor's hands before that date. The judges will be selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and the Paramount Pictures Corporation. Their decision will be final. Send your entries to the Anti-Crooner Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

Time for lunch: So Shirley Temple left the "Fox Follies" set and followed the grown-up stars to the Movietone City café

Fashion says:

accent the eyes and lips

but do it Just Right!

• Smart faces today are *expressive* faces! Your interesting features are played up. This means that lips are *frankly* rouged, and cheeks *sparingly* rouged. Eyelids are subtly shadowed, to give depth and sparkle. And powder must *exactly match* the skin.

Lovely? Of course! But this new make-up must be just right, for you don't want to look "painted."

The only sure way is to choose your make-up by your *skin-tone. Not* your hair, or your eyes, or your clothes. This is the principle Dorothy Gray follows in her Salons, and the one she recommends to you.

And you can't go wrong! For Dorothy Gray has grouped all her make-up according to skin-tones. Now you can *give yourself* this simplified "1-2-3 Salon Make-up."

1. *Dorothy Gray Make-up Foundation Cream,* to make cosmetics go on smoothly. *White, Natural, Rachel,* $1.

2. *Dorothy Gray Rouge and Lipstick...* matched in colors, matched in names. The famous Cream Rouge made on a finishing cream base, $2. Lipsticks in clear, true colors, non-fading, indelible, $1. Rouge and lipstick colors: *Tawny, Sunset, Flamingo, Scarlet, Blush, Avis, Bright Rose, D'Espagne. Dorothy Gray Eye-shadow,* in sophisticated shades, $1.50.

3. *Dorothy Gray Salon Face Powder,* in exact skin-tone shades. *Cream, Natural, Rachel, Aureate, Tawny Rachel, Suntone, Evening,* $3, $1.

• *NEW FREE LEAFLET, "How to Use the New Make-Up,"* contains complexion analysis and make-up chart. Send for your copy. Dorothy Gray, 683 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Dorothy Gray

We have complied with the requirements of the NRA

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Have you tried the new improved Kurlash?

NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICING

WE'VE made a better Kurlash now . . . a *new, improved* model that turns your lashes up to stay (in thirty seconds) and practically wraps *you* up in glamour. The ante is one dollar, and the winner takes all. And if it's not at your accustomed drug or department store, we'll send it direct.

THE NEW, IMPROVED *Kurlash*

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Oh! How Different

It's so mild . . so pleasant . . so kind to the skin

DEWANS Special Facial HAIR REMOVER

NOT just a depilatory, but a "miracle" of beauty chemistry. Think of it. A hair remover that can be used on the most tender face without smarting... without even "pinking" the skin... without making a disagreeable odor. That's DEWANS ...and it means, simply, that you don't have to tolerate a single unwanted hair a moment longer... on your face... on your arms or legs. DEWANS is $1 at the best drug and department stores.

In event of a tie, duplicate awards will be made.

Each entrant may submit as many as five suggestions, but not more than five. The suggestions must be written on one side of a sheet of paper. No entries will be returned. Be sure to write your name and address plainly.

It's easy to think up a name! You'll be surprised, once you get started, at how many words and phrases occur to you. Write down every single one you can think of. Try them out on yourself, on your friends or family. Then cull out those that don't "hit," and send in the best of the lot.

What is *your* best suggestion for Bing Crosby's new descriptive name?

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

GAMBLING LADY—Warners

SHE plays the game "straight"—this Barbara Stanwyck, gambling *Lady Lee*. Nothing up her ermine sleeve, no aces in her silken sock. Then she marries Park Avenue, or Joel McCrea, and finds that the girls over there stack the cards. Claire Dodd, Joel's old pal, all but ruins the game. Pat O'Brien is the reliable boy friend. Fair entertainment.

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal

SOME new twists make this a really interesting Western, with Ken Maynard playing a dual rôle and working in a bit of dancing, singing and plenty of hard riding on Tarzan, his horse. Fred Kohler is the villain who robs the safe, with Sheriff Maynard right after him. Lots of thrills. Cecilia Parker.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., turns in a clever performance as a young advertising man with an insatiable desire for wealth and prominence, but this wandering story just doesn't hit the mark. Genevieve Tobin does nice work. Colleen Moore, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman.

SPEED WINGS—Columbia

COLONEL Tim McCoy dishes out plenty of action, this time in an airplane. With partner William Bakewell, he designs a motor to win the speed championship. But all sorts of difficulties pop up. Fights galore, zooming planes, chases, cheers, and a thrilling finish. Evalyn Knapp. Fine for the younger set.

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M

THERE are all the elements of the old style melodrama in this, but you'll love it just the same. Robert Young comes to the Louisiana shrimp fisheries to swindle Jean Parker's mother, but instead plays the hero who rescues the old home and wins Jean's heart. Lovely moss-hung settings. Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton are side-splitting.

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty

AN independent production that rates with the majors. Notorious columnist Jack LaRue, is murdered while broadcasting in a locked room. Murder takes place just before he "spills the beans," as he has promised to do. Several persons had a motive—but who did it? Thelma Todd, Gail Patrick, Vince Barnett, Leslie Fenton, Russell Hopton.

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners

DRAMA in a deserted tourist haven, with the sunshine contributed by those comedy masters, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh and Ruth Donnelly; and the dramatic lightning by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot. Ann longs for excitement, and gets her wish when robbers and Reno divorcees visit the camp. Tragic, but well played.

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal

THE only entertaining thing about this is the expert characterization by Robert McWade, who takes the film completely away from Lew Ayres and Patricia Ellis without even trying. The story is all about Lew and Patricia trying to live on his small salary and not succeeding—until both learn their lessons. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell.

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio

NOT having seen his daughter (Helen Chandler) since childhood, John Barrymore has quite a time "getting acquainted" with the young lady when she becomes a performer at the night club where he acts as a sort of manager and master of ceremonies. Story is not nearly up to the Barrymore standard, but has good dialogue and many amusing little incidents.

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount

A GOOD theme that just didn't jell, this yarn about a waterfront hard-guy, Victor McLaglen, who sells out a friend and then makes a noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is believable as the girl who waits for the man she loves. Preston Foster makes a nice victim of circumstances. Alison Skipworth.

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia

MARY BRIAN'S romance with detective's son Bruce Cabot is climaxed by the murder of Mary's gangster brother. And, though just fairly entertaining, this melodrama does have a surprise finish. In an effort to clear his son of the charge, Detective Grant Mitchell hits upon a thousand-to-one shot which catches the real criminal unawares. Fine camera work.

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox

A GIRL'S disillusionment in her Greenwich Village friends, whom she believes genuine artists needing only a chance, is the theme selected to introduce lovely Rosemary Ames to the screen. Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are the fake artists, while wealthy John Boles proves a friend in need. Gertrude Michael and Joyzelle add color.

HAROLD TEEN—Warners

SIS-BOOM-BAH! Adolescence plus, complete with petting parties, fudge sundaes, lettered flivvers and the like—in this illogical but amusing screen translation of Carl Ed's comic strip. Hal LeRoy, as *Harold*, dances his way through in fine style, and Rochelle Hudson was cut out for the rôle of *Lillums*. A banana split to Patricia Ellis and rest of cast.

MIDNIGHT—Universal

PRETTY morbid capital punishment drama from the Theatre Guild play. The foreman of a jury which sends a woman to the electric chair is himself the father of a daughter who also kills the man she loves. Not a particularly pleasant evening's entertainment. But Sidney Fox and supporting players are excellent.

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.

BUT there *is* lots of funny business in this fluffy Continental comedy about the divorce agency which supplies operatives to effect reconciliations and manages to get the correspondents in the wrong suites. Gay Riveria atmosphere, done by our British cousins in the best Hollywood manner. Gertrude Lawrence and a uniformly fine cast.

THE INTRUDER—Allied

ANOTHER murder at sea, this time leading to all the suspects being shipwrecked on a desert isle inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe and his man Ingagi. The story is so completely screwy that even the producers couldn't solve it. Monte Blue and Lila Lee have nothing worth their while to do, though Arthur Housman is funny as the inebriate.

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures

KAZAN, a German Shepard dog with uncanny intelligence, shows up the actors in this one. They're all amateurish, but Kazan knows his stuff. He acts circles around the cast, and really seems to know what the story is all about, which is more than we do.

BEDSIDE—First National

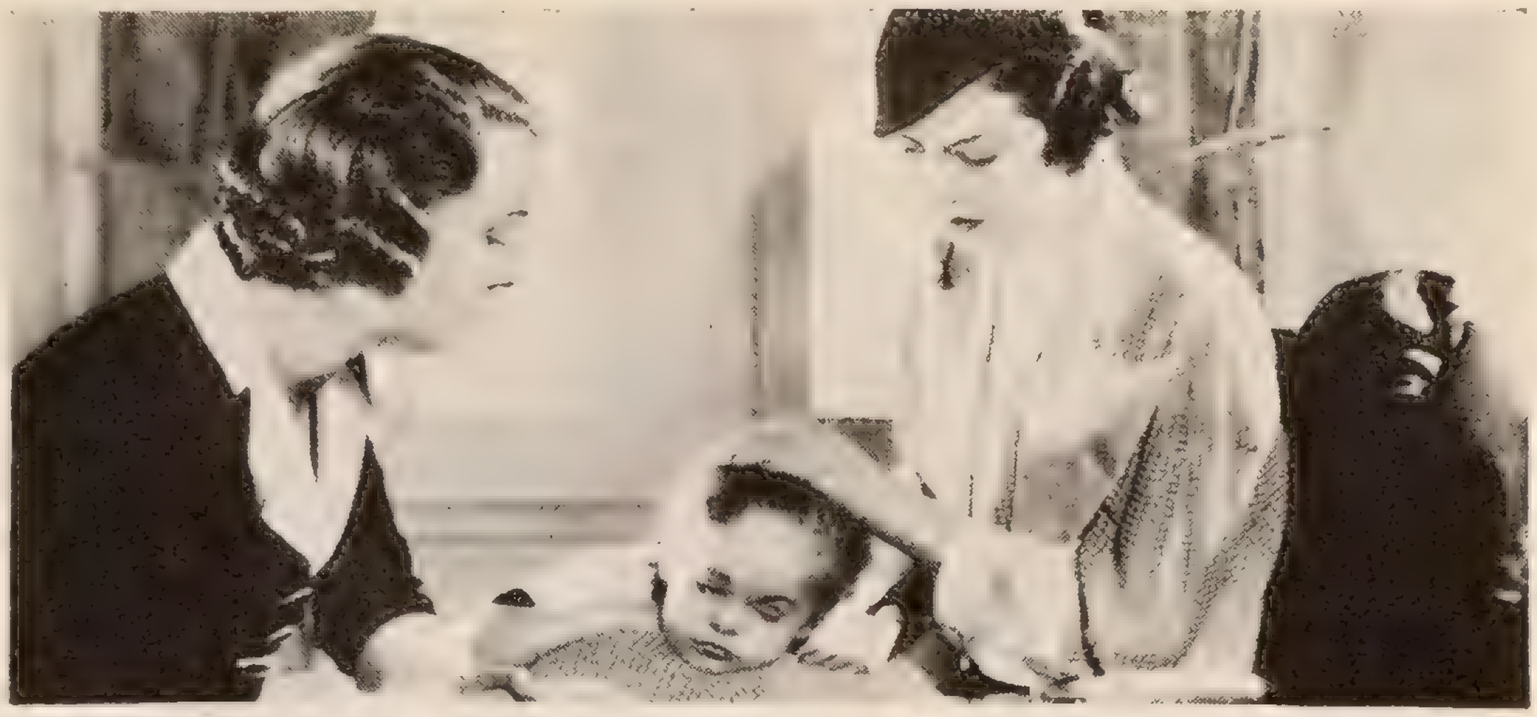
TOO bad a good cast had to be wasted on this time-worn tale. With a charming bedside manner, luxurious offices, a press-agent, an able assistant, and the diploma of a drug-addicted M. D., Warren William establishes an excellent practice. Arousing no one's suspicions until—Jean Muir is lovely as his nurse-fiancee. David Landau, Allen Jenkins.

THE NINTH GUEST—Columbia

SUSPENSE is effectively carried to the very end of this story of eight persons partying with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. The ingenious methods their host employs in playing his game of wits will keep murder mystery devotees on their toes every minute. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, and good support. Vince Barnett does a bit of comedy relief.

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures

THROUGH this jungle film of wild animal life, is woven the story of mother love. So strong is it that Barbara Bedford exiles herself with her baby in a dense spot along the Rio Grande delta, when the husband is granted custody of their boy. Reptiles and jungle beasts in combat provide a few thrills. But, in all, it's pretty dull.



"Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"

"I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Fletcher's Castoria tonight."

"Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Sue, Fletcher's Castoria is really the ideal laxative for children—it's made especially for them. You see, many laxatives made for grown-ups are too harsh for the delicate system of a child—and often do more harm than good. Fletcher's Castoria acts gently yet thoroughly. And I'm sure Junior loved the taste of it—all children do. Yes, that's the kind—it has the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the carton."

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, from babyhood on—there is no better first-aid for colic due to gas, for diarrhoea due to improper diet, for sour, or acid stomach, for flatulence or for the beginning of a cold, than a good laxative. There is no better laxative for children than Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.

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NEW YORK HOME OF Hollywood Stars . . .

WHEN you visit New York enjoy the comforts of an ideal home and still be in the heart of the Motion Picture Art Centre.

★

Parlor with Bedroom and Bath

$5.00 PER DAY FOR ONE OR TWO

$125.00 per month

for this Beautiful 2-Room Suite.
3-Room Suites in proportion.

All rooms equipped with combination tub and shower bath and running ice water. Ideal location—adjacent to shopping, business and theatre districts.

★

Swimming Pool and Gymnasium FREE to Guests.

Write for details. Telegraph reservations (Collect)

ENJOY NEW YORK'S COCOANUT GROVE AND TIC TOC CLUB

The Park Central

56th St. at 7th Ave.
New York City

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown this month can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ALABAMA—
- LOVEMAN, JOSEPH & LOEB, BIRMINGHAM.

ARKANSAS—
- POLLOCK'S, FAYETTEVILLE.
- POLLOCK'S, FORT SMITH.
- THE M. M. COHN COMPANY, LITTLE ROCK.

CALIFORNIA—
- J. W. ROBINSON COMPANY, LOS ANGELES.
- THE H. C. CAPWELL COMPANY, OAKLAND.
- HALE BROTHERS, INC., SACRAMENTO.
- THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO.

COLORADO—
- THE DENVER DRY GOODS COMPANY, DENVER.

CONNECTICUT—
- THE MANHATTAN SHOP, HARTFORD.

DELAWARE—
- ARTHUR'S APPAREL SHOP, INC., WILMINGTON.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—
- LANSBURGH & BROTHER, WASHINGTON.

FLORIDA—
- RUTLAND BROTHERS, ST. PETERSBURG.

IDAHO—
- THE MODE, LTD., BOISE.

ILLINOIS—
- MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, CHICAGO.
- C. E. BURNS COMPANY, DECATUR.
- CLARKE & COMPANY, PEORIA.
- S. A. BARKER COMPANY SPRINGFIELD.

INDIANA—
- WOLF & DESSAUER CO., FORT WAYNE
- RAYMOND COOPER, INC., INDIANAPOLIS.

IOWA—
- YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC. DES MOINES.
- J. F. STAMPFER COMPANY, DUBUQUE.

MAINE—
- B. PECK COMPANY, LEWISTON.

MARYLAND—
- HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY, BALTIMORE.

MASSACHUSETTS—
- JORDAN MARSH COMPANY, BOSTON.
- FORBES & WALLACE, INC., SPRINGFIELD.

MICHIGAN—
- WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY, ANN ARBOR.
- SEAMAN'S, INC., BATTLE CREEK.
- THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY, DETROIT.
- GILMORE BROTHERS, KALAMAZOO.

MINNESOTA—
- THE DAYTON COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS.

MISSOURI—
- STIX, BAER & FULLER COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS.

NEBRASKA—
- ORKIN BROTHERS, LINCOLN.

NEW YORK—
- KALET'S, AUBURN.
- ABRAHAM & STRAUS, BROOKLYN.
- THE PARISIAN, INC., ITHACA.
- BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK CITY.
- H. S. BARNEY COMPANY, SCHENECTADY.
- FLAH & COMPANY, SYRACUSE.
- D. PRICE & COMPANY, UTICA.

OHIO—
- THE MABLEY AND CAREW CO., CINCINNATI.
- THE HIGBIE COMPANY, CLEVELAND.
- THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS COMPANY, COLUMBUS.
- THE RIKE-KUMLER CO., DAYTON.
- THE STROUSS-HIRSCHBERG COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN.

OKLAHOMA—
- POLLOCK'S, MCALESTER.

PENNSYLVANIA—
- ERIE DRY GOODS COMPANY, ERIE.
- BOWMAN & COMPANY, HARRISBURG.
- JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY, PITTSBURGH.
- WORTH'S, INC., YORK.

TENNESSEE—
- LOVEMAN, BERGER & TEITLEBAUM, INC., NASHVILLE.

TEXAS—
- THE WOLFF & MARX COMPANY, SAN ANTONIO.

WISCONSIN—
- STUART'S, MILWAUKEE.
- RACINE CLOAK CO., RACINE

WEST VIRGINIA—
- COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC. CHARLESTON.

Jack the "Bachelor"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

room was decorated with a highly colorful, heterogeneous heap of woolen socks and sweaters that shamed the rainbow, topped by rusty riding breeches and boots. Jack had recently returned from the famous Muldoon's health camp, where tired New York lawyers and actors (who had been hitting the high spots) went through a course of sprouts that sent them out as good as new. The corner was where Jack unpacked from Muldoon's—

Other desks and many carved chests of exquisite lines and workmanship sat around at angles, covered with scattered neckwear, papers, boot-hooks, paint brushes, and several frantic wigs.

A magnificently carved and majestic altar lent an ecclesiastical air to the current copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, lying open on its benign face.

Dolls everywhere. Ragged antique character dolls with painted cloth faces, whilom playmates of a departed century, sprawled over each other in hapless unconcern. Puppets, once animated by the facile fingers of an Italian gentleman in the Renaissance era.

The dignified early-American fireplace at one side of the room took on the Italian influence with a pair of enormous candles—thick as a lamp-post and once as high—now burned to half-length, proved by the great blobs of melted wax spreading over the hearth onto the floor.

No more chump! He's a soldier of the queen—in the British film, "The Magistrate." Claud Allister left Hollywood for English movies

DANCE? DON'T RUB IT IN, GWEN! IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO WALK AT THIS TIME OF THE MONTH!

FIDDLESTICKS! YOU ARE COMING, BECAUSE I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO AVOID ANY PERIODIC PAIN.

AND SHE DID!

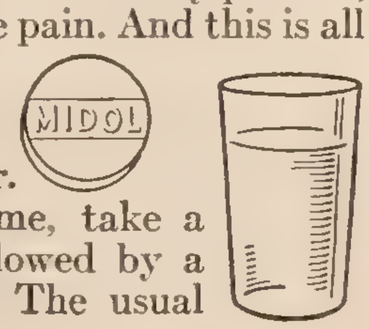
(Thanks to Midol)

How to End Periodic Pain:

Yes, the girl who once gave-in to periodic pain has found a way to snap out of it.

Even those women who have always been "knocked flat" may now menstruate in perfect comfort.

The treatment is explained here. It's simple. It's perfectly harmless. It doesn't interfere with Nature's necessary process; all it does is block the pain. And this is all you have to do:



Watch the calendar. Just before your time, take a tablet of Midol, followed by a large glass of water. The usual pains may not start at all. But if you feel one twinge, take a second tablet.

That's all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to "favor" yourself, or "keep off your feet." Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don't be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don't hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you'll be prepared.

NRA MEMBER U.S.

"Here is the SECRET"
says
Mary Brian

MOON GLOW
NAIL POLISH
Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid $1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

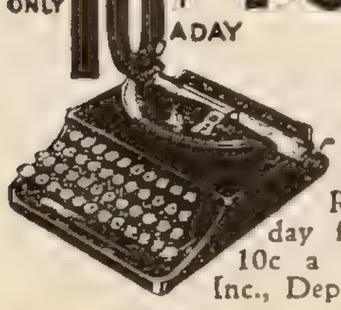
Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory package of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.
Name.....
St. & No.....
City..... State..... PA5

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 4-E, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

REMINGTON PORTABLE
ONLY 10¢ A DAY



A new Remington Portable. Carrying case *free*. Use 10 days without cost. If you keep it, pay only 10c a day. Write. Say: How can I get a Remington Portable on 10-day free trial offer for only 10c a day. Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 4601, Buffalo, N. Y.

Keep Your Face Youthful
Get This Free Book

A Free booklet tells the secret. It tells why Kathryn Murray's Five-Minute Facial exercises are the modern natural way to regain the charm of youth. Simple exercises stimulate circulation and bring natural bloom to your cheeks. Crow's feet, wrinkles, double chin soon disappear. You can look 5 to 10 years younger. Results assured. Successfully used by 36,000 women. Send postcard for free book. Address: Kathryn Murray, Inc., Suite 558, 28 E. Jackson, Chicago.

Antique tapestries, falling apart, tacked casually against the wall. Italian primitives, tile mosaics, a wormy, moldy pew of beautiful wood from some forgotten church, now holding a splash of clean laundry, pulled out of the boxes and tossed.

Jack dived under the Muldoon wardrobe and unearthed his latest prize—a delicate, tiny bird-cage of pearls (*real* pearls) strung on the finest wire. Inside sat the most exquisitely lifelike little nightingale that warbled with haunting sweetness when you wound it up with a golden key.

Tubes of twisted paint before a half-finished Madonna on glass. A bottle of turpentine, a forsaken liver sandwich (now practically petrified), a canoe paddle and two sticks of greasepaint in a huddle at the foot of the easel.

BOTTLES, bottles, everywhere . . . ancient, squat bottles of green and amber in strange, contorted shapes, the glass irregular with blisters and bubbles. Ponderous antique wine bottles. Immense brandy jugs, flattened out as if someone had stepped on them while they were wet.

Other bottles—modern, labeled—full, half-full, dead.

The famous Paul Manship bronze of the classic Barrymore profile—drolly wearing a knob of candle-wax on the end of the nose—giving the effect of a potato on the spout of a kerosene can—the youngest Barrymore in a spirit of play.

We were suddenly startled by a loud explosion at the far end of the studio.

Jack, busy hurling boots and shirts at the valet to be packed, never even paused.

"Hang that stuff!" he remarked. "Champagne I bought when Louis Sherry closed his place at Forty-fourth Street. It seems to blow up."

We climbed over to where the champagne blew up.

An exquisite little ivory grand piano staggered under the weight of four cases inscribed Krug, Pommery Sec and Pol Roger. A permanent trickle leaked onto the keys, and dripped through the strings on more cases stacked on the floor.

In practically no time, there was one less bottle to blow up.

THE valet, in his measured calm, barged about collecting raiment, expertly catching things heaved at him, placing them neatly in a huge trunk. There were still enough assorted clothes lying around to outfit three other people.

"That's enough," said Jack. "Let's eat."

He pulled on his plum-colored broadcloth coat over the salmon-pink satin shirt, gave his purple scarf a twist (oh yes, he did wear things like that in *those* days), and we adjourned to the kitchen.

Entrance to the culinary department was accomplished by detouring through the bathroom, which was a solid composition of tiny mirrors, fitted together—walls and ceiling—and a heroic litter of make-up every place else.

The kitchen, which baffles all description, yielded a jar of caviar, dried herring, biscuits, anchovies and a chunk of aromatic Roquefort—washed down with champagne in water glasses.

JACK sat perched on the edge of the sink with a biscuit in one hand and a herring in the other.

More aided than hindered by these props, he began an inspired declamation of the *Hamlet* soliloquy—the *Hamlet* that was soon to electrify the theater-going world on two continents—this time with a lock of hair in one eye, legs dangling from the sink, a herring waving in the air.

The gay, haphazard, disconnected Jack Barrymore of fifteen years ago!

John the Husband

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

dining-table. Back of it stands the huge carved Italian buffet, covered with a collection of glass—yes, the same antique Italian glass, now dusted and shining.

WHEN alone, the Barrymores dine in the little sitting-room adjoining Mrs. Barrymore's boudoir—on other occasions at the massive table, lighted by altar candles in the tall candelabra. There is nothing Barrymore enjoys more than an after-dinner session in this mellow glow, reminiscing with an old friend.

The walls are pure white. Not a single splash of champagne!

The other living-room—the formal or reception room in another of the five houses is paneled in dark, rich wood—a room of majestic dignity, but warmed by that atmosphere that always goes with books. Here are the museum pieces of John's vast library. Massive volumes, with their sumptuous hand-tooled leather covers, many of them dating pre-Gutenberg, or before the printing-press was invented. A very reserved and magnificent room—not a sock from Muldoon's in sight!

Mrs. Barrymore (Dolores Costello) has richly fulfilled the promise of her girlhood—the Dolores we remember on the screen. She is now an exquisite, womanly woman, who fits into this soft Italian background as if she were part of a mosaic—a background that was created for her.

She is a competent and systematic person, who keeps the machinery of her household operating without a hitch. The perfect wife for John. Of course, there are efficient servants, and a business manager who attends to household bills and other detail matters.

A perfect and harmonious routine is observed. But the loveliest thing about the Barrymore ménage is the fine spirit of camaraderie, the warm, nice-to-be-in glow that fills the place.

IT is a very charming air—as if a group of people lived together who loved and understood each other. The Barrymores treat their children as if they have minds and personalities of their own. As if each is an individual with whom they like to have a good time, and whose company they prefer to any other. In other words, they are civilized parents.

Comfort has not been sacrificed to appearance in any single part of the Barrymore establishment. There is not a chair or couch in the entire place that does not offer the utmost in luxurious relaxation. And near every chair, any place in the five houses, is a perfect reading

light, and, close at hand, things to read. Things you are just dying to read. John, himself, is an omnivorous reader, and his taste in literature is unimpeachable.

So, order has resolved out of chaos. Inspired confusion has given way to interesting, balanced routine—a full, rich life.

And don't think for a moment the old Jack is completely subjugated by domesticity. Far from it. His hearty Rabelaisian laughter rocks and roars through the hills. There are few men alive who laugh with such lusty enjoyment, right from the heels up, as John Barrymore does.

There is no man who more fully enjoys and appreciates his children, his beautiful wife, his home, more than John Barrymore. Every moment away from his work is spent with them. If he casts a backward glance at the fantastic old life, it is to reminisce, as if he were talking of something in a novel, with some old pal—who may be newspaperman, a sailor or a street cleaner, for all John cares.

Is it any wonder that, around four o'clock in the afternoon at the studio, an unmistakable restlessness stirs the younger Barrymore, and an unconcealed consultation with his watch takes place every few minutes?

The only idea in the Barrymore head right then is—how soon can he break away and get home to the missus and the babies.

All ready to go! And we'll bet that Warren William is going to be led—with this foursome of frisky, eager terriers

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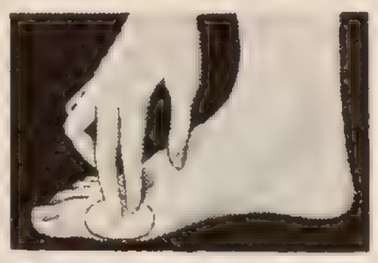

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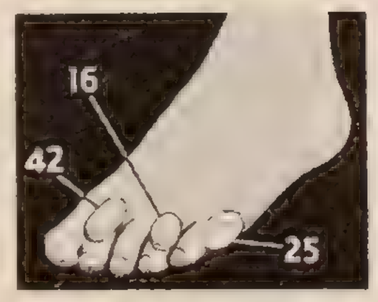

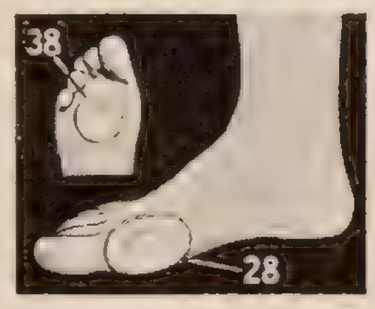

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (*Feb.*)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (*March*)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (*April*)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothern) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (*March*)

★ **LITTLE WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—This classic is exquisitely transferred to the screen. Katharine Hepburn, as *Jo* is sky-rocketed to greater film heights. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker, as *Jo's* sisters, give spendid performances. (*Jan.*)

LONE COWBOY—Paramount.—Without Jackie Cooper there wouldn't be much of a picture. Jackie's sent West to comfort his dead father's pal embittered by his wife's (Lila Lee) faithlessness. (*Jan.*)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (*April*)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (*April*)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (*April*)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (*Nov.*)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (*April*)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (*March*)

★ **MAD GAME, THE**—Fox.—Spencer Tracy, imprisoned beer baron, is released to catch a kidnaper. He loves the assignment—after what the kidnaper did to him. Love interest, Claire Trevor. Well acted. Not for children. (*Jan.*)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (*March*)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (*April*)

MAN'S CASTLE—Columbia.—A deeply moving tale of vagabond Spencer Tracy and his redemption by Loretta Young's love. (*Dec.*)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (*March*)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (*March*)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (*Feb.*)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (*March*)

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M.—Jack Pearl's film version of his radio nonsense about Baron Munchausen. Grand support; often hilarious. (*Dec.*)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (*April*)

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio.—A colorful story of Annapolis and a careless midshipman who makes good. Bruce Cabot, Betty Furness, Frank Albertson, others. (*Dec.*)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnaping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (*March*)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (*Nov.*)

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (*April*)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (*March*)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (*Feb.*)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (*April*)

MY LIPS BETRAY—Fox.—A musical comedy kingdom in which cabaret singer Lilian Harvey falls in love with king John Boles, and is loved by him. El Brendel. Fair. (*Jan.*)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (*Nov.*)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (*April*)

★ **MY WEAKNESS**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey as a Cinderella coached by Lew Ayres to catch his rich uncle's son, Charles Butterworth. Charles is a riot. (*Dec.*)

MY WOMAN—Columbia.—Wally Ford gets a radio break when his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, vamps Victor Jory into the idea. But success goes to Wally's head; he loses his job—and his wife. (*Jan.*)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive début on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (*March*)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (*Nov.*)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (*April*)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Fox.—El Brendel is not only a janitor, but a matchmaker and a caretaker for an intoxicated bridegroom. Plenty of laughs. Walter Catlett and Barbara Weeks. (*Jan.*)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skilfully directed. (*April*)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (*Nov.*)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (*Nov.*)

★ **ONLY YESTERDAY**—Universal.—It's a hit for Margaret Sullavan in the rôle of a girl who kept the secret of her unwise love from her lover, John Boles, for many years. Splendid direction. (*Jan.*)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (*March*)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (*Nov.*)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (*March*)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (*Nov.*)

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied.—Scarlet sisters, diamond miners, and not much else. (*Dec.*)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (*Nov.*)

POLICE CAR 17—Columbia.—Tim McCoy, in a radio squad car, chases a crook, and winds up in marriage with Evalyn Knapp, daughter of the police lieutenant. Just so-so. (*Jan.*)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (*March*)

POPPIN' THE CORK — Fox-Educational. — Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (*March*)

★ **PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE**—London Film-United Artists.—Charles Laughton superb and also gorgeously funny as the royal Bluebeard; photography is inspired. (*Dec.*)

★ **PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE**—M-G-M.—With Myrna Loy to make love to, and Carnera to fight, Max Baer is the hero of one of the best ring pictures yet made. He'll challenge any lady-killer now. (*Jan.*)

QUATORZE JUILLET ("JULY 14")—Protex Pictures.—A taxi driver and a girl enjoy the French national holiday together. The comedy can be better appreciated by those who know French. Fair. (*Jan.*)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA** — M-G-M. —As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (*March*)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (*Feb.*)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (*Feb.*)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (*March*)

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal.—Football hero Robert Young thinks the game a racket, but finds it isn't. Bright and fast. (*Dec.*)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (*March*)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (*Nov.*)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (*Nov.*)

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under title "The Vinegar Tree.")—Mary Carlisle won't listen to reason when her parents, Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore, try to keep her from marrying suave Conway Tearle. Amusing. (*Jan.*)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (*March*)

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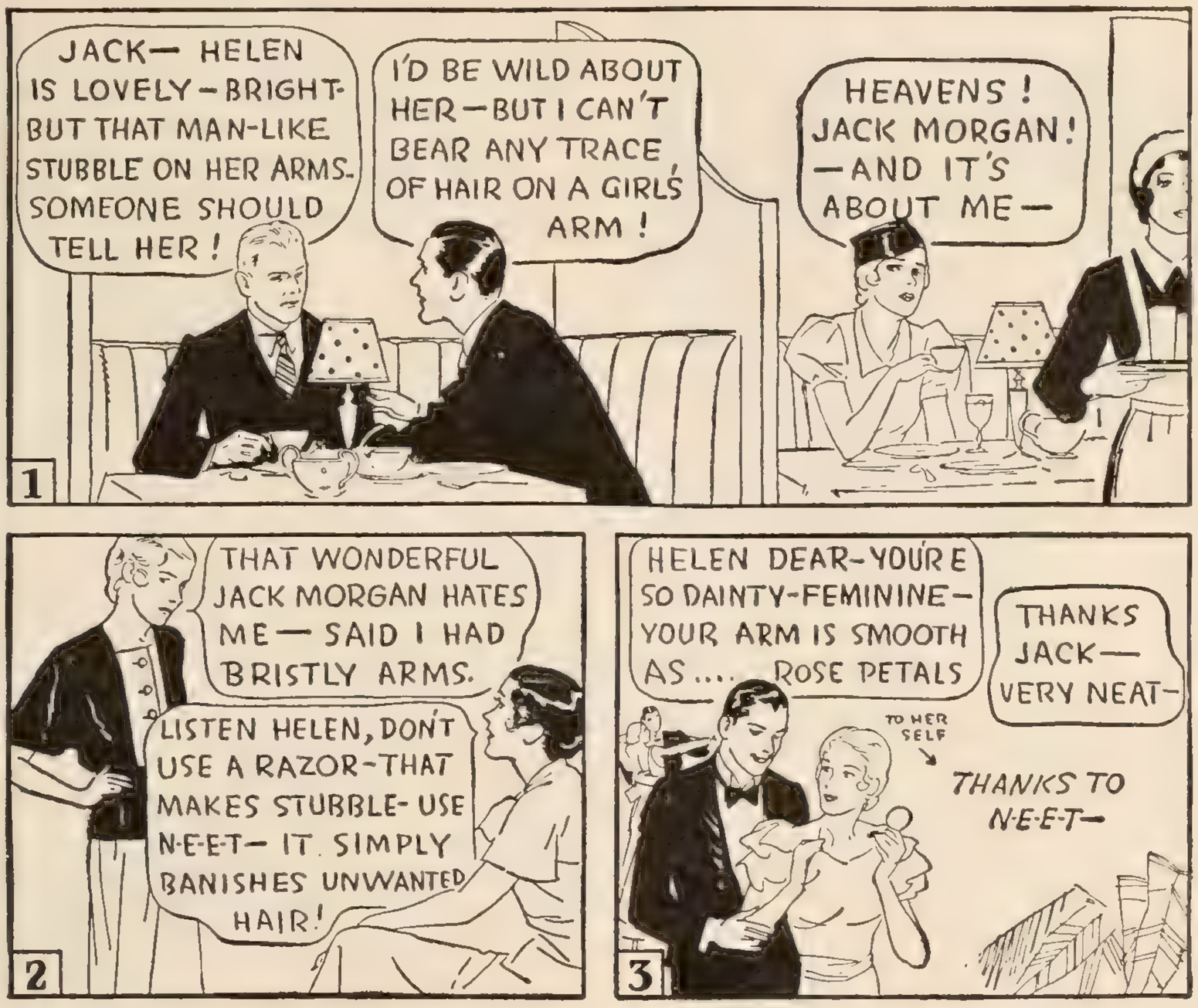

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SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (*Feb.*)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (*April*)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (*April*)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (*April*)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (*Feb.*)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (*Nov.*)

SON OF A SAILOR—First National.—Joe E. Brown has a weakness for gold braid and pretty girls including Thelma Todd. Good, clean fun. (*Jan.*)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (*March*)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (*March*)

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal.—Thrilling and chilling adventure adrift on an iceberg; marvelous rescue flying. (*Dec.*)

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR — Universal. — Onslow Stevens and Wynne Gibson are rounded up as murder suspects. When things look darkest, Wynne saves the day. Too mystifying to be easily followed. (*Jan.*)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (*April*)

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M.—Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan in an "ambitious mother and suppressed daughter" tale; Alice Brady's great work keeps it from being boring. (*Dec.*)

STRAIGHTAWAY — Columbia. — Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (*April*)

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal.—Ken Maynard and Ruth Hall good; but the horses are so fine, humans weren't needed. An exceptional Western. (*Dec.*)

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE—Monogram.—Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle ornament an otherwise so-so tale of college life. (*Dec.*)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (*Nov.*)

TAKE A CHANCE — Paramount. — Tent-show crooks James Dunn and Cliff Edwards try to build up June Knight for Broadway. Lilian Bond and Buddy Rogers. Excellent musical numbers. (*Jan.*)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (*Nov.*)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the *Turner* family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (*April*)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (*Feb.*)

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount.—Even W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth couldn't make much of this would-be comedy. (*Dec.*)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY** — Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (*Nov.*)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (*Nov.*)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston, as representatives of feuding ex-Kentucky families, lend welcome plot variety to this good Western. (*Dec.*)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (*Nov.*)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (*March*)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (*April*)

WAFFLES—Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (*Nov.*)

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox.—Sally Eilers, others, wander dully through a dull tale about marrying for money after a lovers' falling out. (*Dec.*)

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British.—Charming music helps a dull, draggy story. (*Dec.*)

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Maurice Chevalier wants to be a Paris guide, but finds himself sheltering gypsy Ann Dvorak in his roof-top home. Plenty of fun then. (*Dec.*)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (*March*)

WHITE WOMAN—Paramount.—Charles Laughton, ruler of African jungle kingdom, discovers that Carole Lombard, cast-off, whom he is sheltering, has fallen in love with Kent Taylor. And what blood-curdling horror follows! (*Jan.*)

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National.—A well-done story of youngsters who turned hoboes during the depression. (*Dec.*)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (*March*)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (*April*)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (*Feb.*)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (*Feb.*)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (*April*)

★ **WORLD CHANGES, THE**—First National.—Paul Muni splendid in the life story of a Dakota farm boy who amasses a fortune in the meat packing industry, but is ruined by greedy snobbish relatives. (*Dec.*)

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, Harvey Stephens, in a mild tale about a misunderstood woman. (*Dec.*)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work.. (*April*)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (*Feb.*)

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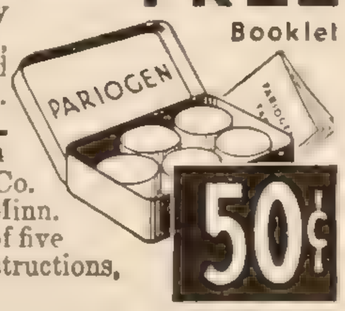

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"ALWAYS A GENT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Laird Doyle and Ray Nazarro. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Jimmy Corrigan*, James Cagney; *Joan*, Bette Davis; *Mabel*, Alice White; *Louie*, Allen Jenkins; *Joe Rector*, Arthur Hohl; *Ronnie*, Phillip Reed; *Hendrickson*, Ralf Harolde; *Walsingham*, Alan Dinehart; *Posy*, Nora Lane; *Gladys*, Mayo Methot.

"BEDSIDE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Manuel Seff and Harvey Thew. Screen play by Lillie Hayward and James Wharton. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Louis*, Warren William; *Caroline*, Jean Muir; *Sparks*, Allen Jenkins; *Smith*, David Landau; *Maritza*, Kathryn Sergava; *Dr. Chester*, Henry O'Neill; *Wiley*, Donald Meek; *Versova*, Renee Whitney; *Dr. Michael*, Walter Walker; *Internes*, Phillip Reed, Philip Faversham; *Joe*, Earle Foxe.

"BEGGARS IN ERMINE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Esther Lynd Day. Adapted by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *John Dawson*, Lionel Atwill; *Merchant*, Henry B. Walthall; *Joyce*, Betty Furness; *James Marley*, Jameson Thomas; *Lee Marley*, James Bush; *Vivian*, Astrid Allwyn; *Joe Wilson*, George Hayes; *Scott Taggart*, Stephen Gross; *Enright*, Sam Godfrey; *Joe Swanson*, Lee Phelps; *Mike the Mute*, Clinton Lyle; *Davis*, Sidney deGray; *Joyce (child)*, Gayle Kaye; *Nurse*, Myrtle Stedman; *Police Captain*, Gordon DeMaine.

"BOTTOMS UP"—Fox.—From the story by B. G. DeSylva, David Butler and Sid Silvers. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *"Smoothie" King*, Spencer Tracy; *Hal Reede*, John Boles; *Wanda Gale*, Pat Paterson; *"Limey" Brock*, Herbert Mundin; *"Spud" Mosco*, Sid Silvers; *Louis Wolf*, Harry Green; *Judith Marlowe*, Thelma Todd; *Detective Rooney*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Lane Worthing*, Dell Henderson; *Secretary*, Suzanne Kaaren; *Baldwin*, Douglas Wood.

"COME ON MARINES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Philip Wylie. Screen play by Byron Morgan and Joel Sayre. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Lucky Davis*, Richard Arlen; *Esther Cabot*, Ida Lupino; *Spud McGurke*, Roscoe Karns; *Jo Jo LaVerne*, Grace Bradley; *Susie Raybourne*, Virginia Hammond; *Katherine*, Gwenllian Gill; *Shirley*, Clara Lou Sheridan; *Dolly*, Toby Wing; *Wimpy*, Fuzzy Knight; *Loretta*, Lona Andre.

"COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Walter Fleisher. Screen play by Karen de Wolf. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Janet*, Fay Wray; *Rumowski*, Paul Lukas; *The Baron*, Reginald Owen; *Mimi*, Patsy Kelly; *Stefan*, Paul Page; *Sterner*, John Sheehan; *Flower Girl*, Carmel Myers; *Hotel Manager*, Robert McWade; *Police Commissioner*, Frank Reicher; *Picture Director*, Richard Tucker; *Rumowski's Valet*, Mathew Betz; *Hotel Valet*, Bobby Watson; *Proprietor of Exchange*, Dewey Robinson; *Stefan's Friend*, A. S. Byron; *Newspaper Editor*, Harvey Clark.

"CRIME DOCTOR, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel, "The Big Bow Mystery," by Israel Zangwill. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Dan Gifford*, Otto Kruger; *Andra*, Karen Morley; *Gary Patten*, Nils Asther; *Blanch Flynn*, Judith Wood.

"DAVID HARUM"—Fox.—From the novel by Edward Noyes Westcott. Screen play by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *David Harum*, Will Rogers; *Polly*, Louise Dresser; *Ann*, Evelyn Venable; *John*, Kent Taylor; *Sylvester*, Stepin Fetchit; *Woolsey*, Noah Beery; *Edwards*, Roger Imhof; *Elwin*, Frank Melton; *Deacon*, Charles Middleton; *Widow*, Sarah Padden; *Sairy*, Lillian Stuart.

"FEROCIOUS PAL"—PRINCIPAL PICTURES.—From the story by Joseph Anthony Roach. Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet. The cast: *Kazan*, Kazan; *Doctor Elliott*, Robert Manning; *Patricia*, Ruth Sullivan; *Dave Brownell*, Tom London; *Johnnie Diggens*, Gene Toler; *Sheriff*, Harry Dunkinson; *Eb Boliver*, Henry Roquemore; *Charlie*, Nelson McDowell; *Sykes*, Ed Cecil; *Martha*, Grace Wood; *Champo*, Prince.

"FOUND ALIVE"—IDEAL PICTURES.—From the story by Captain Jacob Conn. Directed by Charles Hutchison. The cast: *Mrs. Roberts*, Barbara Bedford; *Bobby Roberts*, Maurice Murphy; *Mr. Roberts*, Robert Frazer; *Brooks*, Harry Griffith.

"GAMBLING LADY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Doris Malloy. Screen play by Ralph Block and Doris Malloy. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Lady Lee*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Garry Madison*, Joel McCrea; *Charlie Lang*, Pat O'Brien; *Sheila Aiken*, Claire Dodd; *Peter Madison*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Fallin*, Arthur Vinton; *Don*, Philip Faversham; *Cornelius*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Mike Lee*, Robert Barrat; *Graves*, Robert Elliott; *Steve*, Phillip Reed; *Pryor*, Arthur Treacher.

"GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS"—Fox.—From the story by George White. Directed by George White. The cast: *Jimmy Martin*, Rudy Vallee; *Happy McGillicuddy*, Jimmy Durante; *Kitty Donnelly*, Alice Faye; *Barbara Loraine*, Adrienne Ames; *Nicholas Mitwoch*, Gregory Ratoff; *Stew Hart*, Cliff Edwards; *Patsy Dey*, Dixie Dunbar; *Miss Lee*, Gertrude Michael; *Minister*, Richard Carle; *Pete Pandos*, Warren Hymer; *Al Burke*, Tom Jackson; *Count Dekker*, Armand Kaliz; *"Sailor" Brown*, Roger Gray; *Harold Bestry*, William Bailey; *John R. Loraine*, George Irving; *Judge O'Neill*, Ed Le Saint; *Specialty Beauties*, Eunice Coleman, Martha Merrill, Lois Eckhart, Hilda Knight, Peggy Mosley, Lucille Walker; *Eleanor Sawyer*, Edna May Jones; The Meglin Kiddies.

"HAROLD TEEN"—WARNERS.—From the comic strip by Carl Ed. Screen play by Paul Gerard Smith and Al Cohn. Directed by Murray Roth. The cast: *Harold Teen*, Hal LeRoy; *Lillums*, Rochelle Hudson; *Mimi*, Patricia Ellis; *Rathburn*, Hugh Herbert; *Pop*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Snatcher*, Doug Dumbrille; *Shadow*, Eddie Tamblyn; *Lilacs*, Chic Chandler; *Pa Lovewell*, Guy Kibbee; *Ma Lovewell*, Clara Blandick; *Sally*, Mayo Methot; *Parmalee*, Richard Carle; *McKinney*, Charles Wilson.

"HEAT LIGHTNING"—WARNERS.—From the original play by Leon Abrams and George Abbott. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Warren Duff. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Olga*, Aline MacMahon; *Myra*, Ann Dvorak; *Jeff*, Lyle Talbot; *Mrs. Tifton*, Glenda Farrell; *Frank*, Frank McHugh; *George*, Preston Foster; *Steve*, Theodore Newton; *Husband*, Edgar Kennedy; *Wife*, Jane Darwell; *Mrs. Ashton-Ashley*, Ruth Donnelly; *Everett*, Willard Robertson; *Business Man*, Harry C. Bradley; *Blonde Cutie*, Muriel Evans; *Sheriff*, James Durkin.

"HONOR OF THE WEST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken*, Ken Maynard; *Clem*, Ken Maynard; *Mary*, Cecilia Parker; *Rawhide*, Fred Kohler; *Boots*, Frank Hagney; *Rocky*, Jack Rockwell; *Turner*, James Marcus; *Smoky*, Al Smith; *Charlie*, Eddie Barnes; *Pete*, Slim Whittaker; *Saloonkeeper*, Franklin Farnum; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by George Hembert Westley. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Maier Rothschild*, George Arliss; *Nathan Rothschild*, George Arliss; *Ledrantz*, Boris Karloff; *Julie Rothschild*, Loretta Young; *Lt. Col. Fitzroy*, Robert Young; *Wellington*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Herries*, Reginald Owen; *Metternich*, Alan Mowbray; *James*, Murray Kinnell; *Solomon*, Paul Harvey; *Carl*, Noel Madison; *Wife*, Florence Arliss; *Amschel*, Ivan Simpson; *Gudula Rothschild*, Helen Westley; *Rowerth*, Holmes Herbert; *Baring*, Arthur Byron; *Talleyrand*, Georges Renavent; *Prime Minister*, Gilbert Emery; *Tax Collector*, Leonard Mudie; *Nesserolde*, Charles Evans.

"I BELIEVED IN YOU"—Fox.—From an idea by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *True Merrill*, Rosemary Ames; *Jim Crowl*, Victor Jory; *Michael Harrison*, John Boles; *Pamela Banks*, Gertrude Michael; *Saracen Jones*, George Meeker; *Russell Storm*, Leslie Fenton; *Vavara*, Joyzelle; *Joe*, Jed Prouty; *Oliver*, Morgan Wallace; *Giacomo*, Luis Alberni.

"INTRUDER, THE"—ALLIED.—From the screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Jack Brandt*, Monte Blue; *Connie Wayne*, Lila Lee; *Daisy*, Gwen Lee; *Reggie Wayne*, Arthur Housman.

"JOURNAL OF A CRIME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Jacques Deval. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Francoise*, Ruth Chatterton; *Paul*, Adolphe Menjou; *Chautard*, George Barbier; *Eddie*, Phillip Reed; *Simone*, Claire Dodd; *Doctor*, Henry O'Neill; *Rigaud*, Edward McWade; *Winterstein*, Frank Reicher; *Henri*, Henry Kolker; *Maid*, Leila Bennett; *Costelli*, Noel Madison; *Stage Manager*, Frank Darien; *Victor*, Olaf Hytten; *Florenstan*, Walter Pidgeon; *Inspector*, Clay Clement; *Germaine Cartier*, Douglas Dumbrille.

"LAZY RIVER"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lea David Freeman. Screen play by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Sarah*, Jean Parker; *Bill*, Robert Young; *Sam Kee*, C. Henry Gordon; *Gabby*, Ted Healy; *Tiny*, Nat Pendleton; *Ruby*, Ruth Channing; *Miss Minnie*, Maude Eburne; *Captain Orkney*, Raymond Hatton; *Suzanne*, Irene Franklin; *Ambrose*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Sheriff*, Erville Anderson; *Armand*, George Lewis.

"LET'S BE RITZY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Harry Sauber and Earle Snell. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Jimmie*, Lew Ayres; *Ruth*, Patricia Ellis; *Betty*, Isabel Jewell; *Bill Damroy*, Frank McHugh; *Pembrook*, Berton Churchill; *Splevin*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Burton*, Hedda

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"LONG LOST FATHER"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by G. B. Stern. Screen play by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. The cast: *Carl Bellairs*, John Barrymore; *Lindsey Lane*, Helen Chandler; *Bill Strong*, Donald Cook; *Tony Gelding*, Alan Mowbray; *Lord Vivyan*, Reginald Sharland; *Lawyer*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Phylis Mersey-Royds*, Phyllis Barry; *Flower Woman*, Tempe Pigott; *Bishop*, Herbert Bunston.

"MIDNIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Paul and Claire Siston. Directed by Chester Erskin. The cast: *Stella Weldon*, Sidney Fox; *Edward Weldon*, O. P. Heggie; *Nolan*, Henry Hull; *Mrs. Weldon*, Margaret Wycherly; *Joe Biggers*, Lynn Overman; *Ada Biggers*, Katherine Wilson; *Arthur Weldon*, Richard Whorf; *Gar Boni*, Humphrey Bogart; *Henry McGrath*, Granville Bates; *Elizabeth McGrath*, Cora Witherspoon; *District Attorney Plunkett*, Moffat Johnson; *Ingersoll*, Henry O'Neill; *Ethel Saxton*, Helen Flint.

"MYSTERY OF MR. X"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Mystery of the Dead Police" by Philip MacDonald. Screen play by Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Revel*, Robert Montgomery; *Jane*, Elizabeth Allan; *Connor*, Lewis Stone; *Marche*, Ralph Forbes; *Frensham*, Henry Stephenson; *Palmer*, Forrester Harvey; *Hutchinson*, Ivan Simpson; *Mr. X*, Leonard Mudie; *Judge Malpas*, Alec B. Francis; *Willis*, Charles Irwin.

"NINTH GUEST, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by Owen Davis. Screen play by Garnett Weston. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Jim Daley*, Donald Cook; *Jean Trent*, Genevieve Tobin; *Henry Abbott*, Hardie Albright; *Tim Cronin*, Edward Ellis; *Jason Osgood*, Edwin Maxwell; *Assistant Butler*, Vincent Barnett; *Sylvia Inglesby*, Helen Flint; *Dr. Murray Reid*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Margaret Chisholm*, Nella Walker; *Butler*, Sidney Bracey.

"NO GREATER GLORY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ferenc Molnar. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Nemecsek*, George Breakston; *Boka*, Jimmy Butler; *Gereb*, Jackie Searl; *Feri Ats*, Frankie Darro; *Csonakos*, Donald Haines; *Ferdie Pasztor*, Rolf Ernest; *Henry Pasztor*, Julius Molnar; *Kolnay*, Wesley Giraud; *Csele*, Beaudine Anderson; *Richter*, Bruce Line; *Gereb's Father*, Samuel Hinds; *Watchman*, Christian Rub; *Father*, Ralph Morgan; *Mother*, Lois Wilson; *Racz*, Egon Brecher; *Doctor*, Frank Reicher; *Janitor*, Tom Ricketts.

"NO FUNNY BUSINESS"—FERRONE PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Dorothy Hope. Directed by John Stafford and Victor Hanbury. The cast: *Yvonne Kane*, Gertrude Lawrence; *Clive Dering*, Laurence Olivier; *Ann Moore*, Jill Esmond; *Monsieur Florey*, Gibb McLaughlin; *Mrs. Fothergill*, Muriel Aked; *Edmund*, Edmund Breon.

"REGISTERED NURSE"—WARNERS. — From the play by Wilton Lackaye and Florence Johns. Screen play by Lillie Hayward and Peter Milne, Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Sylvia Benton*, Bebe Daniels; *Dr. Connolly*, Lyle Talbot; *Gloria Hammond*, Dorothy Burgess; *Dr. Hedwig*, John

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Halliday; *Jim Benton*, Gordon Westcott; *Sadie Harris*, Irene Franklin; *McKenna, Head Nurse*, Beulah Bondi; *Ethel*, Renee Whitney; *Dixie*, Virginia Sale; *Schloss*, Minna Gombell; *Male Nurse*, Milt Kibbee; *Jimmy Sylvestry*, Sidney Toler; *Jerry*, Fuzzy Knight.

"RIPTIDE"—M-G-M.—From the original screen story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Mary*, Norma Shearer; *Tommie*, Robert Montgomery; *Lord Rexford*, Herbert Marshall; *Aunt Hetty*, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; *Erskine*, Skeets Gallagher; *Fenwick*, Ralph Forbes; *Sylvia*, Lilyan Tashman; *Percy*, Arthur Jarrett; *Freddie*, Earl Oxford; *Celeste*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Bertie*, George K. Arthur; *Pamela*, Baby Marilyn Spinnert; *Nurse*, Phyllis Cochlan; *Ransome*, Howard Chaldecott; *Bollard*, Halliwell Hobbes.

"SHADOWS OF SING SING"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Katherine Scola and Doris Malloy. Screen play by Albert DeMond. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Muriel*, Mary Brian; *Bob Martel*, Bruce Cabot; *Joe Martel*, Grant Mitchell; *Rossi*, Harry Woods; *Angela*, Claire Du Brey; *Slick*, Bradley Page; *Highbrow*, Irving Bacon; *Dumpy*, Dewey Robinson; *Murphy*, Fred Kelsey.

"SHE MADE HER BED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Baby in the Ice-Box" by James M. Cain. Screen play by Casey Robinson and Frank R. Adams. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Wild Bill Smith*, Richard Arlen; *Lura Gordon*, Sally Eilers; *Duke Gordon*, Robert Armstrong; *Eve Richards*, Grace Bradley; *Santa Fe*, Rosco Ates; *Joe Olsen*, Charley Grapewin; *Ron*, Richard Arlen, Jr.

"SHOW-OFF, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by George Kelly. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Aubrey Piper*, Spencer Tracy; *Amy*, Madge Evans; *Jo*, Henry Wadsworth; *Clara*, Lois Wilson; *Pa Fisher*, Grant Mitchell; *Ma Fisher*, Clara Blandick; *Frank*, Alan Edwards; *J. B. Preston*, Claude Gillingwater.

"SING AND LIKE IT"—RKO-RADIO.—From story "So You Won't Sing, Eh?" by Aben Kandel. Screen play by Marion Dix and Laird Doyle. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Annie Snodgrass*, ZaSu Pitts; *Ruby*, Pert Kelton; *Adam Frank*, Edward Everett Horton; *Fenny*, Nat Pendleton; *Toots*, Ned Sparks; *Ambercrombie*, Richard Carle; *Oswald*, John M. Qualen; *Junker*, Matt McHugh; *Butch*, Stanley Fields; *Gunner*, Joseph Sauers; *Webster*, William H. Griffith; *Mrs. Fishbeck*, Grace Hayle; *Gregory*, Roy D'Arcy.

"SPEED WINGS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Horace McCoy. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Tim*, Tim McCoy; *Mary*, Evalyn Knapp; *Jerry*, Billy Bakewell; *Mickey*, Vincent Sherman; *Crandall*, Hooper Atchley; *Gregory*, Ben Hewlett; *Haley*, Jack Long.

"SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Success Story" by John Howard Lawson. Screen play by John Howard Lawson and Howard J. Green. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Joe*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Agnes*, Genevieve Tobin; *Merritt*, Frank Morgan; *Sarah*, Colleen Moore; *Fisher*, Edward Everett Horton; *Dinah*, Nydia Westman; *Jeffery*, Allen Vincent; *Hatfield*, Henry Kolker.

"TAKE THE STAND"—LIBERTY.—From the story "Deuce of Hearts" by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Albert Du Mond. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *George Gaylord*, Jack LaRue; *Sally Oxford*, Thelma Todd; *Cornelia Burbank*, Gail Patrick; *Bill Hamilton*, Russell Hopton; *John Burbank*, Berton Churchill; *Hugh Halliburton*, Leslie Fenton; *Pearl Reynolds*, Sheila Terry; *Tony Sleica*, Vince Barnett; *O'Brien*, Paul Hurst; *Braden*, DeWitt Jennings; *Paddock*, Bradley Page; *Reynolds*, Jason Robards; *Dale*, Arnold Gray; *Carr*, Edward Kane.

"THIS MAN IS MINE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play "Love Flies in the Window" by Anne Morrison Chapin. Screen play by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Tony Dunlap*, Irene Dunne; *Fran Harper*, Constance Cummings; *Jim Dunlap*, Ralph Bellamy; *Bee McCrea*, Kay Johnson; *Jud McCrea*, Charles Starrett; *Mort Holmes*, Sidney Blackmer; *Rita*, Vivian Tobin; *Slim*, Louis Mason.

"WHARF ANGEL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Man Who Broke His Heart" by Frederick Schlick. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by William Cameron Menzies and George Somnes. The cast: *Turk*, Victor McLaglen; *Toy*, Dorothy Dell; *Como*, Preston Foster; *Mother Bright*, Alison Skipworth; *Moore*, David Landau; *Goliath*, John Rogers; *Sadik*, Mischa Auer; *Brooklyn Jack*, James Burke; *Steve*, Alfred Delcambre; *The Captain*, Frank Sheridan; *Slim*, Don Wilson; *Vasil*, John Northpole; *Dick*, Max Wagner.

Beauty Pursues Earl Carroll

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"Is he young and good looking?" In Pittsburgh they decided to throw a party in their private car for the press. Someone suggested that a certain beauty give the boys a toast. Nervous, but still game and not quite sure what it was all about, the girl raised her glass (only wine, mind you) and with a sweet smile said:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
My mother owns a horse. Hello!"

All of which threw the reporters into a state of something not even normal, and resulted in all of them having to be led from the train.

BETWEEN trains at Chicago they stopped at a hotel. Over and over they were warned not to open their door to any man.

"Send him down the hall to us," Mr. Carroll's business manager told them.

And then came a knock on the door and before they could answer it, in walked a gentleman saying, "I want to see Mr. Carroll." "He isn't here," one of the beauties chirped. "I'll wait," he said, sitting down and making himself at home. Whereupon the girls ran to the chaperon, who promptly said, "Expel the gentleman, girls." And the girls, good, obedient, little creatures that they are, grabbed the gentleman by the seat of his trousers, gave a one, two, three, and the amazed gentleman landed on his amazed trousers seat in an equally astonished hall.

An hour later they discovered they had actually thrown out a prominent Paramount official who had come to Chicago expressly to see Mr. Carroll, and never did.

"Now these are grand New York show girls," Hollywood reasoned, "and we've got to give them all the things they're used to. We want them to be happy." So, when the train pulled in, several important officials met them and handed out the good news.

"Just whatever you girls want now for your comfort and happiness," they said, and a nightmarish vision of sables, limousines and stucco mansions floated through their heads.

"Thank you," beamed the girls. "There is something we'd like very much."

"What is it?" they asked.

"A kitchenette," the girls screamed in unison. And so the little "Vanities" cook their own little meals in their own little kitchenette and love it.

THE life of a "Carroll Cutie" in Hollywood is just one hilarious round of excitement. No wonder all these girls are chasing Mr. Carroll silly to join in the fun. For instance, at six o'clock of a cold, damp morning, the little girls must arise from their little beds and get ready for work. Cooking their own coffee, making their own toast.

At 7:30, for no reason at all, they must climb into a huge tally-ho drawn by six horses and they're off. To the studio. Why the tally-ho, no one has ever quite found out.

Evidently someone, some place, thought of it, for there it is.

All day long they parade before a movie camera and at six o'clock repair to their little kitchenettes, where they cook their own little dinners and then crawl into their own little beds.

Thrilling, isn't it? Especially the getting in

and out of the tally-ho a couple of times a day. Days they aren't working they must report every absence to the chaperon. If they go to a beauty parlor, a note saying where and when and who won the World War must be left. And heaven help the girl who isn't back when she promised. And no phoning down to the dining-room for an extra snack by the girls who are on a diet.

Mrs. Rooney has already told the chef one or two things about that little matter.

Then, of course, there are the uniforms. They must each wear yellow turtle-neck sweaters and blue slacks. And evidently each girl has won her letter, for across each sweater are the letters "E. C. V." For Earl Carroll "Vanities," of course.

AND then came the day a dozen or so colored girls were needed for a picture and then, getting an eyeful of the "Vanities" cuties, appeared the next day on the lot also in yellow turtle-neck sweaters and blue slacks. And strangely enough, the letters E. C. V. appeared across their bosoms.

"Here," someone said, "you're not Earl Carroll 'Vanities' girls. How come the E. C. V.?"

"Oh, that's not for Earl Carroll 'Vanities,'" one high-yellow baby said. "That means 'Each a Colored Virgin.'"

So they just let it rest at that. After all.

Over the Paramount gate was hung the sign, "Thru This Door Pass The Most Beautiful Girls In The World." And all the photographers from newspapers and magazines were summoned to shoot the most beautiful girls in the world (the Carroll "Vanities") passing through the door. Cameras were all set, lights ready, when suddenly, arm-in-arm, out passed Polly Moran and Alison Skipworth, and somehow the whole matter was just quietly dropped.

Two of the girls, being under eighteen, must go to school on the lot, each day. And it's "Columbus crossed the ocean blue in Fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two, with a hi de hi de ho and a hot-cha-cha" in the old Paramount schoolroom these days. And everyone, from executives down, fighting to carry the books of a couple of little "Vanities" girls. "Ain't" it fun?

But poor Mr. Carroll. There's the tragic little number of the troupe. Haunted and harassed as he is, he discovered another little problem on his hands. The Eastern group of beauties and the Western group of beauties aren't as friendly as they might be. In fact, during rehearsals, the looks that fly from East to West and West to East threaten to bring on a typhoon that might make a piker out of last year's earthquake.

AND then, one little Western cutie discovered the Eastern beauties were to be dressed in lovely furs during one number. One was to be the Spirit of Silver Fox, one the Spirit of Ermine, and so forth.

Like a streak she was in the head office.

"I've been on this lot almost a year," she stormed, "and so what? These 'Vanities' upstarts come out here and get beautiful furs and what do I get? A rubber bathing suit. Now I want furs or I'm going to start something."

So, to avoid any trouble, they let her be the Spirit of a Rabbit's Tail and she wore the little blob of fur for a pompon on her cap. And all was well.

But, in spite of it all, the beauties keep hounding the weary and nerve-torn Mr. Carroll, who wishes he had never left the peaceful, blaring, glaring Broadway for the hysterical chase of Hollywood.

People judge a woman's age by her hands—don't let yours *get old-looking!*

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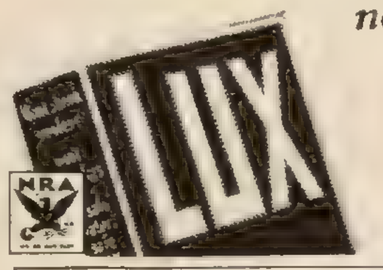

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Joan Blondell

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Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*

"I WANT A BABY"

By MARILYN HERD

The remarkable story
of a girl's strange quest

DECORATIONS

BY FRANK DOBIAS

Joan Randolph's steps turn, one fateful afternoon, into unfamiliar paths that lead her into a whirlwind of new emotions and their bewildering consequences

AS BY magic, the pandemonium which filled Madison Square Garden was stilled. One moment, booes and hisses greeted the decision; the next, a whisper in the top gallery could have been heard at the ringside. The referee, king of the arena, stared in amazement at the flaming-haired girl who stepped through the ropes and strode toward him.

A man, any man, who dared to enter the sacred enclosure of the prize ring would have been tossed out, and here was a mere girl daring to invade the holy of holies. Arc lights streamed on her glittering gown as she advanced upon Referee Gregory.

"THAT decision was positively unfair," Joan Randolph's voice was tense with excitement. "Kid Maloy won—you know he did." And she flayed the referee in scathing sentences that zoomed through the amplifiers to the galleries.

Thousands of fight fans thundered approval, and then all were silent to catch Gregory's answer.

"Lady, you heard my decision —and that's that!"

Joan persisted. "It's outrageous! I'll go to the State Boxing Commission. I'll—"

"Lady, go anywhere. Go tell it to the Marines, but go away, please." And he climbed out of the ring with Joan after him.

Again the tumult broke out mingled with derisive cheers for the unpopular referee. Tom Rollins, Joan's escort, seized her arm. "Let's get out of here," angrily, "unless you want to top your performance with the rumba. By now the tabloids are no doubt setting your name for a headline."

CYRIL RANDOLPH

He glanced apprehensively toward the press row. Joan looked around undecidedly. The referee had taken advantage of the interruption to hurry away. There was no chance for Joan to continue the argument. She permitted Tom to lead her through the staring crowd.

Settled back in the luxurious upholstery of Tom's car, she felt a curious weakness at the knees. Rollins grinned placidly.

"WELL, Joan," he offered, rather smugly, "you're improving. Two weeks ago, you almost knocked down a cop on the bridle path with your reckless riding."

Joan on her black horse, rushing past like a whirlwind of beauty, "racing the morning," as she would say, was a familiar figure on the bridle path.

"Last month, you took a parachute drop on a dare."

The story of this had been much exaggerated. Joan had only accepted the dare. And that was that.

"Really, you ought to marry me before you do something that even I can't condone—much as I love you. Make a show of yourself a few more times and I don't know that even I would take a chance on marrying you. Better think it over."

"But I was right," she flared. "The decision was so unjust."

"What could you do about it?"

"NOTHING, I suppose. But I was so excited. I was up there in the ring before I knew it. About marrying you—I might marry you, as I've told you before—but settle down—"

"One thing at a time," suggested Rollins comfortably. "Let's get the marriage decided. We can talk about you settling down afterwards."

They argued it out without reaching a conclusion before the car drew up at the Randolph home on upper Fifth Avenue.

"I don't think I'll come in. Latish and all that. I'll ring you tomorrow." He bowed her through the massive doorway with a self-satisfied smile. Tom knew what Cyril Randolph's reaction would be when he saw the morning papers. After the interview with her father, maybe Joan would welcome his arms. Well, he figured, he could handle her, and her father obviously could not.

The next morning when Joan came down to breakfast, she found her father glaring at a sheaf of morning papers. Her eye caught one tabloid headline: "Dauntless Deb Defies Referee," and beneath it, a flashlight of herself with arm raised in a convincing gesture.

Her father waved the tabloid like a challenge. "Cheapening yourself again. No family pride. No self-respect." On and on. She offered an explanation, but he would not listen. Resentful at not being allowed to defend herself, she flounced angrily from the room.

Hurt, resentful, puzzled, she brooded alone. She was a fool to do the things she did. Then, why did she? But they were never premeditated. A restless energy was always driving her intensely in a vain searching for what? She did not know.

GRADUALLY as the hours passed, the day took on her mood. Clouds thickened. A fine drizzle began to fall. She sat, staring at the trees across in the park.

Kate, her maid, entered with thick arms brimming with fluffy lingerie.

"Please get out my tweed suit, Kate. I'm going for a walk."

"Sure, a beautiful girl could find somethin' better to do than tramping the wet streets alone. And in that suit you certainly don't look like the Randolph heiress."

"I like it. It's been places, and seen things."

"What could it be seein' on a day like this but umbrellas?"

"Who knows?" and Joan went off with her sketch-book under her arm.

She tramped along through the drizzle. Her mood took her, not down Fifth Avenue, where brilliantly lighted shops beckoned for attention, but across town into the tenement neighborhood where elevated trains rumbled, and the rain dripped a sad, hopeless rhythm.

HER quick eye caught dingy, brave little shop windows—creaking delivery wagons—sallow-cheeked doorways. But, when she reached for her sketch-pad, her mind snapped her back to her father's words.

She stopped midway on a shabby, thin, tenement-lined street—sagging in fatigue after a weary day.

The rain rushed down in a sudden drenching shower that sent her scurrying to a nearby doorway. At the entrance was a photographer's showcase alive with photographs of babies and children. There were laughing babies and frowning babies, and one solemn-eyed youngster drinking from a round, enamel cup. There were babies reaching eagerly with outstretched arms, and babies too tiny for anything but sleep.

Joan studied them with fascination. She knew little of babies. They had always seemed all alike to her. But these had definite personalities.

A door opened softly. Joan glanced up. A tall, young man in a bright blue smock towered in the doorway. Joan's quick appraising glance noticed his thick, brown hair, and his deep intelligent eyes.

The sign above the showcase read, "Michael Storm, Photographer."

"Are you Mr. Storm?"

"At your service," the voice was low, pleasant and full.

"These are remarkable photographs," she said.

"I was all set to take another remarkable photograph, when—well—" he smiled and said, "Listen." Joan heard a baby's screams and a woman's scolding voice.

"Is having a picture taken that painful for a baby?"

Michael Storm's laugh joined Joan's.

"I can handle babies, but I can't handle mothers. She shouts so she frightens him."

It amused Joan to think of this tall, powerful, handsome young man photographing little babies. Here was adventure.

THE rain fell as if the clouds had burst. Taxis were rare in this neighborhood. She liked the way Michael Storm's eyes flashed with his words.

"You must have lots of pictures inside."

"Would you like to see them?"

"I'd love to."

She followed him into the studio where an exasperated broad-bosomed Italian mother shushed her howling baby.

"Oh, the little darling," Joan said. "He's a beauty."

WHETHER it was the soft tone of her voice, or the bright cover of her sketch-pad, the baby's dry-eyed sobbing gradually stopped and he stretched small hands eagerly for Joan's pad.

Michael gently lifted the baby, sketch-pad and all, into a high chair. The baby slapped the book with his star-shaped hands and gurgled happily. The mother stood aside, smiling and nodding, and Michael snapped the picture.

The dark-haired mother beamed upon Joan, "You must have a baby of your own to know so good how to make him quiet?" Joan smiled.

The Italian mother bundled up her baby and left Joan and Michael alone.

"Here are the albums. Sit here and we'll look at them," Michael indicated a brown leather sofa with the imprint of his long body deep in it.

They turned the pages together. Joan's wonder at Michael's skill grew with each page. Another conviction grew with disturbing speed—Michael Storm was a person of rare charm—a puzzling combination of deep strength and delicate understanding. She marveled at the dark intensity of his face that reflected swiftly every change of mood. And his humor was delicious, as she learned when he went to frivolous banter as he introduced the game of guessing the futures of the babies in the albums.

"This one will grow up to be a politician," Joan predicted, indicating a very plump, frowning baby.

"HMMM! I'm not so sure." Michael considered it quizzically. "From the neck down, yes. But the face, no. Mouth is too sensitive. His eyes are soft as a poet's, expressive eyes, set wide apart—like yours."

Joan flushed at the comment, but found herself pleased that he had noticed her eyes. She turned the page quickly.

"How will this one turn out? Butcher? Artist?"

"That depends. I've a theory about children. Some kind of a destiny is stamped on them at birth. You can see it in these faces. The pity is that so many who bear the stamp of finer things never get a chance. Many a potential artist is driving a cab, or slicing steak."

"And many a gifted photographer is hidden away on a side street." Joan checked her enthusiasm to add a matter-of-factness to her tone.

"If you mean me, I may, some day, be on Fifth Avenue. But I like to photograph babies and children."

"Why not on Fifth Avenue?"

"If you knew anything about Fifth Avenue, you'd realize there's a famine in babies over there."

JOAN thought of her Fifth Avenue friends. Babies were scarce, and so often they were accepted as troubles for which parents had no time. Babies of the rich were turned over to a cabinet of nurses, governesses and servants. It had been so with her. Her mother had died when she was three, and her father's one interest was his banking. Her thoughts were interrupted by Michael's: "Like this neighborhood?"

Joan nodded, thankful that her old tweed suit, her rain-soaked hat, and her scuffed walking shoes, made him think she belonged here. She noticed the time on the one-legged clock, leaning recklessly on the mantel, and hurriedly rose.

Michael's abrupt question caught her unprepared. "Have you ever had your baby's photograph taken?"

Joan flushed. "Why, no. I never have." Was he jesting?

"I'm making a special rate for the season—four dollars for six, and seven dollars a dozen. That's reasonable?"

"Very."

"You could bring the baby up tomorrow afternoon," he said.

"You *are* businesslike. You bring me to admire your genius, then you talk like an insurance salesman."

"Even geniuses must eat!" he laughed. "Wouldn't you like to bring your baby for a sitting? Tomorrow at three?"

Joan experienced an intense gone feeling in her stomach. There was warmth and friendliness here and the engaging promise of adventure.

"What do you say?"

"All right," she said, a bit weakly.

When Joan left the studio she walked rapidly until she was sure she was out of sight, should Michael Storm be watching. Then, she hailed a cab. She must hurry. She and her father were entertaining. She settled back in the cab and smiled out at the gray drizzle.

Joan thought of Tom Rollins, then of Michael Storm. She pictured the serious-faced Tom in Michael's bright blue smock and laughed aloud. The cab slowed and the driver turned, "Say something, Miss?"

"Nope," she answered pertly. "I just laughed."

And the cab swung into Fifth Avenue.

THAT night, Cyril Randolph beamed as he looked over the brilliant ballroom and saw Joan dancing with Tom Rollins. She looked especially beautiful tonight in her graceful, white satin gown, her small head covered thickly with rich auburn curls, her quick blue eyes glowing with excitement. And he nodded approvingly at Tom Rollins' broad shoulders and firm, steady jaw. "Just the man for Joan—practical, reliable and steady."

Tom had tried to convince Joan of this through four long dances. In his orderly way, he had subtly emphasized what he could give her with marriage. Unemotionally, during a feverish rumba, he had spoken of wealth. Through a throbbing tango, he had pallidly discussed social position. During a gay fox-trot, it was travel and leisure. And now, to the haunting lilt of a waltz, he dwelt on his fourth qualification.

Joan wasn't listening. She had heard it all before.

Suddenly, Tom said sharply: "Joan! You're not listening. What *are* you thinking about?"

Joan launched enthusiastically into her story of the afternoon's adventure. Half through, she realized that Tom's mind was miles away. She shrugged mentally and silently considered where she might be able to procure a baby before three o'clock the next afternoon.

The next morning, Joan sat before her dressing-table, watching the sheen of her hair in the wake of her brush.

"Kate, how can I get a baby?"

Kate's horrified face popped from the closet.

"You've plenty of time to be considerin' that." Kate had been Joan's mother's maid. She found it hard to realize Joan was twenty-two.

"As a matter of fact, I expect to have a baby today," Joan said lightly.

"IS it crazy you are?" with the privilege of an old servant, and Kate's experienced glance swept Joan from head to foot. Then the wrinkled face beamed: "What a scare you'd be given' a body!"

Joan winked at Kate's reflection above her own. "Would you be ve-ry surprised if I had a baby this morning?"

Kate chuckled. "If me religion didn't teach the evils of gamblin', I'd be bettin' you ten to one."

"I'll bet you."

"Go 'long with you, child. Don't be trying to cross wits with Kate Grady," and she marched out.

The boudoir door opened again, and Kate's wide grin hung there like the Cheshire cat's—just the grin—and Kate's voice: "Ten dollars on it, Miss Joan, and good luck to ye!"

By noon, it was a much perplexed Joan who checked off the last name in the classified directory under the listing:

"DAY NURSERIES" and "HOMES FOR CHILDREN," and faint-heartedly dialed her last hope.

"IS this the Wilton Home for Children? Can you let me have a baby? No, not adopt it, just borrow it for an afternoon. I'll take good care of it. I—" But the receiver had clicked.

"I suppose there's only one thing left to do," and Joan dialed Michael's number.

"Hello!" Michael's voice—clear and strong.

A long pause.

"Hello! Hello!" Michael's voice—like a hand stretched to lead her to him.

She hung up without answering. She had to see him, baby or no baby. "Besides," she convinced herself, "it's fairer to go right up and explain that I haven't a baby."

This sunny afternoon, the tenement street was alive and happy. Joy lay thick upon it. Gay-voiced boys

were playing baseball. Happy mothers leaned on window sills, interested spectators in the prowess of their offspring. An almost unbroken line of baby carriages, blanketed by the golden sunshine, fringed the curb, while children of intermediate age played gleefully on stoops and sidewalks.

A FEW doors from Michael's shop, Joan stopped in her tracks. A buxom mother sat on a stoop with a yellow-haired baby on her lap. The sight of that particular baby offered a solution to Joan's problem.

She spoke to the baby—admiring it to its mother. She played with it until she felt the mother had softened sufficiently under her expertly guided flattery, and then: "I'd love to have a picture of your baby. It's beautiful."

"I haven't a picture. It's somethin' I'm still savin' for."

"Oh, you really should have one." Then, as though it had just occurred to her: "Suppose I take the baby into Michael Storm's. Then, I can have a picture for myself and I'll make you a present of the rest?"

The woman scrutinized Joan closely. The baby's confident smile decided her. "All right. But I can't go with you. If I take my eyes off the rest of 'em," waving her meaty palm at her brood, "Johnnnn*nnie!* Come out of that! Takes after his father—always gettin' into somethin'."

"The baby will be safe with me," Joan assured her. "I'll bring it right back."

"Glory be! Don't hold it like that. You'll squeeze it to death." She adjusted Joan's arms. "That's better. Just have to be careful of their backs."

The baby's warmth penetrated to Joan's arms. She had never before held a baby. She looked down, the baby's mouth formed a tiny circle and a weeny bubble floated on the soft rose of its lips.

"Darling!" Joan breathed. "I never saw anythin' so cunnin'!" And, despite the mother's warning, hugged it tightly. At the entrance to Michael's, she kissed it and whispered softly, "I love you—brat," she added gently, a bit aghast at her sentimentality. The baby looked up at her, wide-eyed and dimpled.

"Hello! Hello!" Michael greeted her. "So, we brought the family!" He looked down into the baby's face, then whistled softly.

"What's the matter?"

"What a beauty! Girl or boy?"

"I—a girl." Joan's thoughts stumbled. "Marjorie is—her—name."

TOGETHER they posed the baby, who cooed happily. Michael snapped a picture with each change of expression. Joan had never had so much fun. She wished this experience could continue forever. But it was almost time to go.

"Now let me take one of you with the baby," Michael suggested.

Holding a baby was such a new experience that Joan was confused before Michael's scrutiny. Then, the painting of her mother in the library at home came to her mind. As a little girl Joan took her troubles there and found comfort. Since her mother's death, that painting had been a familiar shrine.

Joan cradled the baby against her. Her eyes grew soft and gentle, her mouth tender. She felt the utter peace and contentment that was reflected in her mother's face. The eye of the camera focused.

THEN, suddenly, Joan experienced a curious breathless moment. The whole scene faded away—even Michael. Past adventures swirled before her mind as but vain restless searchings for a happiness now so close, soft and warm, against her bosom. It was a moment like part of eternity, yet so brief, that when it was over and she had breathed wonderingly: "I want a baby!" Michael's hand, which had started to close on the bulb as it began, now relaxed.

TOM ROLLINS

The next instant she asked quite casually. "Okay?"

"Fine."

With the pretext of hurrying home, Joan left the shop with the baby, agreeing to return in a few days for the proofs. Michael's quizzical smile as he escorted her to the street remained to puzzle her.

When Joan came for the proofs, what she saw in the entrance showcase made her catch her breath. Smiling into her surprised eyes was the photograph of herself and the baby.

"Michael Storm," she said, anxiously, as he appeared to the tinkling of the bell. "You mustn't put my picture in your showcase."

"Why not? It's one of the best I've ever done."

"I'd rather you put in one of the baby alone."

"I'll do that, too. But do you really mind about the other?"

TO argue would be to arouse his suspicions. To explain would mean giving away her secret. It was not time for that—yet. Besides, who would ever recognize her photograph over here east of Second Avenue?

"Well, all right," she capitulated.

Michael brought forth a sheaf of proofs.

"Which ones do you want printed?"

"May I take them along and let you know—say, tomorrow?"

"Naturally, you'll want your husband to see them."

"It isn't that."

"No?" merely polite.

"No." Having a husband was no part of Joan's plans. "You see," she cast about in her mind, "you see, I'm a widow." Quickly, she changed the subject. "I was wondering about you last night."

"Wondering what?"

"FIRST, about your name. Michael Storm! Has a sound of Fate about it." She eased herself onto the table and her legs swung.

Michael sat beside her. His voice assumed a mock-dramatic tone:

"According to the records, I was left at a foundling home. Traditional basket—locket about my throat—all the trimmings. As the tale goes, it was a stormy night, and the Feast of Saint Michael. The supply of names was running low at the home and some dame hit on the idea of calling me Michael, for Saint Michael, and Storm in tribute to the night that delivered the lusty baby. So, meet the Storm's big boy, Michael."

"Swell first act!"

"Act Two!" Michael announced, grandiloquently, his gesture indicating the lifting of a stage curtain. "When I was old enough to work, farmers would adopt me—just for the haying season."

Joan saw his passionate, sensitive face as it must have been when, as a boy, he faced rebuffs alone with splendid courage.

"At fourteen, I ran away," as casually as if that were the conventional departure from an orphanage.

"Act Three! Rousing music—our hero joins a traveling carnival as a mess boy, soon he's a roustabout, then a barker."

"A barker?"

Michael jumped to his feet, seized a cane lying against the wall and, pounding the wooden floor, addressed an imaginary crowd:

"STEP right up l-a-d-i-e-s and gennnn-tlemen! Here you see Joana—the most gorgeous—the most ravishing—the most alluring of dancers." He indicated Joan with a wave of his cane. Under his compelling voice Joan visualized the gaping carnival crowd under the barker's spell.

"J-o-a-n-a!" he shouted. "Of the flaming tresses and the graceful curves! Do a dance for the ladies—and—gentlemen, J-o-a-n-a!"

Catching his spirit, Joan swayed to the rhythm of a rumba.

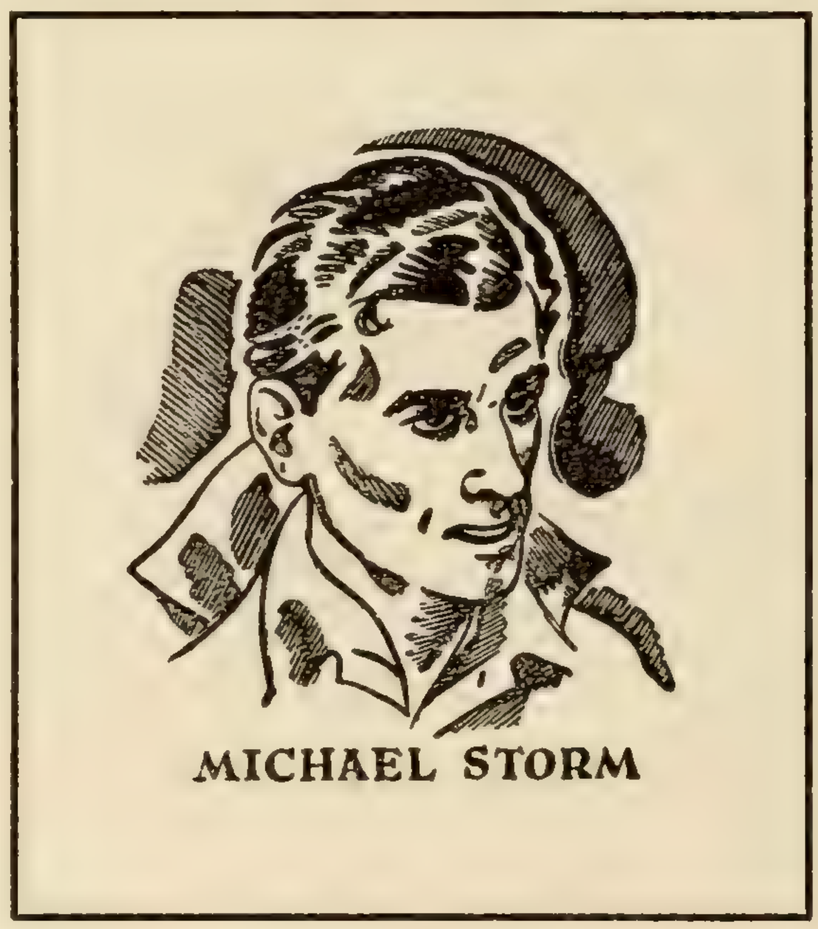
"What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" Michael's eyes roved the crowd. "Joana—Princess of Aburkaki—in her o-r-i-g-i-n-a-l, t-a-n-t-a-l-i-z-i-n-g, Aburkaki Court Dance. That's enough, Joana. The rest you'll see inside the tent."

He thumped the cane. "Ten cents. Ten cents. Step right up. Ten cents. Just one-tenth of a dollar to see the gorgeous—alluring—"

"Stop! Stop!" Joan pleaded, wiping tears of laughter from her eyes.

MICHAEL leaned on the table beside her. For a long minute they laughed into each other's eyes. Joan heard the tumult in her heart—heard the carefree music of the carnival—snorting calliopes, tinkling bells, rollicking laughter, the sing-song of the merry-go-round, all in a happy-go-lucky rhythm, rolling happiness from town to town. And there was Michael, like a symbol of its freedom and its color haranguing the gaping crowd. Many a girl must have eyed him covetously as he wore the gay colors of the carnival like a cloak. In drab little towns he must have been a veritable Prince Charming. Girls must have competed for his favor. Perhaps one waited for his return, confident in a promise given.

"Act Four!" Michael announced. "Our hero meets Pop Brady, who runs the picture concession on the lot—souvenir post-cards, tintypes, gilt-framed photos. Pop needs an assistant. He teaches me photography. Pop must have been born in a camera—I'll tell you all about him some day. I build up quite a business among the kids. They take to me. That's the knack of taking kids' pictures—if they take to you, they act natural, and the camera does the rest."



MICHAEL STORM

"Why did you leave the carnival?"

"Pop had a stroke and died." Michael paused. "A great scout! If there's a heaven, he's up there photographing angels. He left me the only thing he owned—his camera. Without Pop, the carnival seemed empty. So, here I am."

"Ever think of going back?"

Michael cocked his head as if he could hear its gay summons. His eyes glowed as they looked past Joan. He breathed deeply as of sweet air that came with twilight from rolling meadows into the carnival's midway.

"Maybe! Guess I'm a gypsy at heart." He tossed the barker's cane back into the corner.

DUSK fell over the little shop. They talked on, discovering with excitement that they looked at life with the same eyes.

"You're right, life isn't a cage," Michael agreed. "But what is it?"

"A wind—a free wind—swirling down its path with an exciting whistle—with me in pursuit."

"Pursuing what?"

"That's just it—I don't know."

Joan felt that, at this moment, she was closer to know-

ing than ever before. Only the present was real. She and Michael here, together, in the little studio that seemed alive with children's faces, Michael's colorful voice and eloquent eyes and vital hands to soothe a restless longing.

She told him of her interest in sketching, and steered the conversation until it was Michael who suggested that she sketch here at his studio.

Joan was grateful to the dusk for hiding her excitement—and the old tweed suit for hiding her identity—and Michael's tact in not asking prying questions.

Glorious, happy afternoons at the studio filled with the wonder of Michael while Joan sketched under his understanding encouragement. Her father was again in London, and there were no questions about where or how she spent her afternoons.

When Michael asked about "Marjorie" she answered, "My aunt takes care of her in the afternoons." She had anticipated that question and had rehearsed the answer.

He accepted that without comment.

Faithfully, however, each afternoon he would ask, "How's Marjorie?"

And that would be the only reference to Joan's "baby."

AS the chain of happy afternoons grew link by link, Joan reached the brink of telling Michael the truth, but could not take the leap. It was too great a risk.

One afternoon, Joan rushed into the little studio breathlessly.

"Michael! Michael! Come here!" she called in a frightened voice.

Michael came running from the developing room, fear riding high in his eyes.

"My photograph! It's gone from the showcase. The one of me with the baby."

Michael followed her to the showcase.

"See, the lock is broken. Why do you suppose they took only that one?"

"Caught someone's fancy, I guess."

"I'm worried. Honestly, I am."

"But why?"

She could not tell him that the disappearance of that photograph threatened the happiness of her afternoons with him.

Thereafter, the first fearful impression of impending trouble persisted. Who had taken it? And why? Trouble seemed to shadow her as she went from the Randolph mansion across town to the tenement street—shadowing her back and forth.

The shadow became blacker when she heard that her father was returning from Europe.

THEN came the curt summons from her father to come to the library.

"Why, daddy, you look ready to explode!" as she saw his heavy, square face dark with anger. "Are your banks all off the gold standard?"

"I've a rather unpleasant matter to discuss with you. Please sit down." His dry hands fumbled with a paper cutter on the table. "You told me before I went to Europe that you refused to marry Tom Rollins. You said you couldn't tell me why, that some day you'd be able to tell me. Do you recall that?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Randolph reached into the table drawer.

"Is this, by any chance, part of the explanation?" And Joan saw, with amazement, the photograph Michael had taken of her with the baby.

She realized her father's implication. Her blue eyes grew cold. "That's *part* of the explanation."

"AND I have the rest of it!" Cyril Randolph was furious at her brazenness. "I've had a detective following you, ever since I got this," tapping the photograph. "I know all about you and Michael Storm—a record of your visits to the studio—how long you stayed—and all the rest of it." His voice had risen higher in anger.

"You dared do that?"

"I did more. The reporter who brought me this picture threatened publicity. I bought him off."

"Well, he shook you down—for nothing!"

"Do you mean the baby's not—?"

"No! Plenty happened while you were in Europe, but not that. However, the baby's not the question. Michael Storm is."

The relief that had spread over her father's face vanished.

"I've a report on Storm from the detective agency. No family! No name! Just a ne'er-do-well. A worthless nobody—a carnival mountebank. And—if you knew what else I've found out—you'd be ashamed you ever spoke to him."

There was threat and challenge in his charge.

But Joan did not falter. "What do you propose to do?"

"I'm going to buy him off."

"There's not enough money in all the Randolph banks for that." Proudly.

"He's only after your money."

"Money! Money! Money! That's all you understand."

"NOW, you listen to me," he cut in angrily. "I forbid you to see that man again. If you do—"

Joan's head reared proudly. She knew the consequences without asking.

She also knew the risks. Michael might already be married.

He had never told her he wasn't. And the lure of the carnival was strong!

Hadn't he said he was a gypsy at heart? That he might go back? And even if he stayed—what had her father found out about him that he could threaten her so positively?

A flood of doubts struck down on her like the hammer of a wave.

Against this force, she set her love.

Their eyes met in a clash of wills.

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